Oct. 11, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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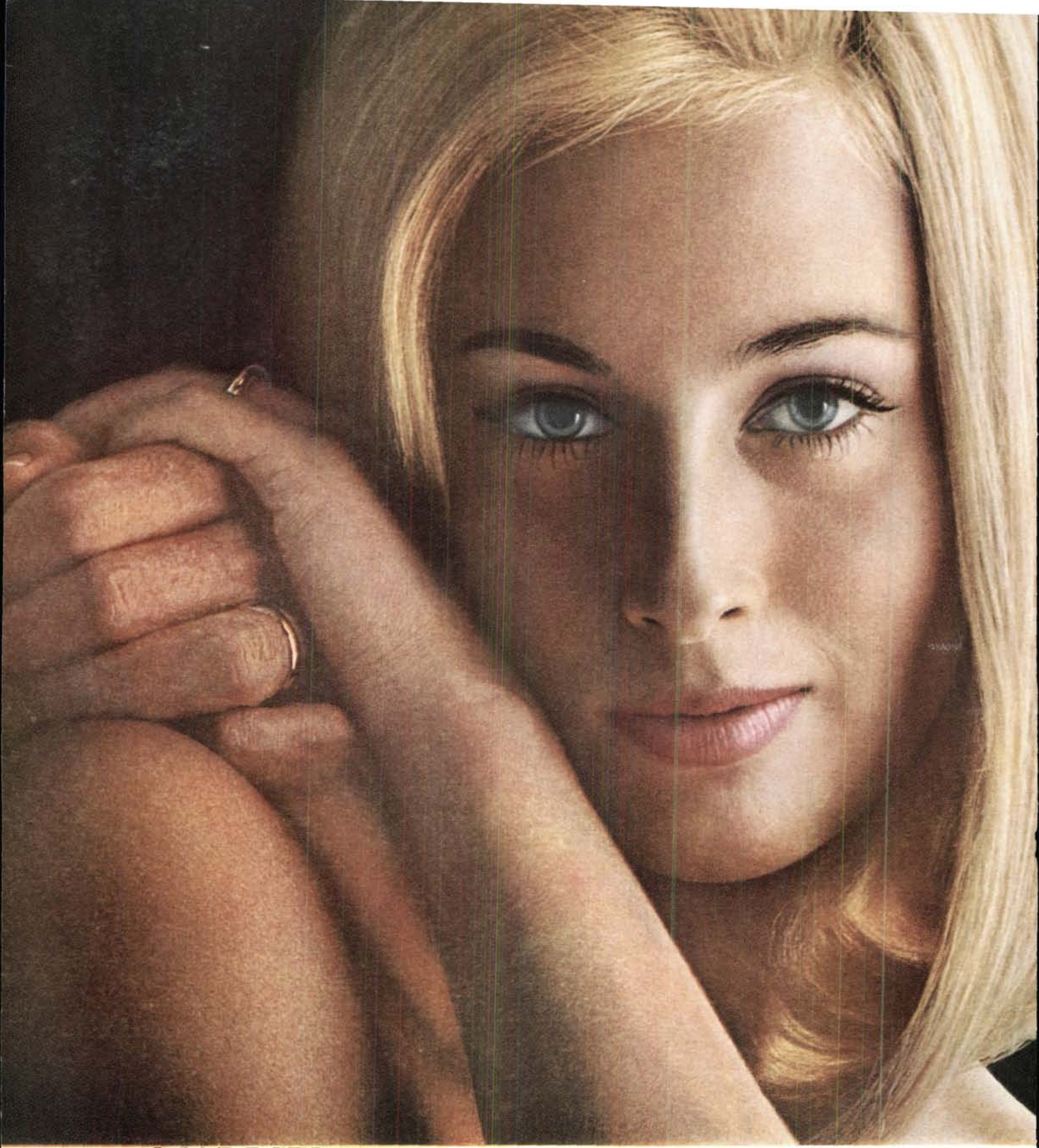

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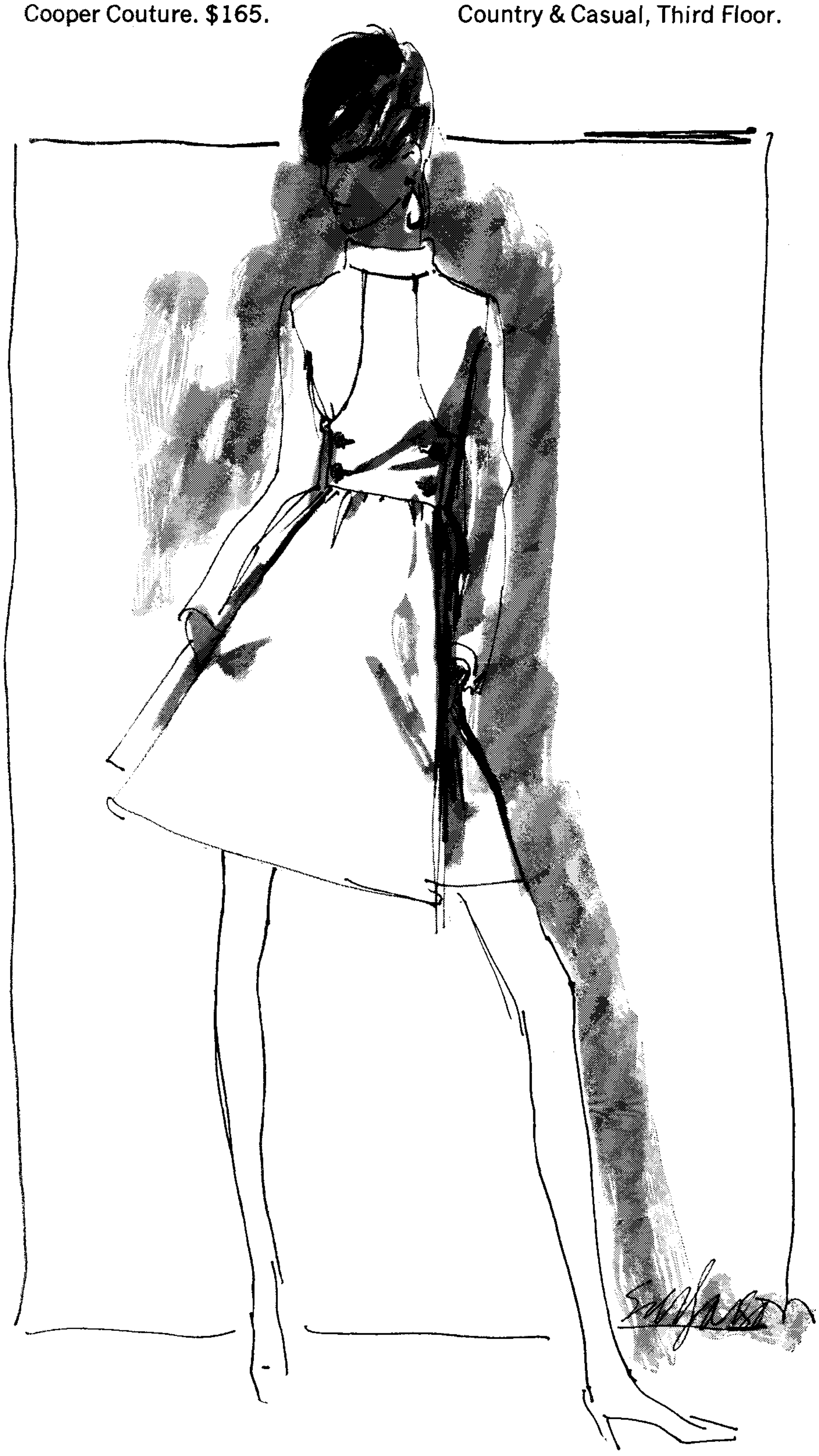

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Conservatory Theatre—A four-week repertory of three plays by this company from San Francisco. Georges Feydeau's **A FLEA IN HER EAR**: Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Anton Chekhov's **THE THREE SISTERS**: Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7; Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 13-14, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Edward Albee's **TINY ALICE**: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Closes Saturday, Oct. 25.)

A Black Quartet—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Frances Adler, 211 W. 71st St. 877-0566. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Calling in Crazy—A comedy by Henry Bloomstein. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—Reopening of this rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, Helen Hayes, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. Previews Tuesday, Oct. 14, through Saturday matinée, Oct. 18. Reopens Saturday evening, Oct. 18. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hello and Goodbye—Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen appear as a brother and sister, who meet after fifteen years and spend most of the evening acting out their miserable lives—past and present—and their resentment of each other. The play, by Athol Fugard, is depressing and somewhat clumsy, but it is not dull. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Indians—Stacy Keach in Arthur Kopit's play, originally produced in London. Gene Frankel is the director. Previews through Sunday, Oct. 12. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 13. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mercy Street—Marian Seldes and William Prince in a play by Anne Sexton. Season subscribers only. Opens Saturday, Oct. 11, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 15. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Ofay Watcher—A comic satire, by Frank Cucci, about a young white chemist who perfects a powder that turns dark skin light, and who gets his comeuppance (to say the least) from the sharp-witted black bum he takes on as guinea pig. The performances—by Terry Kiser as the chemist, Billie Allen as his girl and Cleavon Little as the cagey bum—are just fine. Jerry Adler directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Patriot for Me—John Osborne's surprisingly conventional account of the downfall of a Viennese Army officer who was a reluctant homosexual and an eager spendthrift. With

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COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Addams, Barney Tobey, Charles Saxon, Lee Lorenz, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Alan Dunn, William O'Brian, F. B. Modell, Donald Reilly, James Stevenson, George Price, Dana Fradon, David Langdon, Ed Fisher, Chon Day, Henry Martin*

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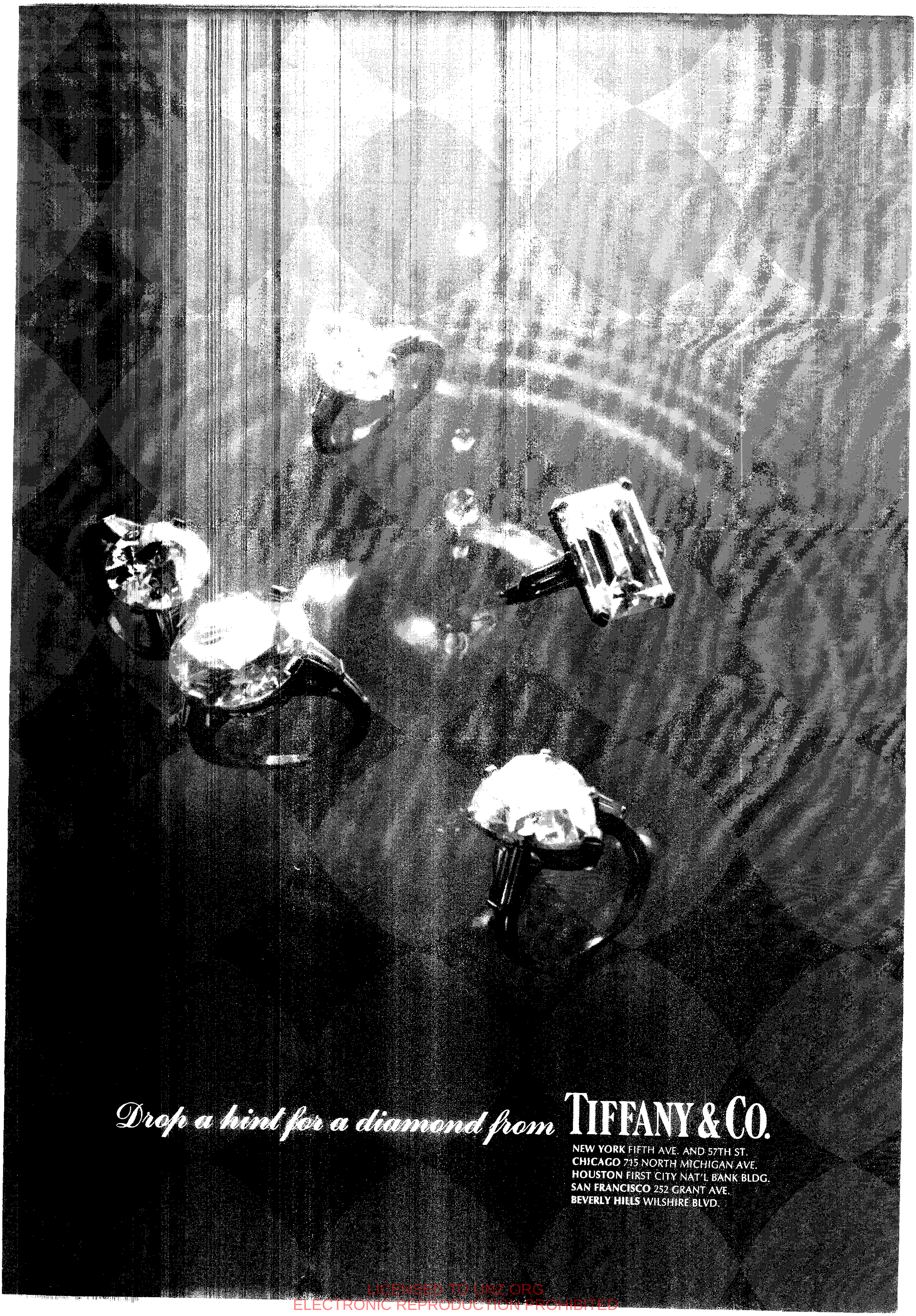

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Maximilian Schell, Dennis King, and Salome Jens. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Penny Wars—A play by Elliott Baker, starring George Voskovec and Kim Hunter. Barbara Harris directed. Preview Tuesday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Reckoning—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage, verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

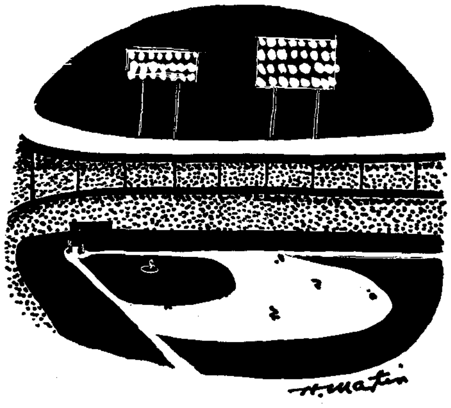
Three Men on a Horse—A revival of the comedy by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott, with Sam Levene, Jack Gilford, Dorothy Loudon, and Paul Ford. Directed by Mr. Abbott. Previews Monday through Wednesday evenings, Oct. 13-15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Whistle in the Dark—A play by Thomas Murphy. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** Yaphet Kotto in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HADRIAN VII:** The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Barry Morse. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LITTLE MURDERS:** A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Hoofers—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Castle, 225 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays



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through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New Music Hall of Israel—Singing, dancing, and xylophone-playing. Most of the songs are in Hebrew or Yiddish, but the tone of the show is old-fashioned Palace. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performance, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** *Epi oinopa ponton.* Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother. Come and look. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is the antic aunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Claudio Brook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Brook at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Lesson," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Poppet" (première), and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Poppet," and "Façade." ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "William Tell Variations," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "The Poppet," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "The Poppet," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Incenters" (première), and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Secret Places," "Nightwings," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Poppet," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Lotte Goslar—With her company, in a dance-mime show called "Clowns and Other Fools." (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

National Mexican Festival and Rodeo—Marches, drills, and riding events set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their eight-year-old son, Toñito, head the troupe. We are not told how old the horses are. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, at 8; Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 11,

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at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 and 6:30; and final performance Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singer-guitarist John Sebastian (formerly of the Lovin' Spoonful) and a rock group called the Fifth Avenue Band are onstage. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Nothing Bohemian, and little to shout about, but there is a lot of percussion as Elvin Jones plays drums—with Wilbur Little on bass and Joe Farrell on reeds—like one destined for drumming. Between sets, the Pete La Roca orchestra takes the stand. On Tuesday, Oct. 14, the Dizzy Reece orchestra replaces the La Roca bunch. Dining, dancing, and music, from eight-thirty to four, except Sundays and Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Lee Konitz quartet provides the music six nights a week in this easeful spot. Other musicians will take over on Tuesday, Oct. 14. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Pharoah Sanders quintet, with singer Leon Thomas, plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, Oct. 14, the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers will arrive. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—As it was in the beginning, further east on the same street—catch-as-catch-can surroundings and basic early jazz. The makers are Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Freddie Moore, and Graham Stewart. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Bill Evans trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, Morgana King and the Eddie Harris quintet can be heard. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, Miss King will share the bill with the Don Ellis twenty-piece orchestra.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz, where the Stanley Turrentine-Shirley Scott trio plays nightly. On Tuesday, Oct. 14, the Joe Henderson quartet will move in. Starting time is approximately nine-thirty. On Sundays, from five-thirty to nine, the Paul Bley trio and singer Annette Peacock perform before the regular sessions. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from the Rig until Tuesday, Oct. 14, when the Enchanted Forest comes in. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, the Illusion will make music, too. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes even the Danube. Between record sets, singers Ken Hamilton and Terri Malone and the Oliver Jones quartet entertain. Starting Monday, Oct. 13, they will be succeeded by John Bishop and his trio. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of Berserk alternate with high-powered records. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The Landmarks Commission, always happy to collect pin money, is letting sightseers into the old demesne for a bite to eat and dance tunes, supplied mostly by Skitch Henderson's orchestra. Music from eight-thirty until three,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

but no action on Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek; eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Urbie Green and his exuberant trombone, closely connected to a lively set of riflemen, are taking a firm stand, and bandstand, every night but Sunday. There is other music, too, of sorts, and dining, of sorts, and the sound runs from six until two. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers suffers the slings and arrows of outrageous civilization, but not ever in silence. The sound and fury of her rebuttal may be heard at around ten and twelve Tuesdays through Saturdays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Avram Grobard, the leader of this multinational show of hands, returns to action on Tuesday, Oct. 14, but his flock of speakers, singers, dancers, and musicians is already swarming. Home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the local revue, departs this life on Saturday, Oct. 11, and a new one starts practicing on Monday, Oct. 13. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at both dinner and supper, Phyllis Diller's huge collection of one-liners, some of them transferred from television, are set in motion by the author herself. She is preceded by a singer apparently transferred from the Lawrence Welk taxi squad. In the background is the artful orchestra directed by Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The local display room for Motown vehicles now contains Gladys Knight and the Pips, a singing and prancing power pack designed primarily for speed. With them goes Jackie Gayle, a conversationalist who, with a bit of editing, could become a truly funny fellow. Every night, from dinner on and on. The current cast withdraws on Wednesday, Oct. 15, but there is more to come next evening. . . . ¶ In the street-level bar, there is hustle and bustle, the professional portion of it provided by the music of the Pacesetters, from ten o'clock until early morning.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The astonishing decibel-ringing troupe run by Wild Bill Davison withdraws on Thursday, Oct. 16, and so does the rapid and rapt triad captained by Junior Mance. Next evening brings on Marian McPartland's cum-laude threesome and the Seven Shades of Jazz, a brand-new band. No dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—From the Left Bank comes Sacha Distel, a conquering hero even in a strawberry velvet jacket, and a romantic one, too. In the very best of voice, he sings (not quite often enough in his native tongue) during dinner and supper, making the noble old Persian Room even more a pleasure dome. On Wednesday, Oct. 15, he will be succeeded by Phyllis Newman, from an American aviary. She will appear only at ten that night, but thereafter twice a night. In between sets, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on waxing mellow. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** a good time can be had by all because of the listening music by Les McCann's threesome and the dancing music by Marty Napoleon's trio. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It's open season for grouse on this plateau, and Jack E. Leonard, who has an unkind word for almost everything, is the lead gunner. His cheerful grousings occur during dinner and supper, and so does Vi Velasco, who works diligently on rather good songs. Dance music as of seven. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a well-brought-up old partygiver, it is music, music (mainly from Quintero's hardy perennials) all night long. Monique Van Vooren, who applies both beauty and bounce to her dinner and supper song recitals, departs on Wednesday, Oct. 8, and Yaffa Yarkoni, an Israeli torch (almost blowtorch) singer, arrives one night later. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Anthony Newley, a thoroughly outgoing character from the London and New York musical stage, is now on his own during the dinner and supper hours in the new Empire Room. Dance music by the yard, both before and after. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The crossroads general store of Louis Goldie Hawkins, which is used, winter and summer, by plenty of city folks who like to put their heads together as they listen to the single and double piano of Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Triple plays, and ploys, are an every-night occurrence as Bobby Short uplifts his lyrics and piano to the background of Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's tympany. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. The Ralph Towner-Glenn Moore sodality, a new group, makes music every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur*, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fair grounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Lynn Richards is in firm command of the piano in the bar. When matching lyrics occur to her, she lays them on, too. Nine until two, but not on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. With-

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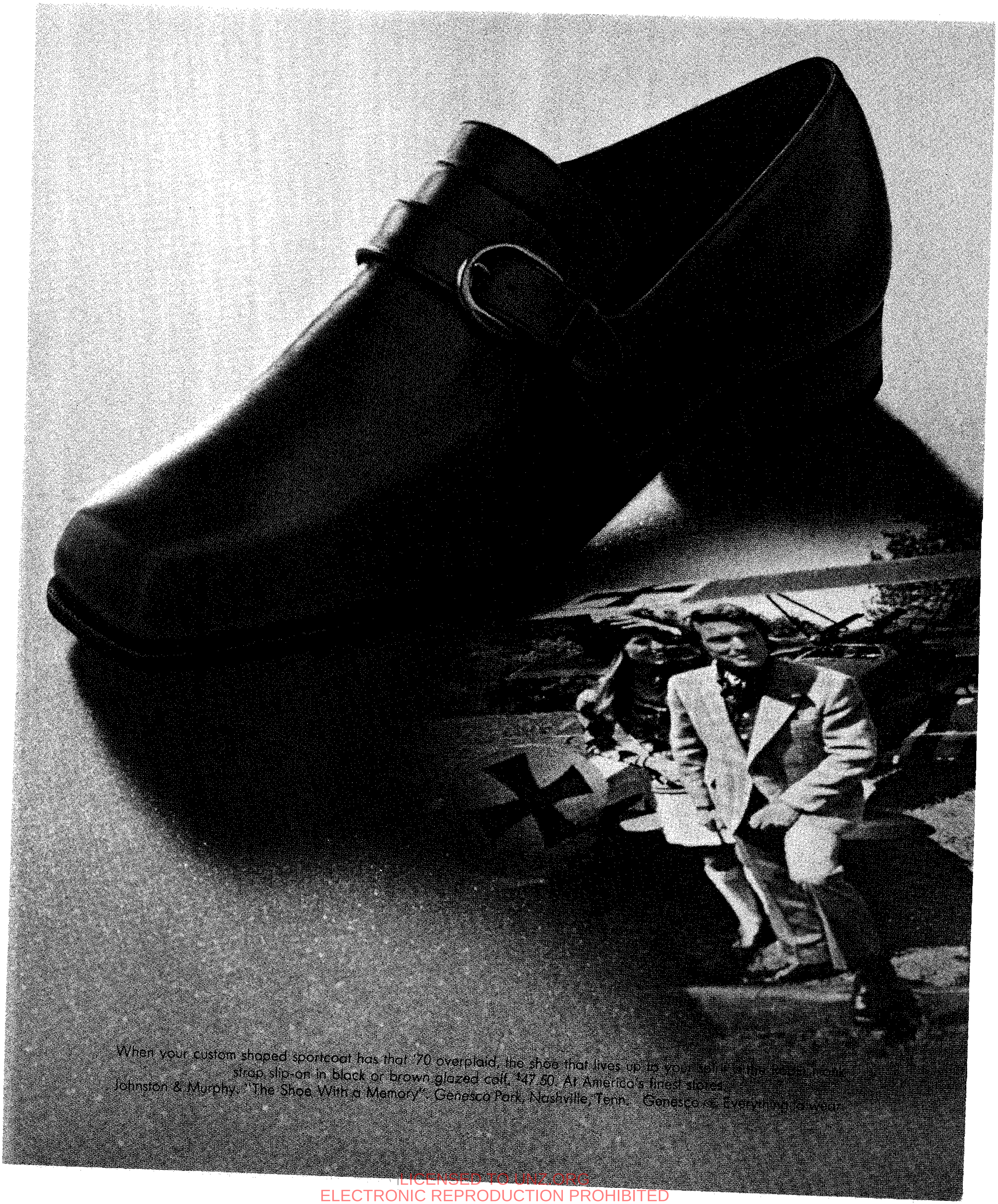

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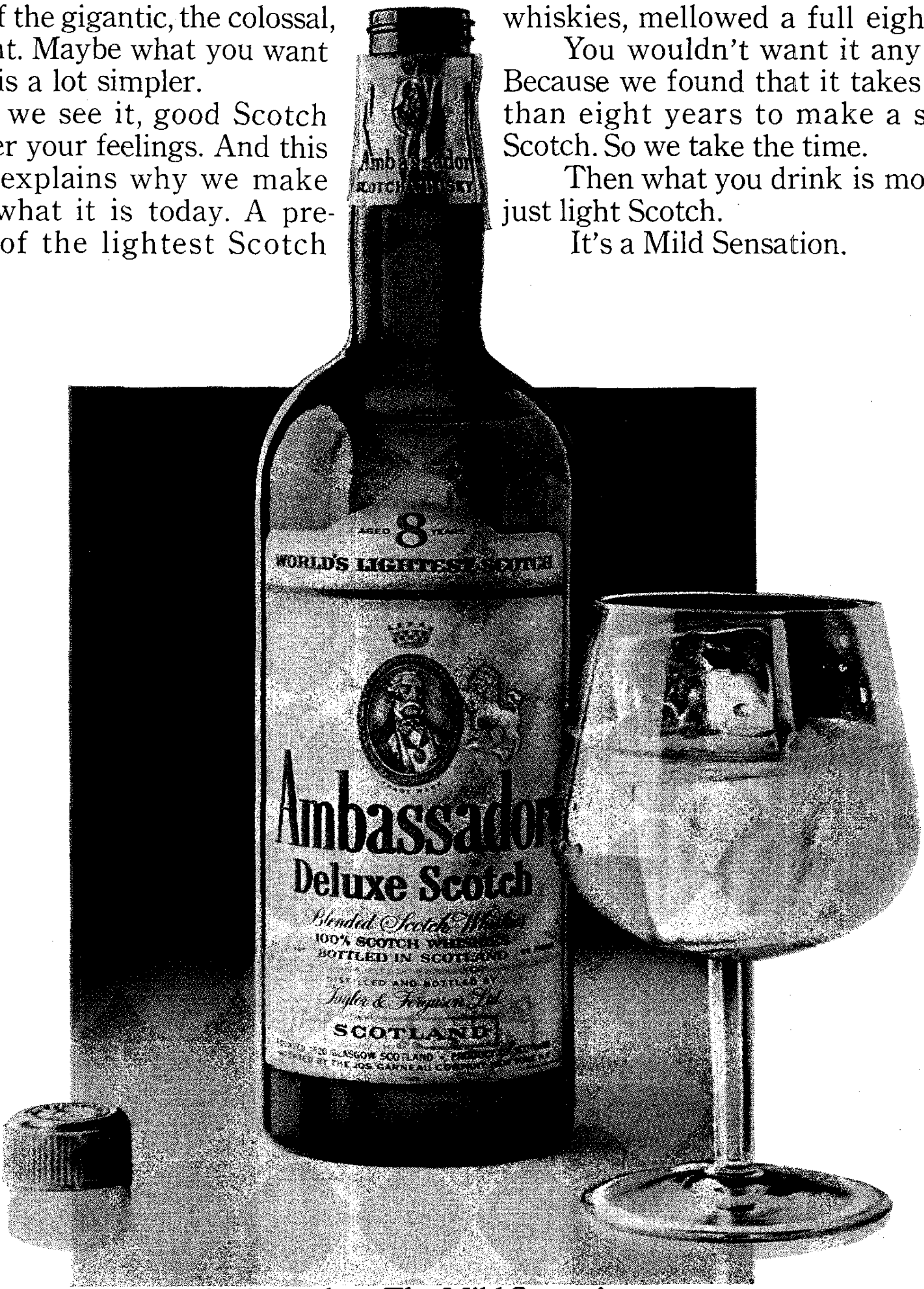
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the questing traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492) : The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800) : *Supra dig,* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a musician to whom the Ring means not Bayreuth but Vienna, plays indigenous piano from eight-thirty and lasts until half past one. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose prandial felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Umbrian wine cellar, with quite a few kitchen privileges. Franco Pagani, guitar in hand, sings the rounds from seven until midnight, though not on Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as the night before Christmas when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Bob Kail has moved his well-structured piano to the Bombay Bicycle Bar for the new season. He is on duty from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): On Sundays and Mondays, between six and ten, the Talbot Brothers, the original settlers of Bermuda, are at home, and lyrical, to their offshore admirers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

OTMAR ALT—Abstractions of fantastic subjects by a young German painter; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRANK AUERBACH—Portraits and landscapes built up in thick paint by a British artist born in Germany; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Large works by a painter of subjective landscapes with figures; through Oct. 25. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

painter who is also a sculptor; through Nov. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Brusca—Paintings involving numbers and letters; through Nov. 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Luis Buñuel—Private symbols in bronze, brass, and copper wire; through Nov. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Eighteen bronzes done in 1944, most of them motionless; through Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Dechar—Ten large paintings by a specialist in outsize pears; through Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Rivera—Four recent sculptures; through Oct. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Farr—Bronze horses and riders; through Nov. 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Barry Flanagan—The first exhibition in New York by a British sculptor who makes "organic" compositions using rope, sand, fabric, and projected light; through Thursday, Oct. 16. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Robinson Frazier (1889-1966)—Portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes (with and without figures) by the late president of the Rhode Island School of Design; through Oct. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sue Fuller—This sculptress in string has, well, strung the gallery with her medium; starting Saturday, Oct. 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Gourfain—Five large Abstract drawings done on the gallery walls, plus other drawings; through Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Gray—Sculptures of the past fifteen years, in different mediums, and graphics by the widow of Archipenko; through Oct. 25. (Gordon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Hall—Expressionist abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hare—Recent paintings with highly individual motifs by a well-known sculptor; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—Two round paintings, fifty-four inches in diameter, with special light projected upon them; through Oct. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Jackson—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by an artist of Western subjects, who lives in Italy and was once an Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 25. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Kane (1860-1934)—Landscapes and figures by a leading American "naïf" from Pennsylvania; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Allan Kaprow—Photographic documentations of Happenings of the past two years; through Oct. 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kawashima—Large polyester reliefs by a Japanese Abstractionist; through Nov. 1. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-six oils, drawings, and works on paper in gouache and watercolor, done from 1913 to 1940; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lee Krasner—Thirty small Abstract Expressionist gouaches by a painter known for her large oils; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl-Heinz Krause—Bronze figures; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Sol LeWitt—Abstract line drawings executed on the wall and on metal boxes; through Oct. 30. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Four large recent Abstract pieces by a sculptor who is also a painter; through Oct. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Martin—Eight related works using reflecting light and wave projections; through Oct. 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maryan—"Personages" in violent colors; through Oct. 31 (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Roberto Matta—Graphics by the well-known Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Aiko Miyawaki—A Japanese woman artist presents polished brass sculptures that create the effect of fluid light; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions requiring spectator participation to switch lights and buzzers on and off; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Yutaka Ohashi—Rice-paper collages inspired by "The Tale of Genji;" through Oct. 23. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Richardson—The first one-man show in New York by a California sculptor of plastic landscapes with tricky titles; through Oct. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Salt—Paintings by a British artist who has dematerialized the automobile; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Christopher Sanders—Landscapes and seascapes by a member of the British Royal Academy; through Oct. 25. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Impressions of the Ethiopian desert in strange colors; through Oct. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Schreiber—Shaped canvases in gradations of color; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tal Streeter—Abstract steel sculptures painted red; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings by this Chinese Abstract Expressionist who often accompanies his work with his own poetry; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings, sculptures, and tapestries by the leading Op artist; through Nov. 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Early-twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Prendergast, Hassam, Benton, Kuhn, Hopper, Marsh, Shahn, and Moses and Raphael Soyer; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Gallery artists, for instance Flavin, Johns, Judd, Stella, and Warhol; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by three younger artists dedicated to "Abstract Illusionism;" through Thursday, Oct. 9. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works by Dubuffet, Tanguy, Picasso, Pollock, Magritte, Matisse, and others; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDSCHMIDT**, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.: More than a hundred and fifty engravings by sixteenth-century Dutch, Flemish, French, and German masters; through Oct. 28. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A hundred pieces of American pottery done in Pennsylvania, New England, and other regions during the past two hundred and fifty years; through Oct. 25. . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American masters; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEVER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings by artists from many countries, that will be reproduced on greeting cards and calendars in behalf of UNICEF; through Monday, Oct. 13. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 119 E. 57th St.: Seventy-five works by the nineteenth-century group known as "The Nabis," among them Bonnard, Gauguin, Maillol, and Vuillard; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by five veteran painters—Thon, Moller, Betts, Schoener, and Magafan; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: An exhibit on behalf of peace by some thirty artists, several well known; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by two Americans and one Italian; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann,

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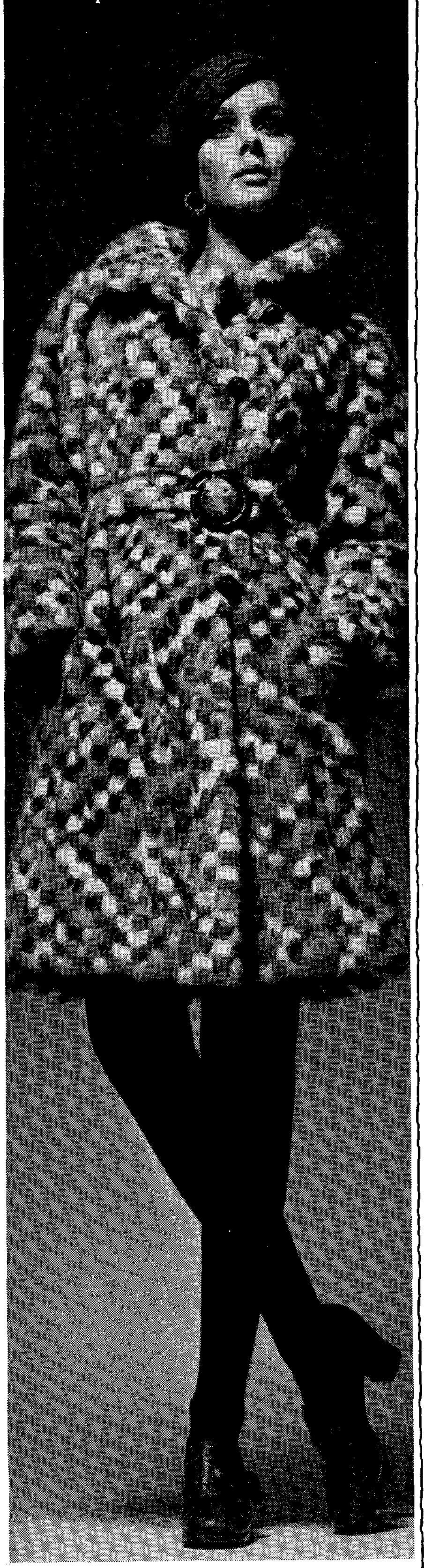


Marin, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970;" starting Saturday, Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty drawings and watercolors by George Grosz, executed in different phases of his career as artist and illustrator and including well-known satiric drawings of the twenties; through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic strip" paintings; through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naive" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from the celebrated Garbisch collection; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ American paintings and sculptures of the first half of the century; through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by eighty-seven American artists, going back to the nineteenth-century, dealing with extreme emotions aroused by the human environment, from political corruption to German concentration camps and black-and-white conflict; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Thirty paintings and nineteen sculptures by twelve younger black artists; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life offers a gargantuan model of a breaching blue whale, ingeniously affixed to the ceiling at a single impossible point. Around the walls are dioramas of—ah—ocean life. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Sixty-one bronzes and stone figures, including such subjects as deified monarchs and animals, and architectural fragments representing the creation between 650 and 1250 A.D. of the Khmer people of Cambodia; starting Thursday, Oct. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings ranging from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, all pertaining to the theatre; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Costume prints of the court of Louis XIV, of added interest in being cut out and faced with fabric from the reverse side; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A selection of books printed during the first three decades after the introduction of typographic art into Venice in 1469; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, except Monday, Oct. 13, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings, most of them early nineteenth century, gleaned from public and private collections; through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three hundred and fifty objects of pre-Columbian art, from Mexico south through Peru, from 1200 B.C. to the fifteenth century A.D.; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifteen paintings and drawings by Robert Henri, founder of the Eight, also known as the Ashcan school, prominent in the first decades of the twentieth century; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, books, newspaper clippings, and other items related to the history of the Negro in America; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings by Chang Dai-chien, a contemporary Chinese artist whose works are derived from traditional Chinese modes; through Sunday, Oct. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Five artists have organized "situations" that dispense with fixed art objects and include invisible and "impossible" art; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—About a hundred paintings and drawings by Vincent Smith, a contemporary black artist who studied with Marsh and Shahn; through Oct. 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Carol Neblett, Mary Cross Lueders, John Darrenkamp, Frank Porretta, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:45: The company's première of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.). . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Carol Neblett, Jerome LoMonaco, Thomas Jamerson, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 1:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Malcolm Smith, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "Capriccio" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Ellen Faull, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, David Clatworthy, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

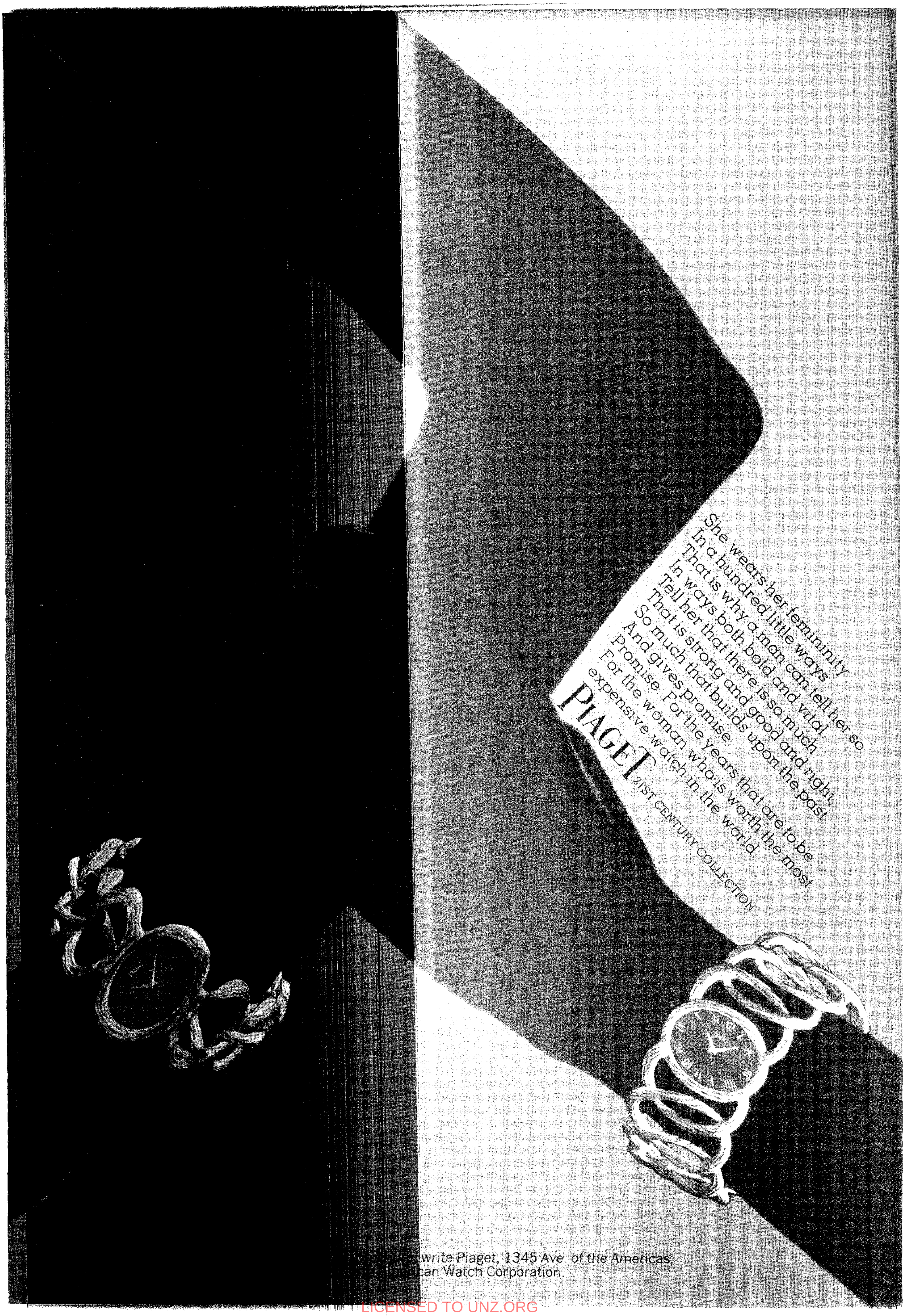
New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting—Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 13, at 7:30 (all with the Corky Siegel Blues Band); and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 17, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 20, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, *piano; Leon Kirchner will conduct* one of his own works at each concert).

Santa Cecilia Orchestra of Rome—Fernando Previtali conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

American Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jerome Hines, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting the American première of Carl Orff's opera "Prometheus" in concert form, with Colette Lorand, soprano; William Lewis and Leo Goeke, tenors; Carlos Alexander, Raymond Murcell, and Sean Barker, baritones; and a Greek chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of "Prometheus" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.

Romanian Madrigal Chorale—Marin Constantin directing. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-



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That is why a man can tell her so
In ways both bold and vital.
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So much that builds upon the past
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5512. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin, with Lee Venora, soprano; Gloria Agostini, harp; and David Nadien, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—The first two in a series of three keyboard lecture-recitals on "The Interpretation of Bach." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30, "History and Development," and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30, "The Range of His Music.")

Roman Rudnytsky—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, this one with Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:40.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Michael May—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Debu Chaudhuri—Sitar. (Asia House, 112 E. 64th St. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Tickets at the desk after 2 on the day of the concert.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano, with the New York Chamber Soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Jerome Rose—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Humbert Lucarelli—Oboe. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The opening performances in the Society's regular season. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30: Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Pina Carmirelli and Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison Sylvester, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 9: Miss Verrett; Mr. Treger; Boris Kroyt, viola; Yoko Matsuda, violin; and the Messrs. Trampler, Parnas, de Peyer, Arner, and Wadsworth. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911.)

Guarneri String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The English Consort of Viols, with James Bowman, countertenor. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Festival Winds—Woodwind chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:40.)

New York Chamber Soloists—An all-Mozart program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Dr. John, the Night Tripper, and the Vanilla Fudge—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 8 and 11:30.

Nehama Lifschitz—The second in a series of three recitals of Yiddish, Hebrew, English, and Russian songs. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Donovan—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.

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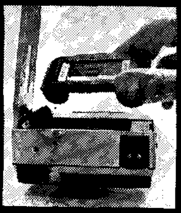

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 8 and 11:30.

Led Zeppelin—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 and at midnight.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Saturday, Oct. 11, in the home park of the American League champion. The first two games will be played there, the next three in the park of the National League contender, and the final two, if required, in the American League city. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Boxing—Harold Richardson vs. Leon Washington, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 11:** Army vs. Notre Dame, at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Adelphi, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 18:** Army vs. Utah State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Navy, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Penn State, at Syracuse, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Minnesota. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:35.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 11.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 18.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 8; the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 11; the Lawrence Realization, Monday, Oct. 13; the Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 15; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT:** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 17. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 15, through Tuesday, Nov. 18. The Vineland Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 15.

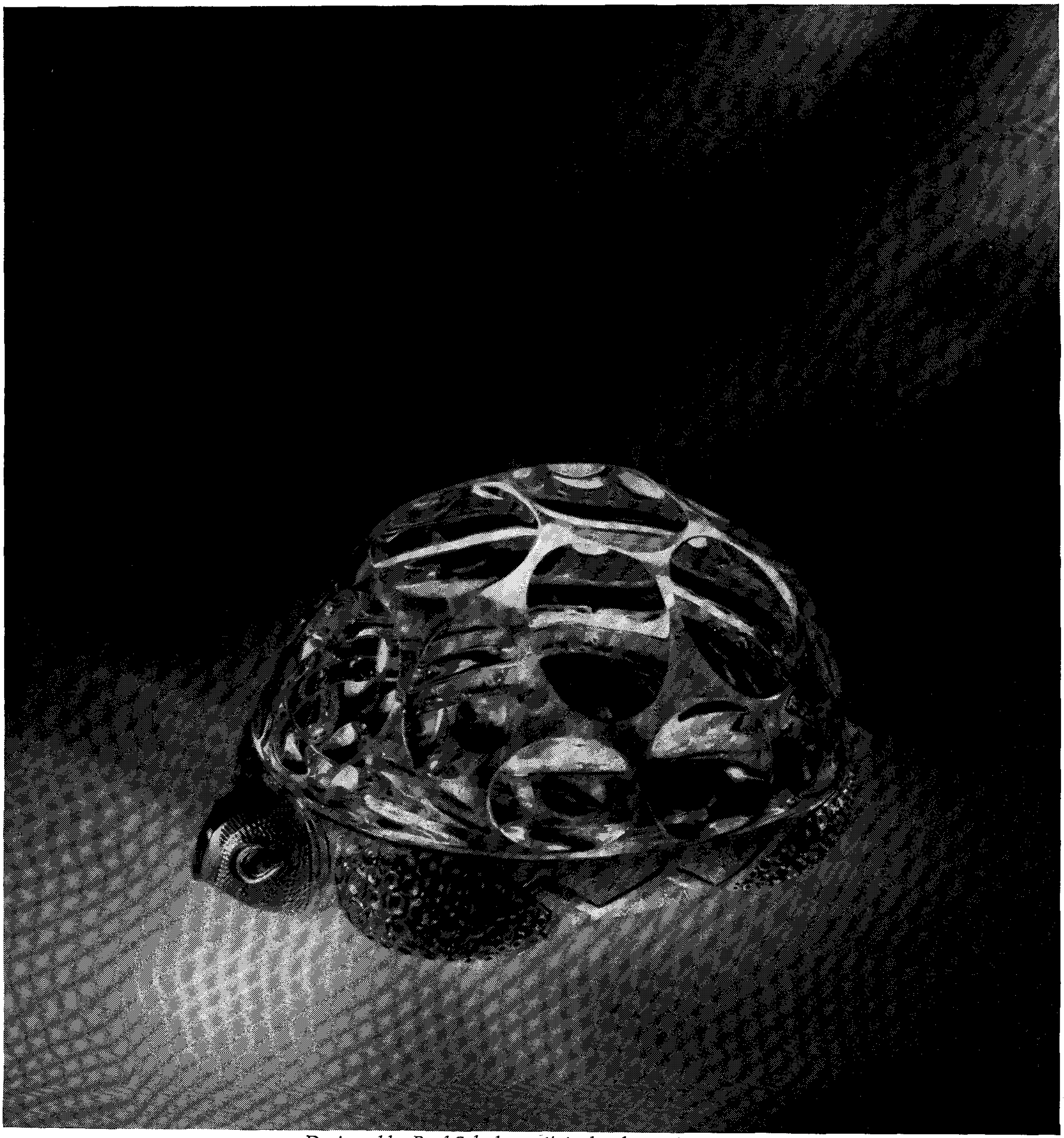
Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Saturday, Oct. 18, through Monday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with the Shinichi Suzuki Violinists. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 11 and 3.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30.)

Stage Show—The Pixie Judy Troupe presenting "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth



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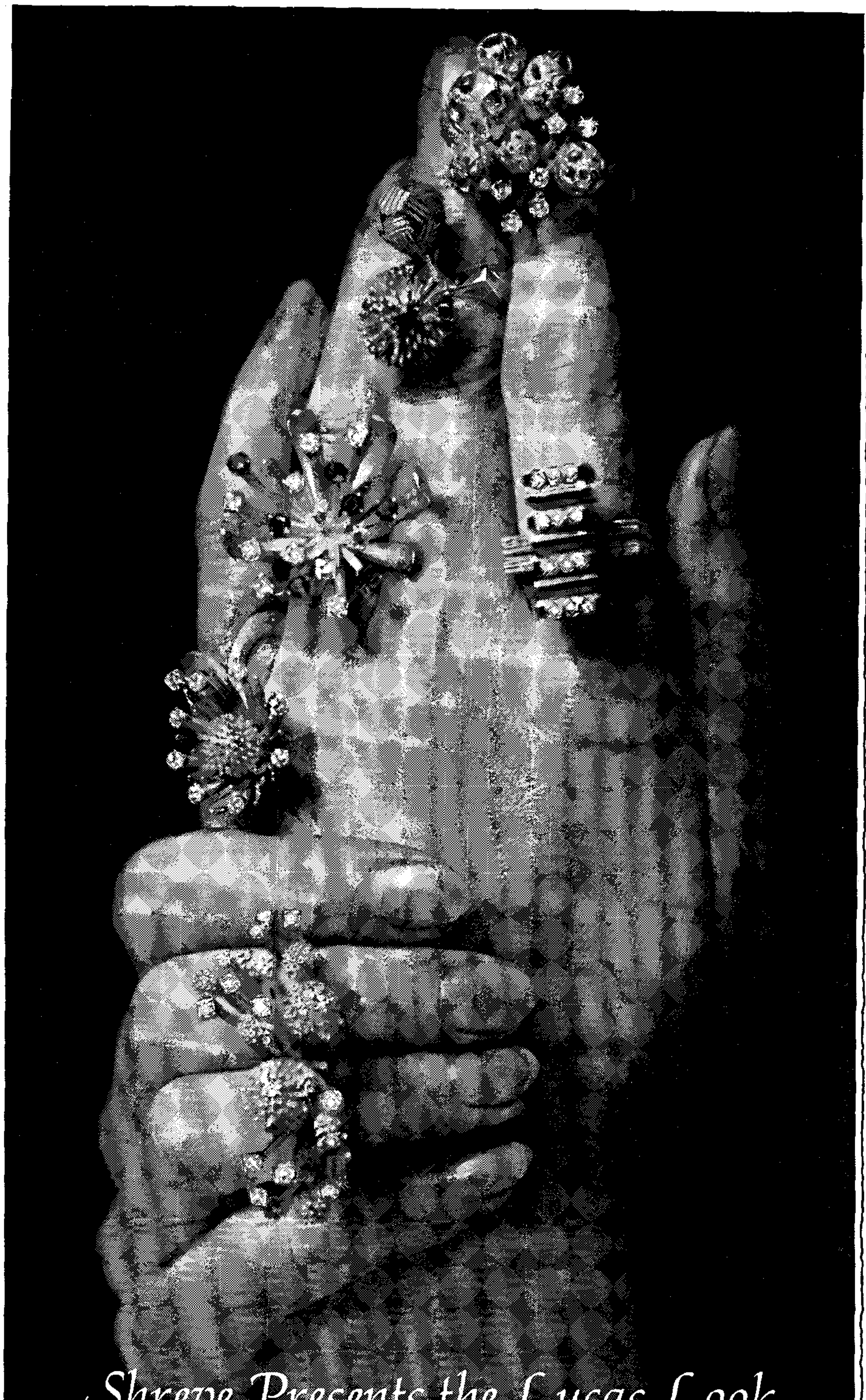

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Adventure of a Light Beam." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Oct. 13, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lecture—Padraic Colum speaking about Yeats and other literary figures. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 13, at 6:15.)

Park Avenue Antiques Fair—The annual showing of American, European, and Oriental antiques. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Saturday, Oct. 13-18, from 1 to 10:30, and Sunday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 1:45: Modern prints by American and European artists, from a number of collections. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 1:45: Japanese art, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: Seven Impressionist and modern paintings, from the collection of Grover A. Magnin, and eighty Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from other collectors. Benefit exhibition on Wednesday, Oct. 8, from 7 to 11; for information about tickets, call 687-8383. Regular exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 1:45: European and Chinese porcelains, from many collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 11.

Film Libraries—At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Six programs in a series of Russian films, many without English titles: Oct. 10 at 2 and 5:30, "Earth" (1930); Oct. 11 at 3 and 5:30, "The Blue Express" (1929); Oct. 12 at 2 and 5:30, "The Ghost That Will Not Return" (1929); Oct. 13 at 2 and 5:30, "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929); Oct. 14 at 2 and 5:30, "The Road to Life" (1931); Oct. 16 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Enthusiasm" (1931). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Gigi" (1958), with Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2: "My Fair Lady" (1964), with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: A program of musical sequences from the films of Alan Jay Lerner. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 11:30: "Love in an Apartment Hotel" (1913) and "Judith of Bethulia" (1913), both directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lodger" (1926), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **New York Cultural Center**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 8-12: The last five programs in a series of Busby Berkeley films. . . . ¶ Oct. 15-16: The first two programs in a series of Charlie Chaplin films. (Showings at 4 and 6.)

Note—Columbus Day is Sunday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from *44th Street to 86th Street, starting at 1.*

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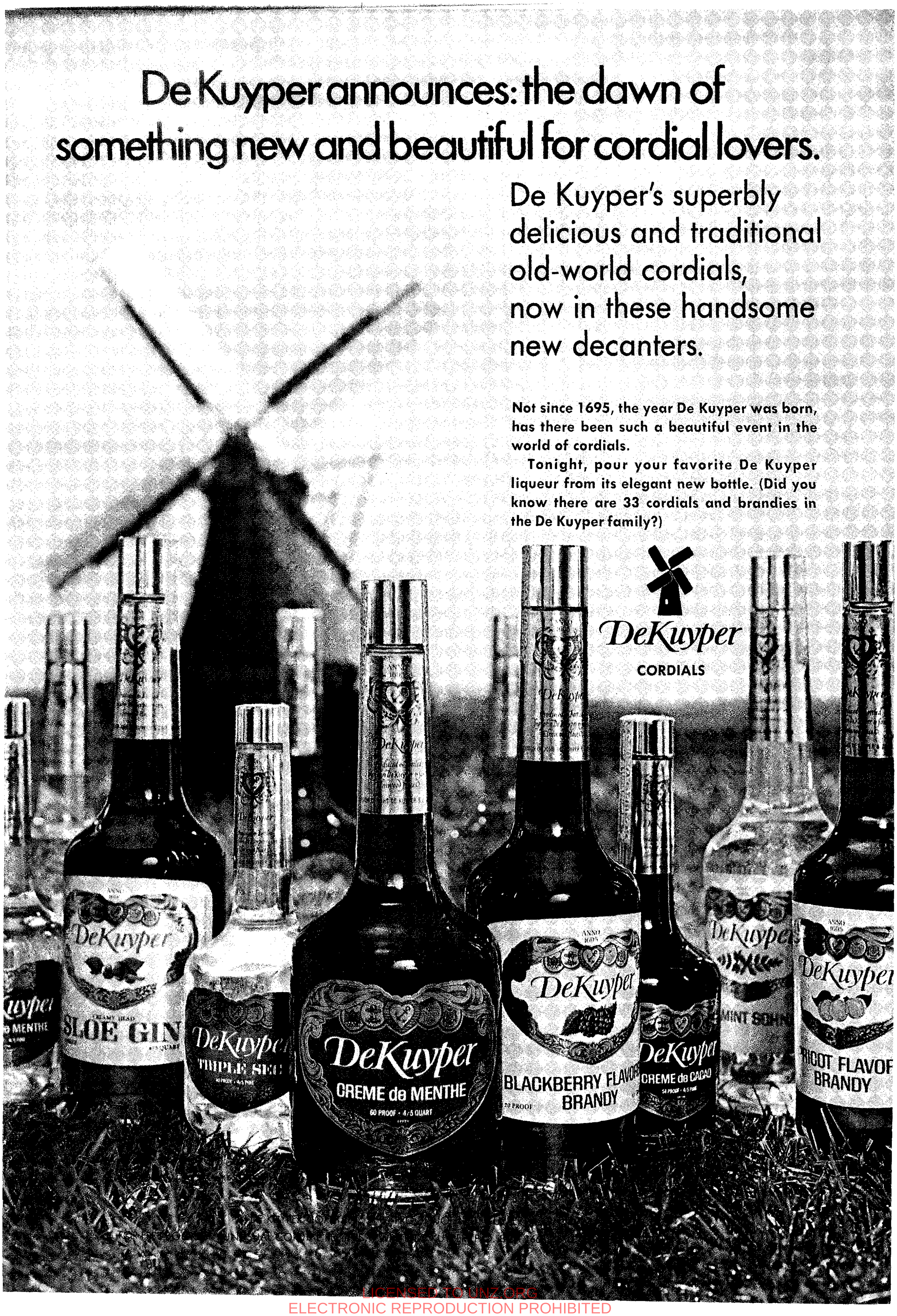
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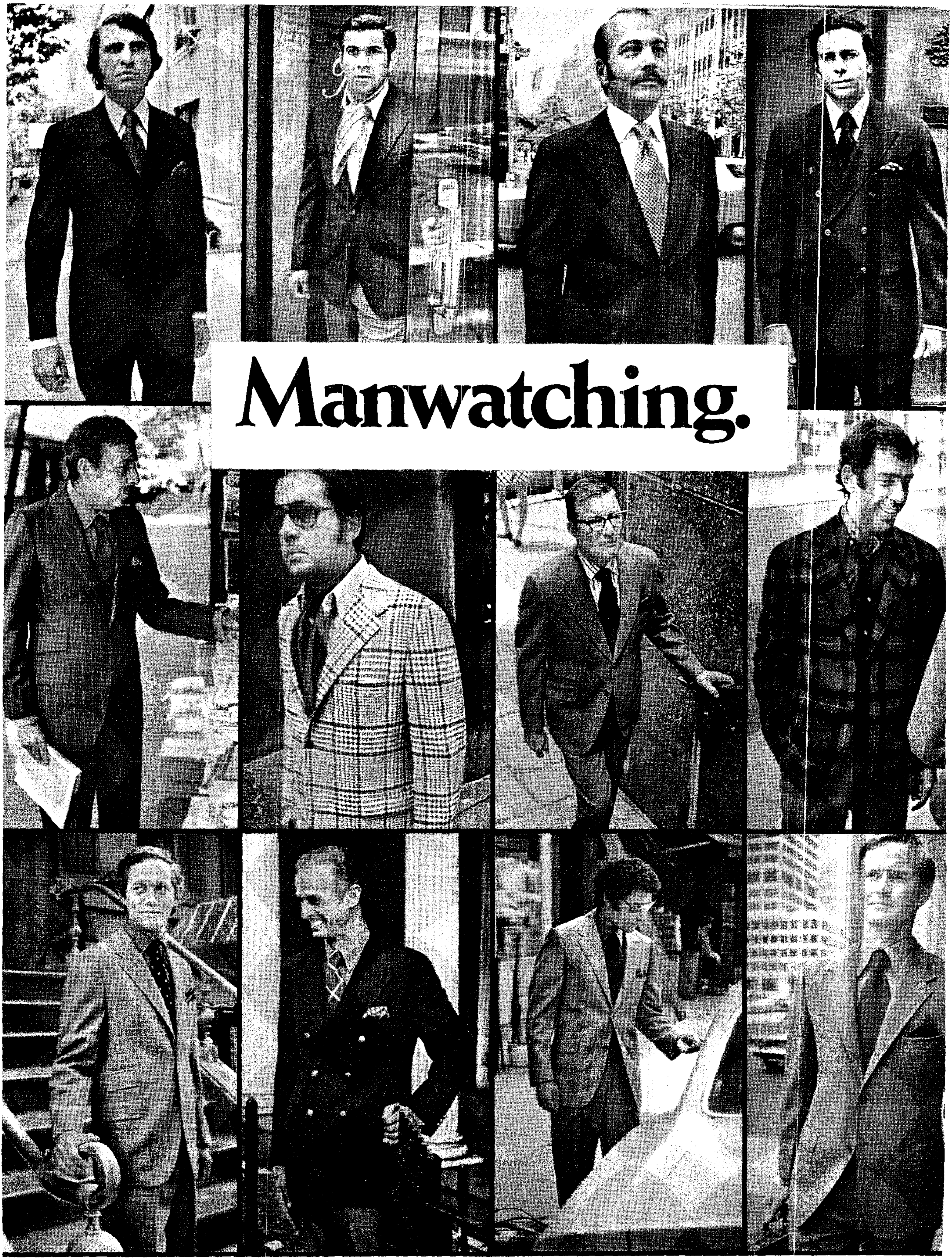

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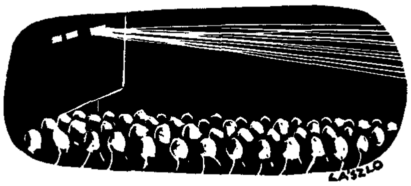
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Bed Sitting Room—Yes, it's got jokes, but they're of the absurdist apocalyptic variety, and the laughs that are pulled out of you don't make you feel good. Richard Lester directed this version of the Spike Milligan-John Antrobus play. With Ralph Richardson, Rita Tushingham, Michael Hordern. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 14.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Arthur Penn's story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 15.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Oct. 10.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 14.)

Bullitt (1968)—Peter Yates' police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 15.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—That great title makes it sound better than it is. This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screenplay. With Katharine Ross. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 14.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal who has a surreal vision of Venusians when he gives up Scotch for joints. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 10-13.)

Faces (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 14.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through Oct. 14.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Oct. 10.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 16.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Oct. 9.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 14.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; starting Oct. 10.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Nazarin (1958)—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal plays the priest. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 14-16.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and maximum of evocative stage routines. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, *choreographed by Danny Daniels.* (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Oct. 14.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 14.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—The history of the First World War evoked in songs and sketches. An antiwar musical with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, et al; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. Which is rather odd, considering how little this great cast does for the movie. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 14.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 8.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 9.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's cockahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes backfire and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 15.)

La Ronde—Love makes the world go around in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the hey-day of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 14.)

She and He (1967)—A story about a young Japanese wife and her patient husband. Written and directed by Susumu Hani. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Two of Us (1967)—An account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 10-13.)

A Walk with Love and Death—John Huston directed this impressive, tough-minded story of young lovers trying to survive the chaos of the Hundred Years' War. It might be more lyrical and more exciting, but it's compelling, nevertheless. With Anjelica Huston and Assaf Dayan. From the Hans Koningsberger novel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Oct. 13.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through Oct. 14.)

The Young Girls of Rochefort (1967)—Jacques Demy's musical, with Gene Kelly and a score by Michel Legrand. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 14.)

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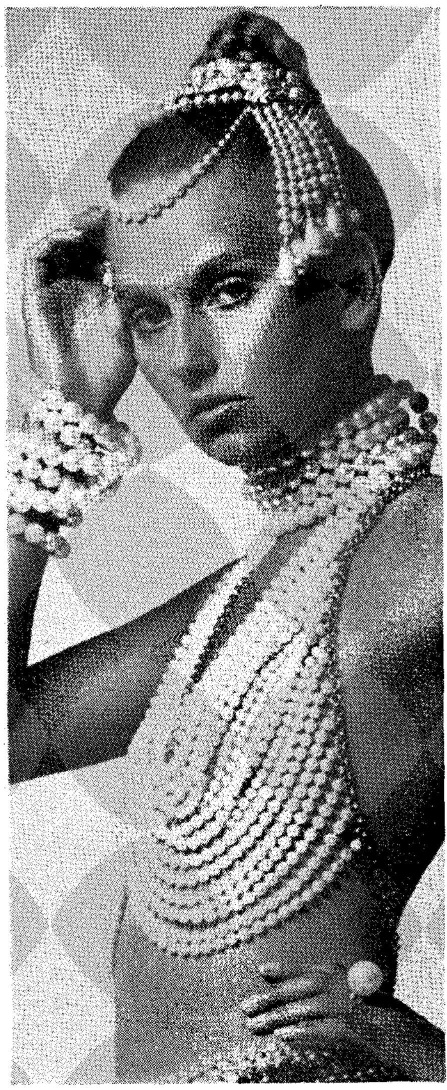

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 14: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** and **BELLE DE JOUR** (both in French).
From Oct. 15: "More," Mimsy Farmer.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 14: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and **THE GOLD RUSH.**
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 14: **LA CHINOISE** and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (both in French).
From Oct. 15: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 14: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** and **BELLE DE JOUR** (both in French).
From Oct. 15: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The File of the Golden Goose," Yul Brynner, Charles Gray.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Oct. 8: "The Rain People," James Caan, Shirley Knight.
From Oct. 9: "Black on White," Terry Carter.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Royal Hunt of the Sun," Robert Shaw, Christopher Plummer.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 11: "More," Mimsy Farmer.
From Oct. 12, at 8: "The Madwoman of Chaillot," Katharine Hepburn. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call 689-7700, Ext. 837.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

Avco Embassy East. 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 12: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).
From Oct. 13: "Lions Love," an Agnès Varda film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 9: "Change of Mind," Raymond St. Jacques, Leslie Nielsen.
From Oct. 10: "All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The File of the Golden Goose," Yul Brynner, Charles Gray.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hang 'Em High" (1968), Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens; and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968), Clint Eastwood.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 8: **PICKPOCKET** and "Le Socrate" (both in French).
Oct. 9-15: "Paris Belongs to Us" (1962; in French), Betty Schneider; and "The Third Man" (1950), Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli.
Oct. 16: Theatre closed.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 14: "A Session with the Committee" (the Committee is a Los Angeles satirical group, and this is a film of one of their performances); and "The Monitors," Guy Stockwell, Susan Oliver.
From Oct. 15: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 14: "The Italian Job," Michael Caine, Noël Coward; and "Ace High," Eli Wallach.
From Oct. 15: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHE AND HE (in Japanese).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 14: "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
LA RONDE and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 9: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve; and "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.
From Oct. 10: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
THE BED SITTING ROOM.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 13: **WEEKEND** (in French); and "Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.
From Oct. 14: "Duet for Cannibals" (in Swedish), Adriana Asti.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Oct. 14: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From Oct. 15: "Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

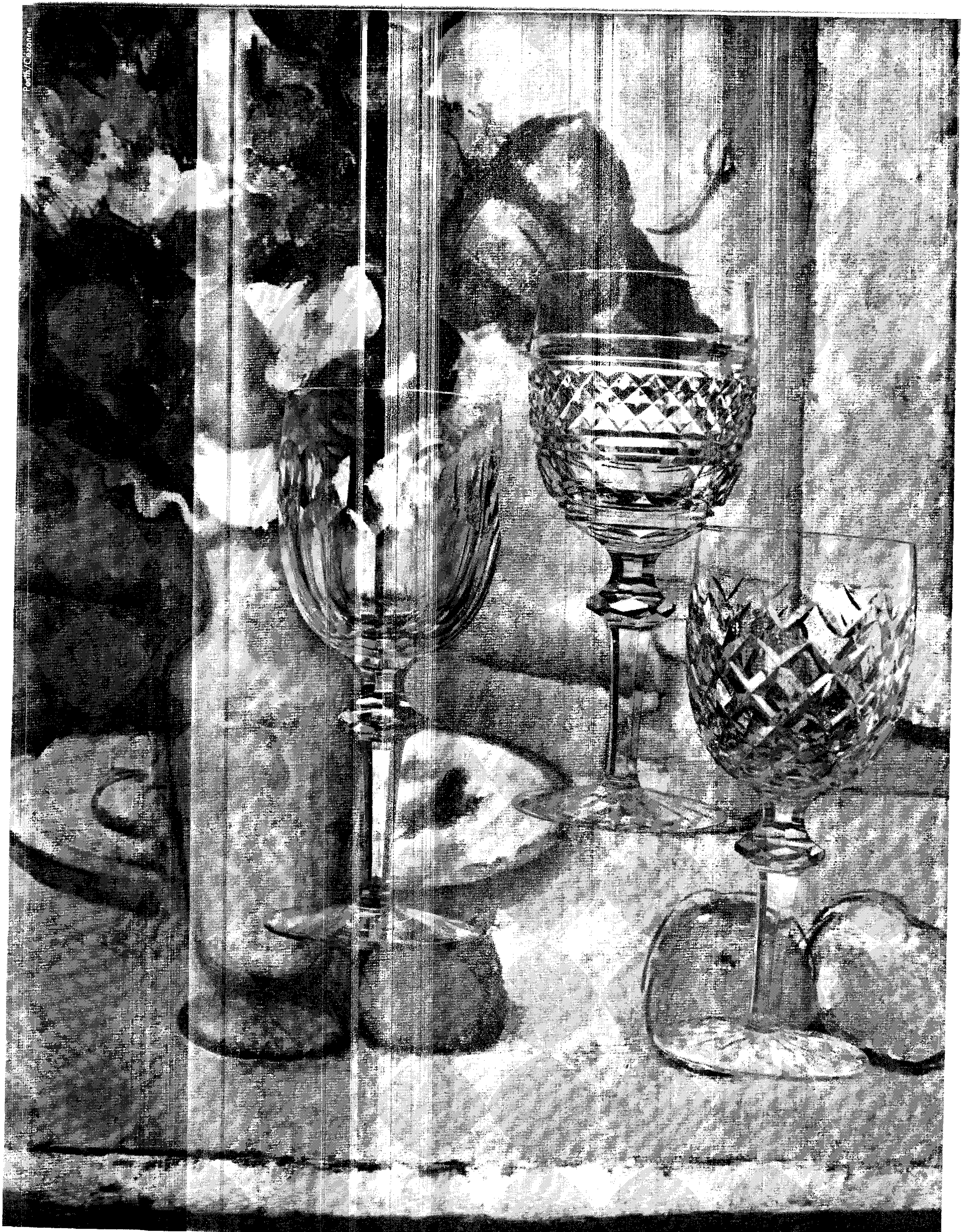
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 9: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).
From Oct. 10: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 14: **THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT** (in French); and **PETULIA.**
Oct. 15: "Not Reconciled," a Jean-Marie Straub film, in German; and "Far from Vietnam" (1967), the Vietnam war as viewed by six Paris directors.
From Oct. 16: **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**; and "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton, Mary Boland.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 14: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**
From Oct. 15: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell; and "Hook, Line, and Sinker," Jerry Lewis, Peter Lawford.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 9: **FACES**; and **PRETTY POISON.**
Oct. 10-13: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
Oct. 14-16: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish); and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 14: **FACES**; and "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.
From Oct. 15: "More," Mimsy Farmer.



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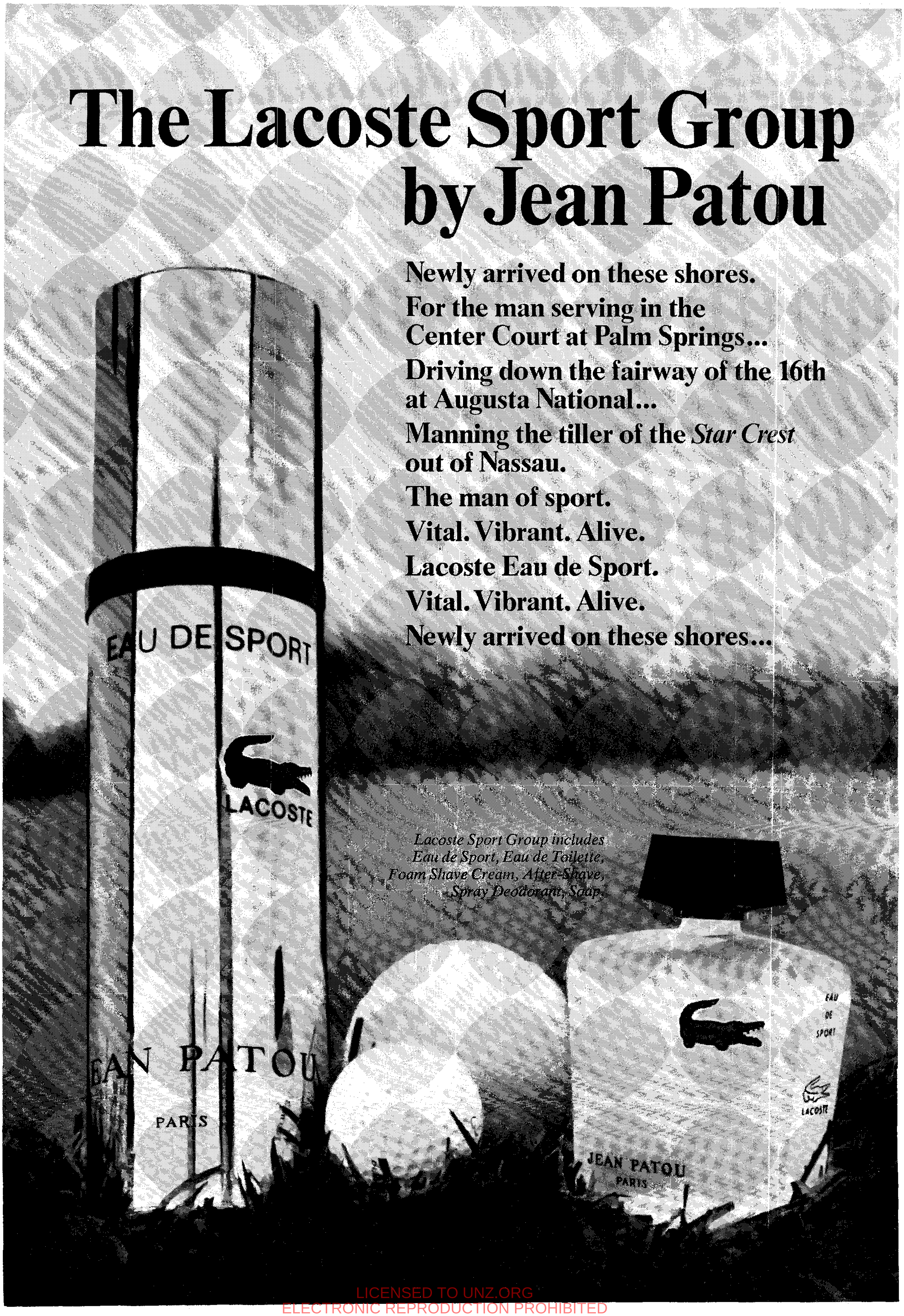
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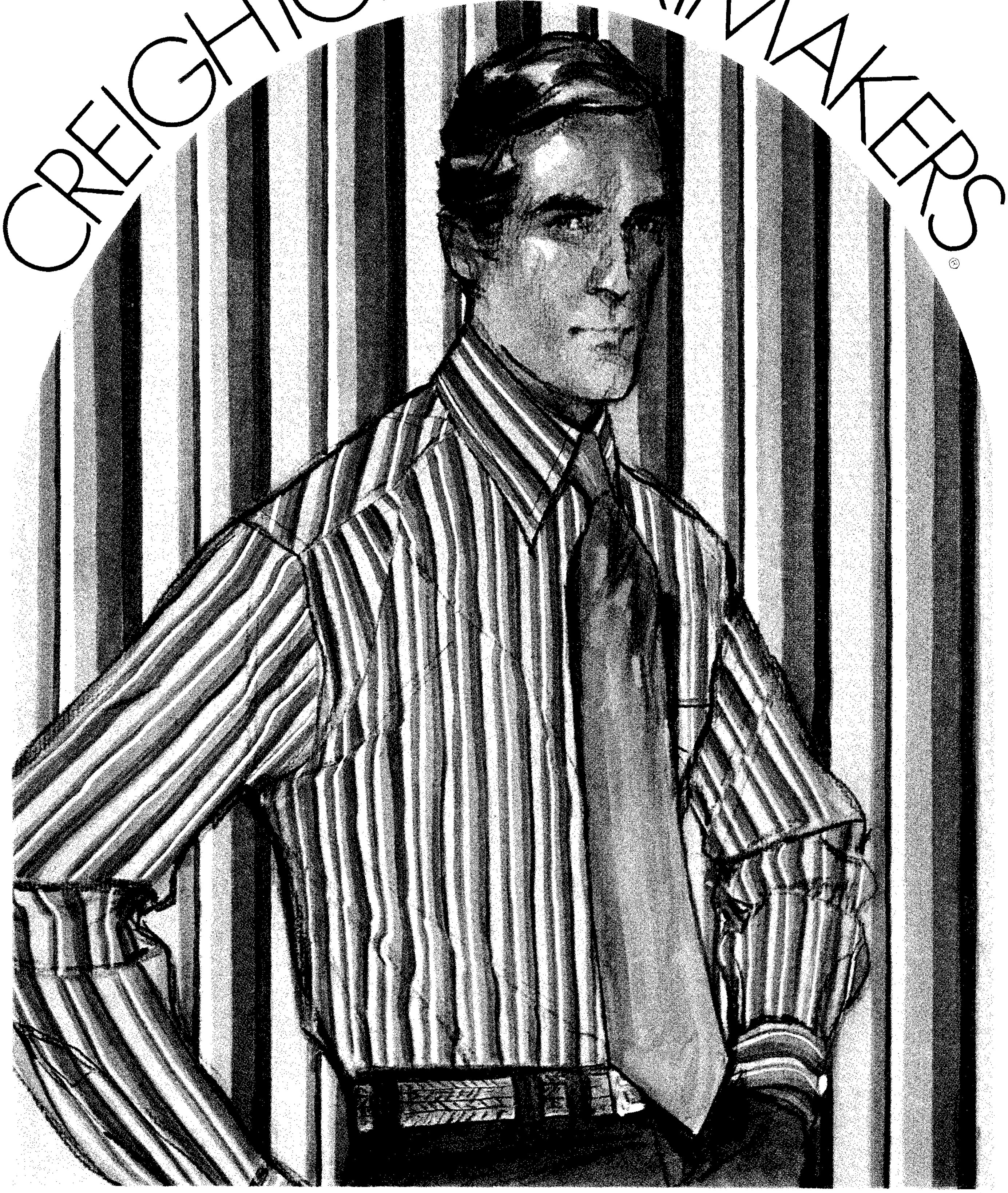

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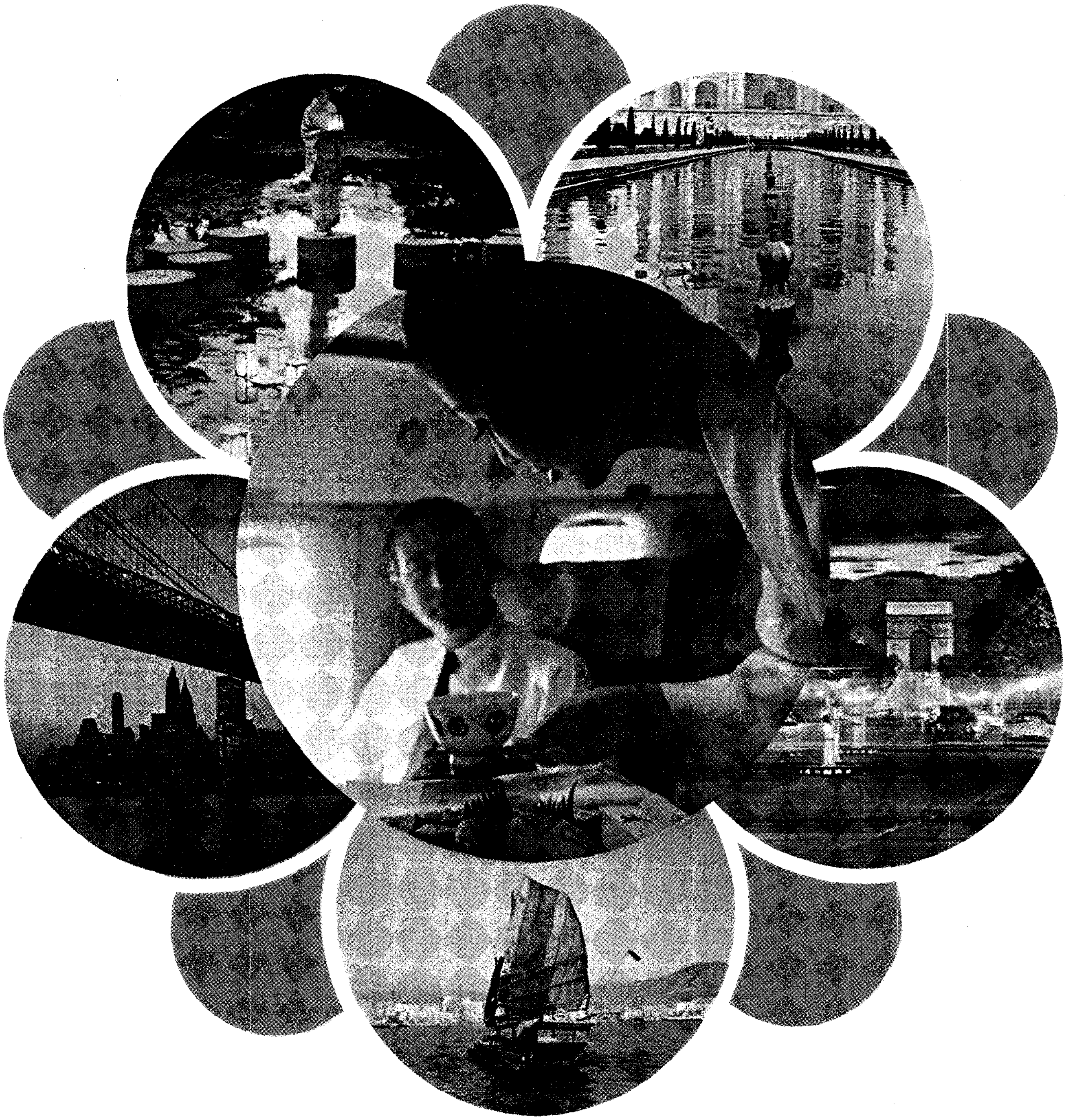

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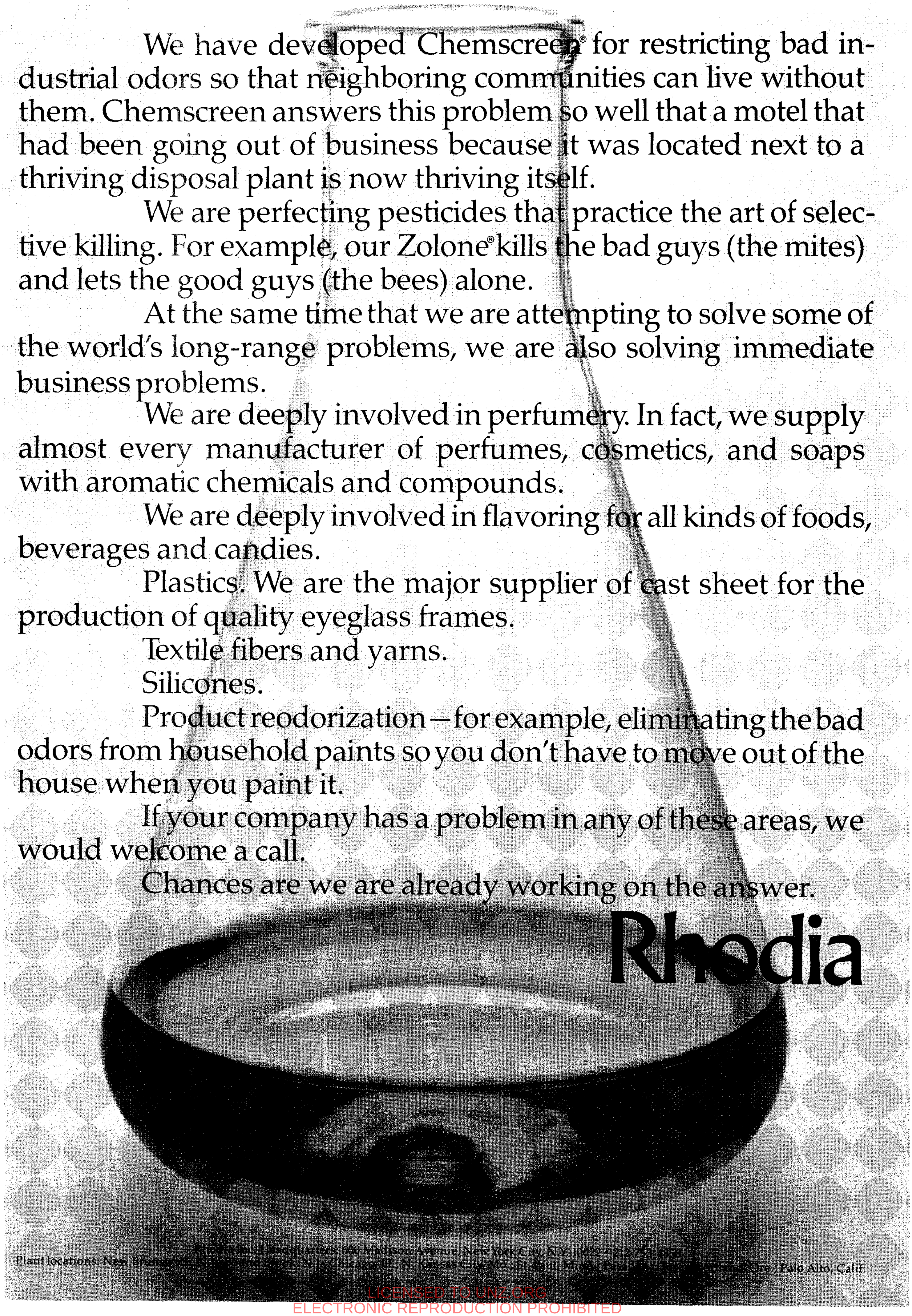

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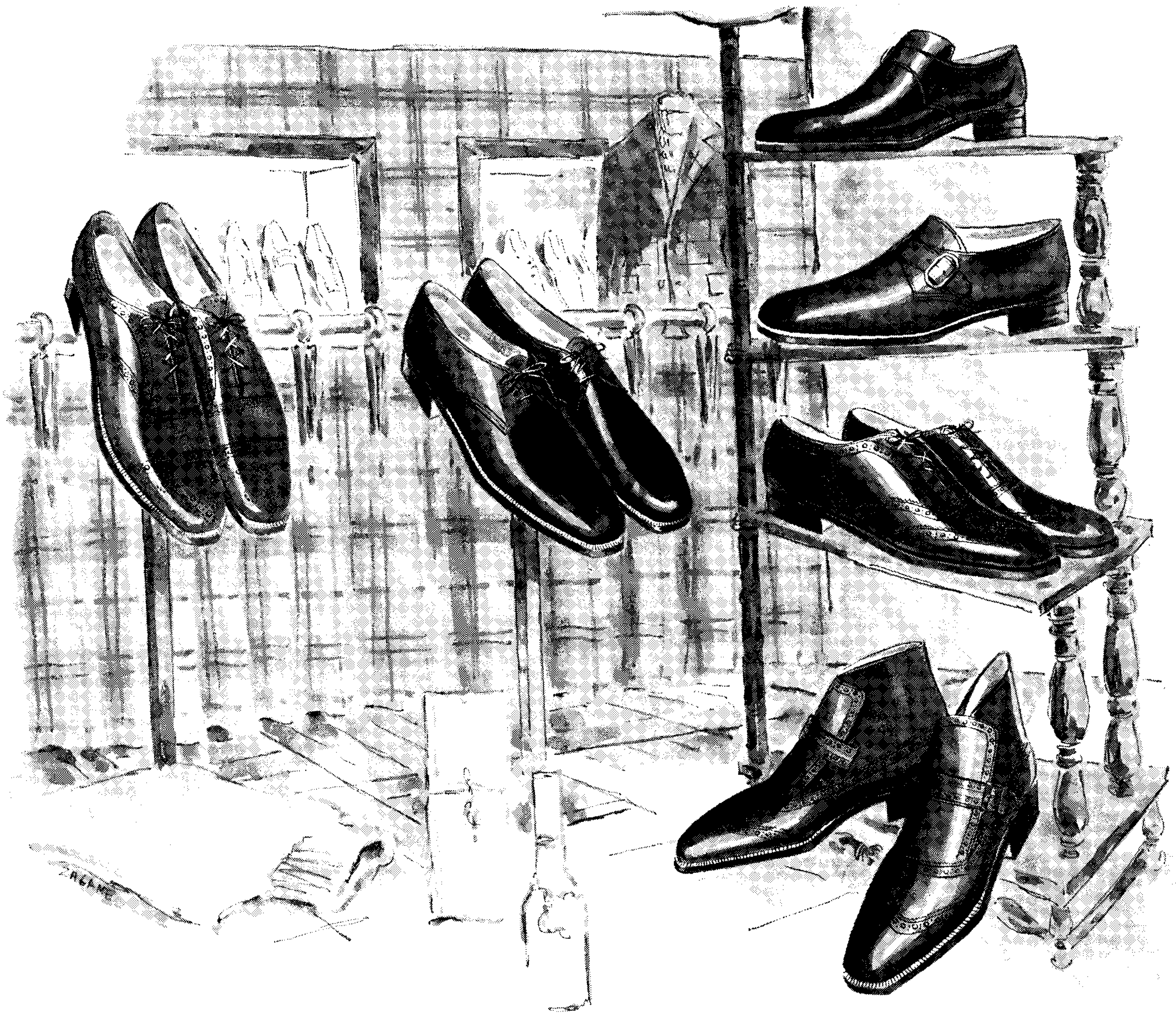
THE FOUKE COMPANY

JEAN SHRIMPTON PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERT STERN

THE FOUKE SEALMARK OF FASHION



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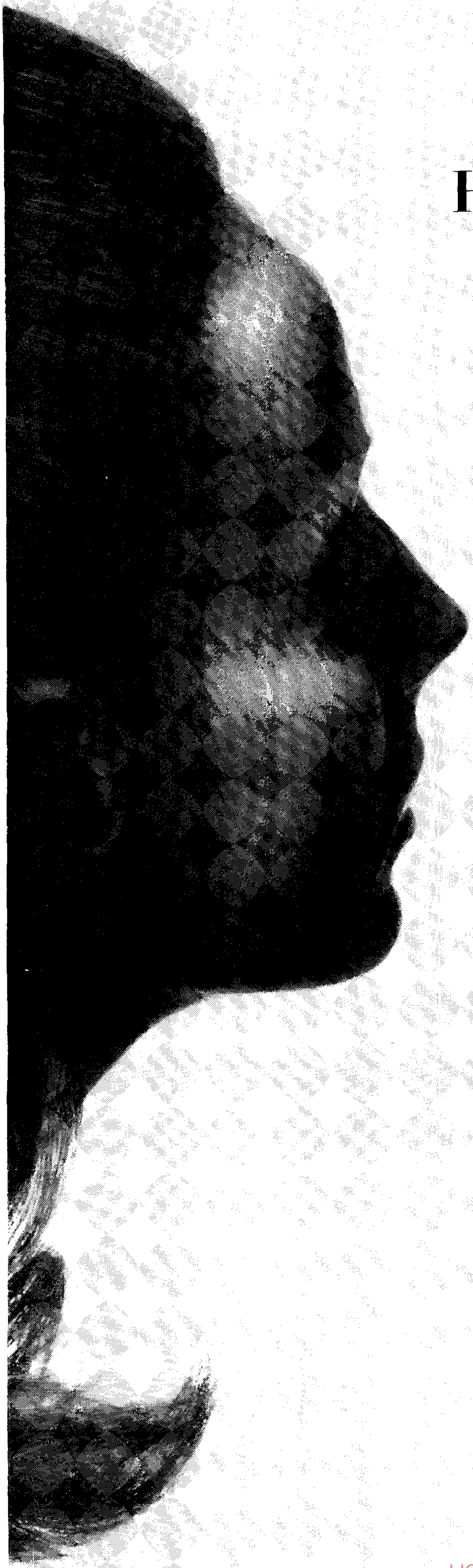

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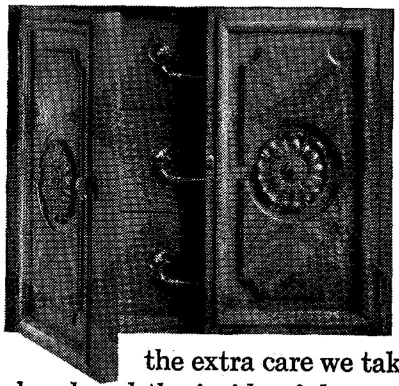

the extra care we take to handsand the inside of dresser drawers to a snag free patina?

Small things, perhaps. But we think that the difference between great and big can be as small as the extra screws we use at points of stress. (Which you can't see, but which are one reason you *can* live with our furniture for such a long time.)

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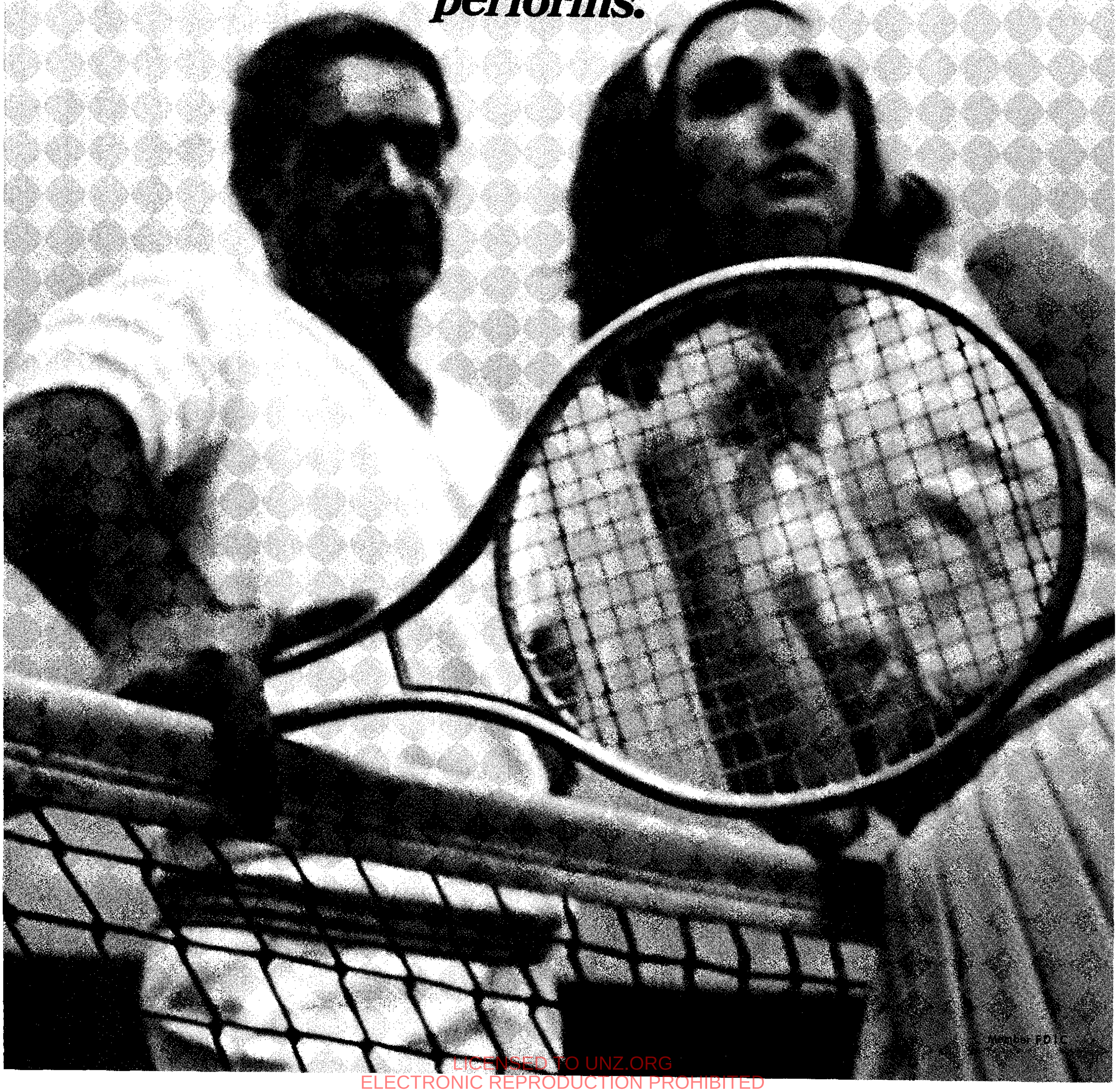

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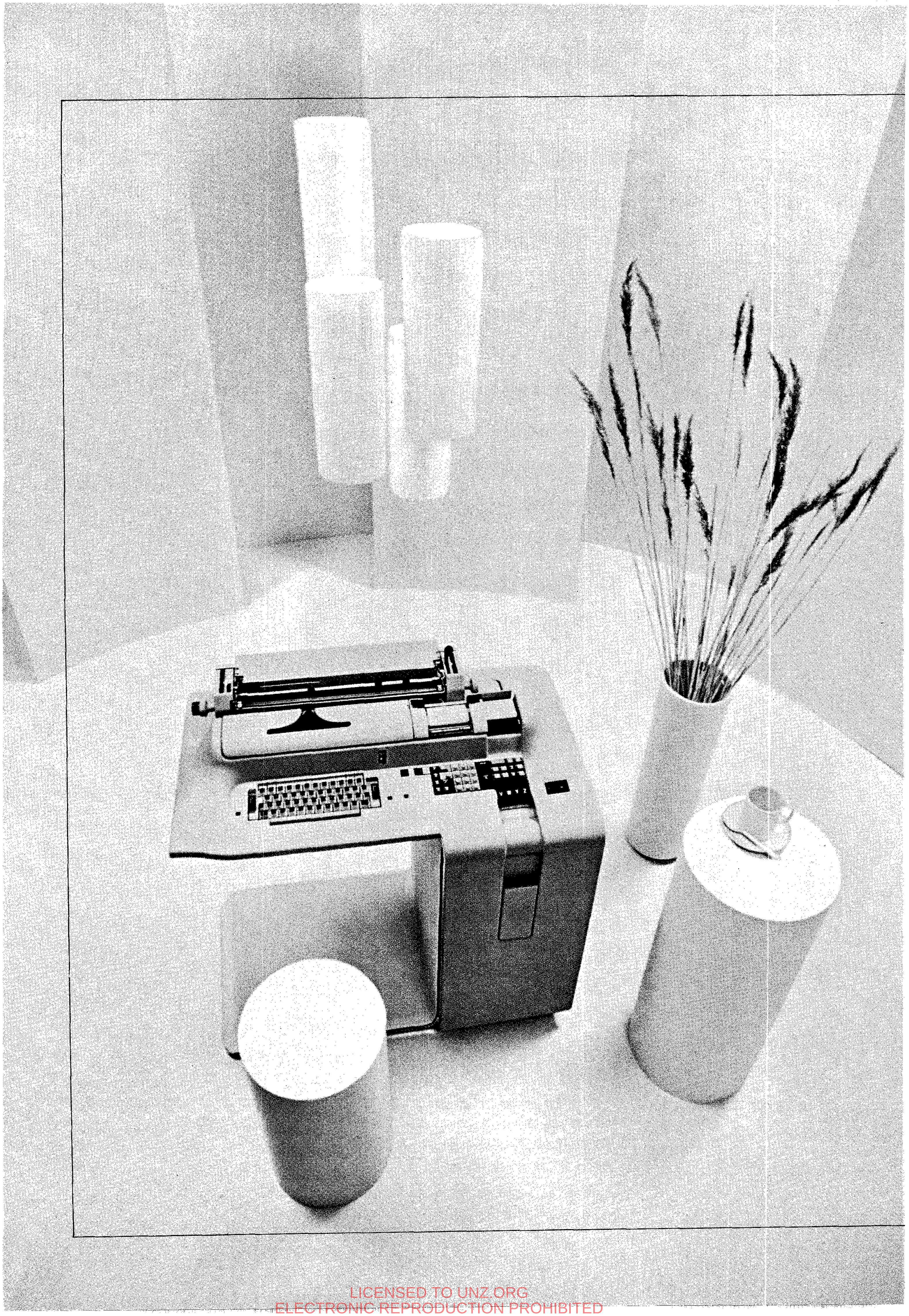

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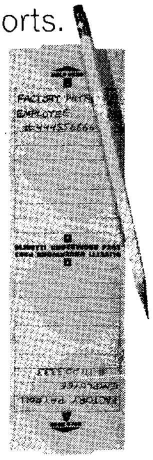
The Olivetti P-203: anything an accounting machine can do, it can do better.

Your receptionist can operate the P-203. A regular electric typewriter keyboard puts information on invoices, checks and reports.



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Olivetti P-203. Actual size: 36¼" x 36¼" x 22" deep. 115 volts AC. No air conditioning needed.

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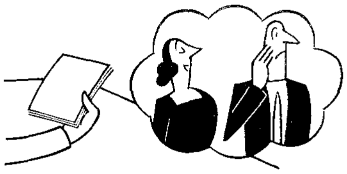
B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERY once in a while, it comes home to a magazine that it has responsibilities of a most delicate sort. We've just received a letter from a man in Appleton, Wisconsin, enclosing three newsbreaks (those little items we print at the bottom of the page) for our consideration. His letter ends, "I hope one or more of these sees print in *The New Yorker*, for I am becoming weary of hearing my wife describe *her* newsbreak acceptances as 'my published works.' " There, obviously, is a marriage headed for the rocks, and here we sit holding three crucial newsbreaks in our hand, playing with human destiny as though it were a mechanical toy, and bent with the almost unbearable burdens of the editorial life.



Anniversary

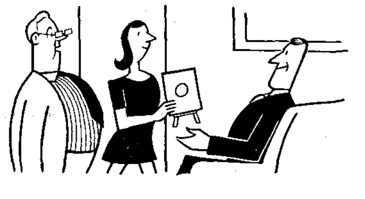
WE went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the day of the official beginning of its hundredth-anniversary celebration and found the Museum in physical disarray, like a *grande dame* caught in the middle of dressing for her birthday ball. The landscape in front of the main entrance, on Fifth Avenue, was a plain of dirt inhabited by trucks and by workmen penetrating the ground with noisy pneumatic drills in preparation for the construction of a new outer staircase and a broad plaza of trees and fountain pools, to be completed by April 13, 1970—the actual anniversary of the Museum. Inside, there was a labyrinth of scaffolding in the Great Hall, where masons were tearing holes in the east and west walls, creating entrances to shops and checkrooms. On the Grand Staircase, leading to the second floor, more scaffolding supported more workmen, who, wearing large hoods for protection, were using high-pressure water hoses to blast grime from the classical columns that line the stair. The hoses' harsh roar drowned out the sounds of hammering and chiselling from the Great Hall. At the top of the staircase, the galleries that since the eighteen-eighties had contained the Museum's fine collection of European paintings were starkly empty. We walked through some of the rooms (there are forty-two altogether) with an eerie feeling; the walls had been painted flat white, and the floors were being covered with gray wall-to-wall carpeting by men in white coveralls. In one room, where Manet's paintings had hung, we found a lone canvas done by a contemporary American painter, Robert Motherwell—black smudges on a white background.

Proceeding, by appointment, to the centennial offices, we met Joseph Ryle, a portly and expansive gentleman with wavy white hair and a Pickwickian air, who was wearing a striped shirt and had small, horn-rimmed rectangular glasses far down on his nose. "I'm a special consultant for promotion. I've been in public relations, promotion, and advertising all my life," he said cheerfully, handing us a stack of news releases. "The kickoff starts tonight, with a dinner for the living benefactors of the Museum. You noticed changes taking place around here? Well, downstairs, off the Great Hall, in the new checkrooms, there's going to be a marvellous new form of coat-checking—you press buttons and the coat racks move, the way they do in cleaners' shops." Mr. Ryle added, with a merry smile, that George Trescher, the man in charge of the centennial, would be along shortly, as soon as he could leave a meeting. We settled onto a sofa in Mr. Trescher's office and observed the eclecticism of his furnishings: a Thomas Eakins portrait done in 1900, a rosewood rococo pier table, a gilded rococo mirror, a modern desk made of a slab of stained wood resting on four straight chrome legs, and another Motherwell painting, of black daubs on a white background. Mr. Trescher bounded in, plopped into a chair, nodded to Mr. Ryle, and, with hardly a pause for breath, said he was ready for questions.

We asked him about himself.

"I'm forty-three," Mr. Trescher said. "I was born in Berkeley, graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with a B.A. in economics, and served two and a half years in the Navy as an officer in the Supply Corps. I worked for nineteen years for Time, Inc., mostly in promotion, my last job being promotion director of *Sports Illustrated*. I was hired by the Museum three years ago, through James Rorimer, the former director, to establish a centennial office. It has been an interesting and time-consuming job. Lately, it has been fourteen-hour days, and damn few weekends off." A slender, agile, relaxed, young-looking man, Mr. Trescher has brown hair, blue eyes, sharply chiselled features, and a manner that is quick, friendly, and businesslike.

"Great!" Mr. Ryle said as a young woman suddenly walked in carrying a model of a new centennial medal and handed it to Mr. Trescher.



"Fantastic," Mr. Trescher said, and he passed us the medal, which was mounted on a white plastic stand. "It's our centennial symbol. Designed by Frank Stella in seventeen colors on rhodium-plated bronze." The design appeared to be an abstraction based on the letter "M." "There's a giant version, eight feet by eight feet, in the director's office, behind his chair."

The young woman left, and we

asked Mr. Trescher what had happened to all the European paintings.

"There were about nine hundred paintings altogether, and approximately half of them have been moved to a newly renovated wing on the second floor, which will be open to the public. Many of the other half will be put on the ground floor in study storage galleries, which will be open to students, scholars, connoisseurs, and anyone else with a good reason for seeing them. No reasonable request will be denied." Mr. Trescher lighted a cigarette. "The remainder—whatever has not gone into the new wing or the study storage galleries—will go into regular storage, closed to public view."

Mr. Trescher paused to take a telephone call, then resumed. "The centennial celebration will last for a year and a half and will include nine special exhibitions and numerous tours, films, lectures, and symposia," he said. "Three of the special exhibitions will be held consecutively in the galleries where the European paintings used to be, and the first one, opening October 18th, will be 'New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970.' It will run for three and a half months and will be a comprehensive historical survey of modern art."

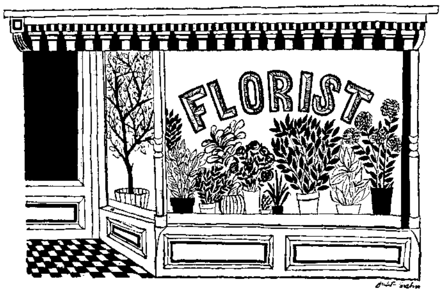
We asked Mr. Trescher whether the additional crowds of visitors the centennial will bring to the Museum (which already has six million visitors a year) will cause problems—particularly on weekends, when the attendance is heaviest.

"No," he said. "It's a matter of educating the public. The crowds always go to the paintings. If we tell them about the other treasures here, they won't make a beeline for the paintings. We simply have to make the public aware of the total holdings of the Museum. There are parts of it that are not crowded, even on Sundays. Frankly, I get tired of hearing cries of sympathy for the heavy Sunday crowds. If sixty thousand people want to come here on Sunday, like lemmings rushing to the sea, that's *their* business. They seem to enjoy it. They could just as easily be in Shea Stadium. I wouldn't be caught dead in the galleries on Sunday, even though I work here." Mr. Trescher lighted another cigarette. "The opportunity for the solitary museum visitor to enjoy a certain peace should be preserved by means of additional visiting hours at night. We will undoubtedly be compelled to open the Museum on another evening, in addition to Tuesday."

We asked Mr. Trescher if the Metropolitan was now a "swinging museum"—a popular institutional phrase that we had heard most recently at a ceremony introducing the "swinging" new director of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Decorative Arts and Design. "I don't associate museums with swinging," Mr. Trescher replied, frowning. "Swinging is for discothèques. Contact with the most intimate relics of past civilizations is what will always make museums worthwhile in our society."

With his words in mind, we left Mr. Trescher and walked to the new European-painting galleries, in which a press conference announcing an extraordinary anniversary gift to the Museum was about to begin. Television lights gleamed on a row of folding chairs where young Robert Owen Lehman, the son of the late Robert Lehman, sat with his wife and with representatives of the Robert Lehman Foundation, of the investment-banking house of Lehman Brothers, and of the Museum. Mr. Lehman, who was wearing tinted glasses, rose and read a statement, in a low and measured voice, announcing that his father's art collection—which is one of the last great privately owned treasures in the world and is said to be worth at least a hundred million dollars—would be given to the Metropolitan. The collection contains some three thousand paintings, drawings, brasses, enamels, porcelains, and tapestries, and is known particularly for its fine Renaissance paintings. The gift of the collection, which, under the terms of Mr. Lehman's will, must remain intact, exceeds anything else that could happen in the course of the centennial, but evidently it didn't fully satisfy one reporter, who complained that keeping private collections intact was old-fashioned. He asked, in an annoyed tone, "Why can't it be broken up?"

The faces of the Lehmans and the men beside them, including Thomas Hoving, the Metropolitan's director, went blank with surprise. Then a reply came firmly from Joseph A. Thomas, of Lehman Brothers, who was wearing a dark-blue suit, bright-red socks, and black loafers with tassels. "It's very simple," he said. "You wouldn't have the collection if you didn't keep it together."



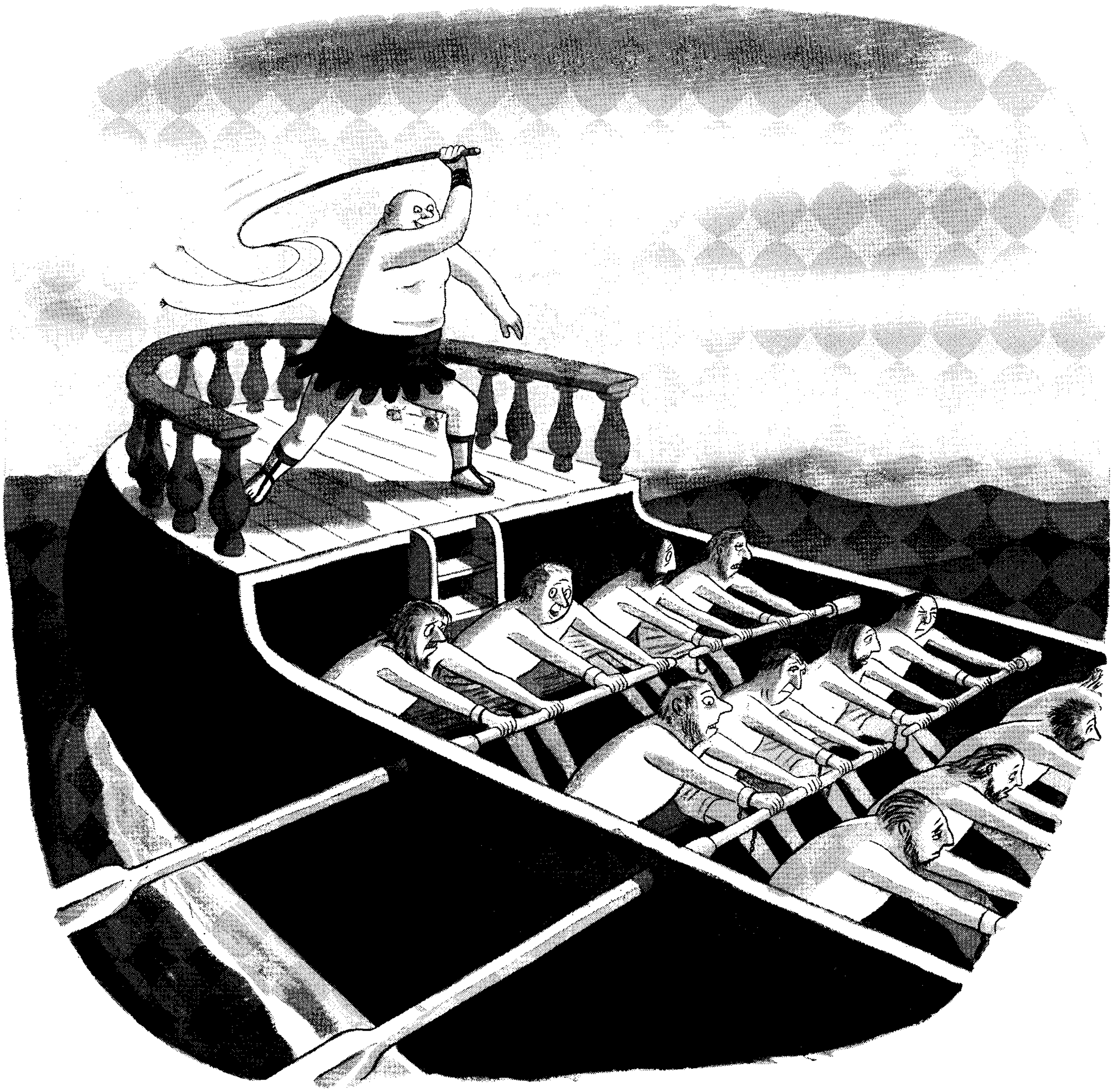
No Limit

SEARCHING through a filing cabinet the other day, a corporation official we know was startled to find a folder that his secretary had labelled simply "Infinity."

Yard No. 4

THE New York football fan being what he is (indomitable), we were not completely surprised to learn that attempts are being made nearly every day to break into the New York City Correctional Institution for Men, on Rikers Island, in the East River, where the unlikely attraction is the practice scrimmages of the world's professional-football champions, the New York Jets, who are working out in Penitentiary Yard No. 4 while they wait for the Mets to complete their playoffs (and, just possibly, the World Series) at Shea Stadium. The other Friday afternoon, having displayed the proper credentials to three sets of guards at checkpoints on the bridge that links the island to Queens, we dropped in to see how the Jets were doing in their new surroundings.

"You can't imagine how many people have been trying to get over here to watch these sessions," we were told by a Department of Correction captain who drove us, in a pickup truck, to the penitentiary yard. "I turned back three guys myself who tried to get through by claiming they were inmates' lawyers." After a ride of about half a mile, the captain dropped us at a gate in a high wire fence surrounding a well-manicured football field. On the other side of the fence, behind one of the goalposts, a nine-piece band made up of inmates and reinforced by amplifiers was running through a medley of Spanish tunes while, along one of the sidelines, other inmates were taking up vantage points behind a knee-high piece of rope that had been extended the length of the field. The Jets had not yet arrived, so we joined a group of civilians and Correction Department officers clustered around Deputy Warden Milton Batterman just outside the gate. He was carefully unwrapping a package, and as he did so he told us that the Jets had sent their own maintenance crew to prepare and mark the field before the practice sessions began, in September. "Incidentally, we tried the sawdust that the Jets crew told us



"I've heard that outside of working hours he's really a rather decent sort."

• •

about on the gopher holes in our field, and it worked," one of the officers said. "Moist sawdust—that's all it took."

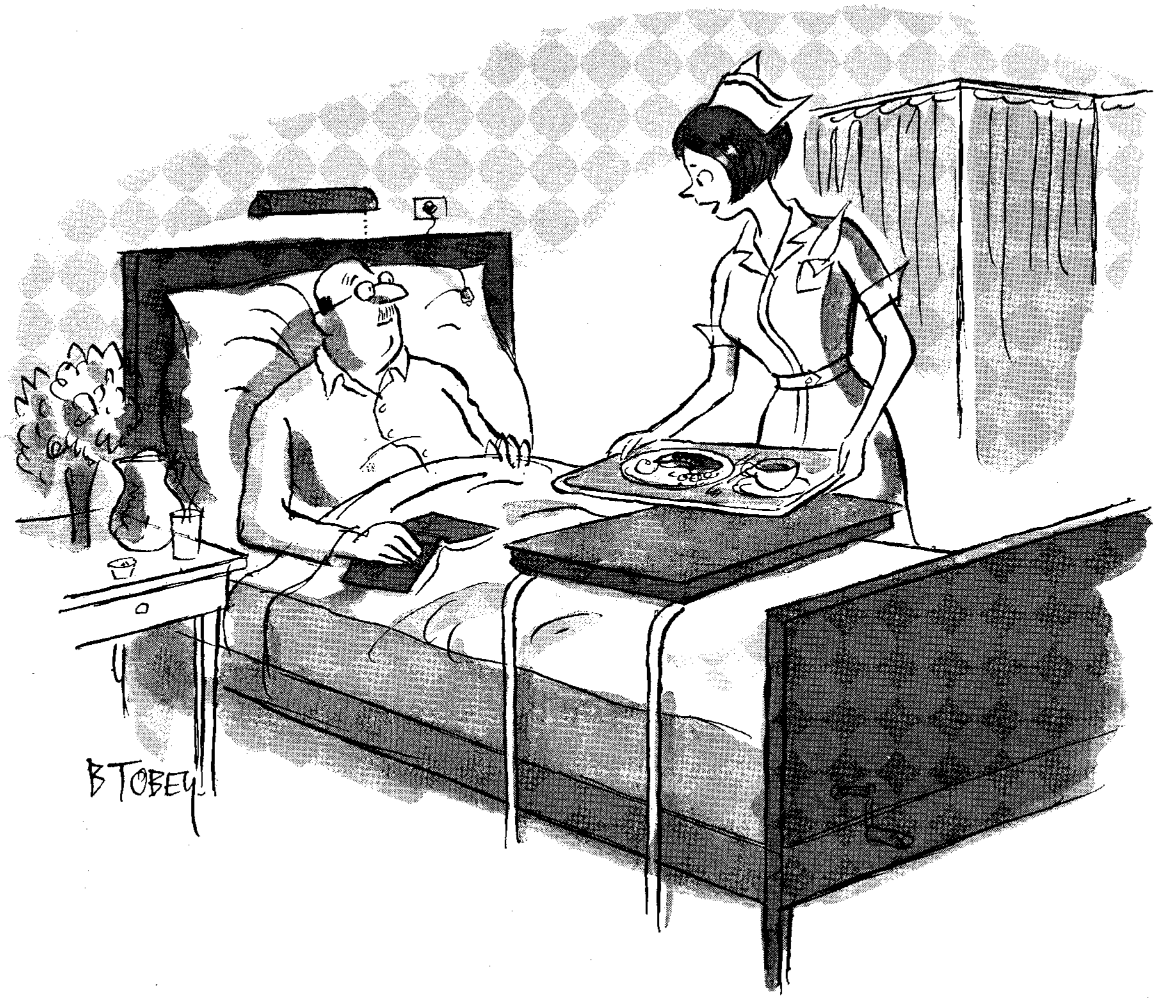
With a small grunt of approval, Mr. Batterman finished unwrapping his package and took out a large photograph of Joe Namath, the star quarterback of the Jets. The group around him laughed. "No, I'm not planning to put this under my pillow tonight," Mr. Batterman said, with asperity. "I merely promised some friends I'd get it autographed for them." Although about six hundred of the island's nearly seven thousand inmates had been viewing the scrimmages, Mr. Batterman told us, this was the first chance he himself had had to attend one. Turning to the guard on duty at the gate, he said, "I was wondering how the men have been taking to it."

"Some seem to enjoy it," the guard replied. "But not as many as we expected. The first day, the Jets came over without Namath, and you should have heard the men yell, but now, even when he comes out, they don't say much. A lot of the boys—the ones who come from the ghettos or from Puerto Rico—just don't seem to be football fans."

The guard's reply was immediately disputed by two of the civilians in the group, who turned out to be teachers at P.S. 189, Bronx, a school on Rikers Island for inmates under twenty-one. "My kids have been talking about this all week," one of them—Al Kisseloff, a large, black-bearded man who teaches high-school-equivalency courses—said. The other—Frank Santacroce, a young teacher of barbering—agreed. "We had to let them off early from classes today to come over and watch this," he told us.

We asked the two men whether they thought that the classroom work at their school had any lasting effect once the inmates left Rikers Island. "It sure has," Mr. Kisseloff said, just as two blue-and-orange buses containing the Jets pulled up to the gate. "Thirty-one of our boys out of thirty-three earned high-school-equivalency certificates last year, and five of them that we know about are in college today."

Headed by Weeb Ewbank, their



"I hope that's a compliment. Who is Florence Nightingale?"

chief coach and general manager, the Jets, dressed for the most part in green-and-white practice uniforms, began piling out of the buses. (The exceptions were the squad's three quarterbacks, who wore bright-red jerseys, to identify them and, it was hoped, insure that they got gentle treatment in the scrimmages.) The band swung into a non-Spanish tune ("Do Re Mi," from "The Sound of Music"), the guard opened the gate, and the first players, a group of linemen, trotted to the fifty-yard line and got ready for a series of exercises. A Correction Department officer standing near us appraised them with a professional eye. "I hope those guys never get into trouble," he said. "We wouldn't be able to fit them two to a cell." The final Jet to pass through the gate was Joe Namath, who had stopped to sign Mr. Batterman's picture and shake hands with him. Then he and another quarterback, Babe Parilli, trotted to one side of the field, some distance from their teammates, and began throwing a series of increasingly long passes to each other. "We see you, Joey baby!" one inmate called out as Namath completed a particularly graceful pass. "But how about some real action?"

Circling behind the goalposts, we made our way to the other side of the field, where a guard and some inmates were watching the remainder of the Jets warm up with an exercise that required them to run in place, fall, leap up, and run again. After repeating this about twenty times, the players dropped to the ground and began doing pushups.

"You think that's hard exercise?" the guard asked the inmates around him. "Why, I saw the Green Bay Packers work out once, and they did two hundred up-and-downs before they went on to pushups."

"Well, this is all you ever expect from a Friday practice," one of the inmates replied. "Everybody who knows anything about football knows that you have to start easing off in practice two days before the game."

The football-wise inmate proved to be right. After half an hour of desultory exercises, the Jets formed into two teams and the offensive squad began running off plays against the defense, but, aside from some light blocking, there was no real contact, and after a few minutes many of the inmates began drifting back from the rope to talk in small groups, and a few stripped off their gray prison shirts and began sunbathing. Others, however, continued to watch the scrimmage, and a few appeared proficient at interpreting the Jets' offensive maneuvers. "This will be a pass," the football-wise man said as the Jets lined up for one play. "Watch for the shift to protect Namath in the pocket." He had called it correctly, but Namath's pass overshot its downfield receiver, and the quarterback grinned ruefully as the inmate yelled out, "I want my money back!"

"What would you fellows be doing now if you weren't out here watching the Jets?" we asked one of the men.

"A lot of us, including me, would be back in the dorm sleeping," he replied. "The others would probably be watching television."

"Doesn't this at least give you a break in the day?" we asked.

Another inmate answered. "Well, when the sun comes up, you could call that a break in the day, and when the sun goes down, that's another break in the day, but as far as I'm concerned the only break in the day I really care about is when they turn me loose," he said.

A man in kitchen whites took a more moderate view. "Me, I'm grateful for anything that comes along to bust up the routine," he said. "The day starts out awfully early here, especially if you're on the kitchen detail."

Now, however, the sun was going down and the day was almost over. The Jets were still running through plays, but the guards, at a signal, began blowing whistles, and, with what seemed rather perfunctory groans, the inmates began to line up. "Tell Ewbank that if he needs any more advice he knows where to find me," we heard one man call as the groups were marched into their buildings. A few minutes later, only the members of the band, who were busy packing up their instruments and amplifiers, were left behind. One of the musicians approached a guard captain and asked, respectfully, "With all the football fields in New York, why did they decide to come over here?"

"Well, you have to remember that they need a confined place, where there's no danger that opposition scouts can watch them," the officer replied.

The inmate glanced beyond the Jets toward the rows of orange brick cellblocks at the north end of the field. "Then this sure is the right place," he said.

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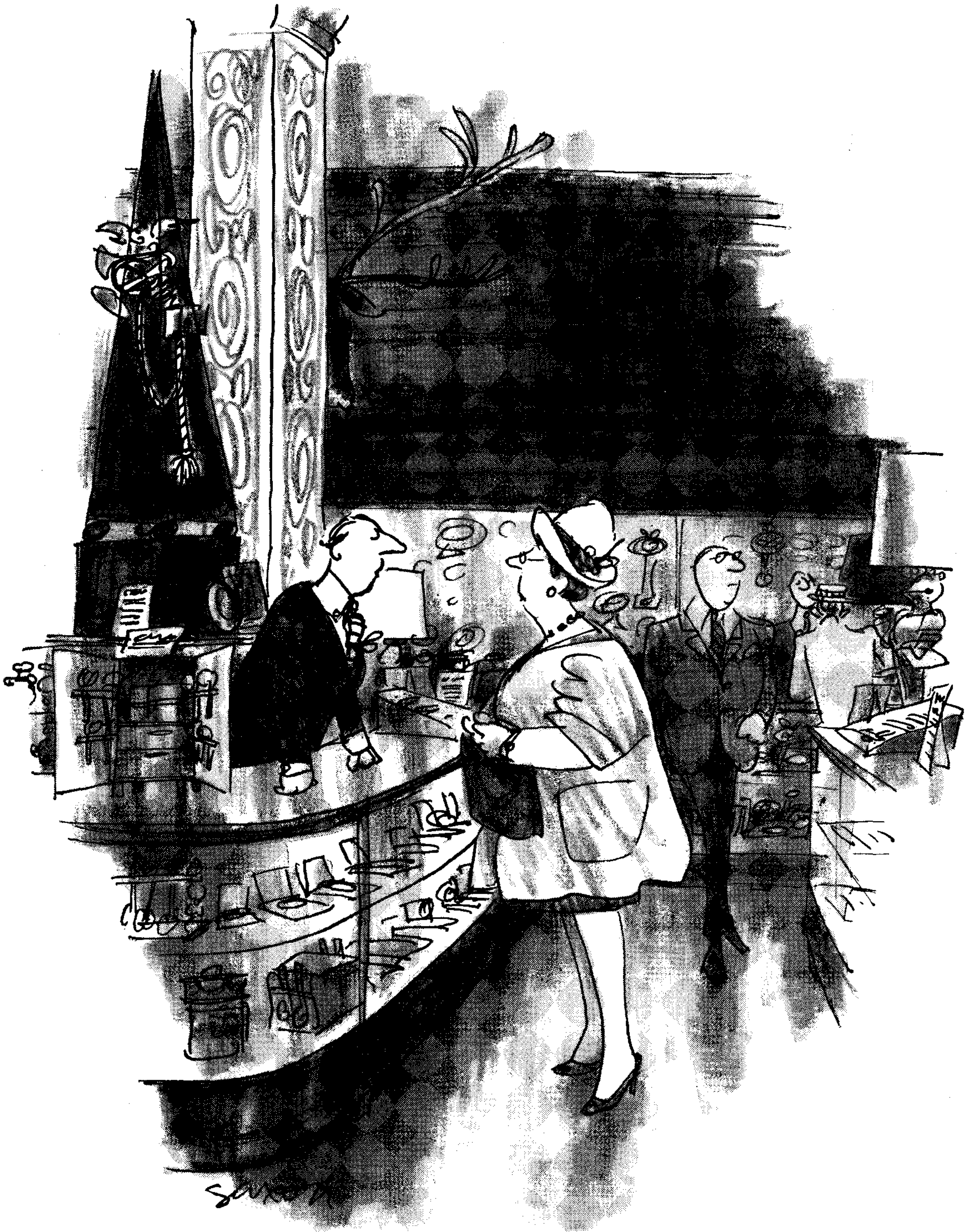
SIGN observed in the front window of a Childs Restaurant on lower Broadway:

Sun Ripened Blueberry
Pancakes

Celestial Omnibus

IT was noon on a sunny Monday, and Sterling Tanks, the nicest bus driver in New York, sat at a table in the bus drivers' depot on 135th Street, just west of Broadway, playing dominoes with four other bus drivers. Mr. Tanks is a whiz at dominoes, and he was winning. The depot is a long, narrow room furnished with tables and benches. It needs a coat of paint. On one wall there is a bulletin board, and on the bulletin board that morning there were rotogravure pictures of Cardinal Cooke and of the late President Eisenhower, and a snapshot. The snap showed two gorillas wrestling, and the gorillas were labelled with the nicknames of bus drivers. Sitting permanently on one of the benches is a box half full of magazines and paperback books. A sign on the box reads, "Book Exchange Box. Take One—Leave One. We All Like to Read. Do Not Throw Away." In the box when we looked were the following: a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," a copy of "The Turn of the Screw," a copy of "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, the American novelist, and assorted issues of *Time*, *Reader's Digest*, and several science-fiction magazines. Altogether, it is a room of some character, and it is a good place for playing dominoes. We were there because we planned to spend the day with Mr. Tanks, and now we sat down and browsed through the Book Exchange Box while he finished trouncing his friends.

Mr. Tanks has been a bus driver for two years. He is a former disc jockey and entertainer, a former tractor-trailer driver, and a former private chauffeur. Two years ago, he took two tests—one for driver of a tractor trailer for the Post Office and the other for driver of a bus for the Transit Authority. He passed them both, and decided that even though he couldn't think of a worse job than driving a bus, he would take it, because the T.A.'s wage scale was better than the P.O.'s. Now he is a driver either on the No. 3 bus route or on the No. 4. Mr. Tanks is thirty-five years old, and has a wife and three children. He was born on Staten Island and lives in the Bronx. He is black, and he has an Afro haircut and



"It's a birthday present for a young campus militant. I was hoping Abercrombie's would be able to come up with something."

a goatee and a mustache, all salt-and-pepper-colored. He is a handsome man. The day we met him, he was wearing the city bus driver's regulation uniform—dark-blue jacket and trousers, light-blue shirt, and dark-blue tie and cap—but hung around his neck was a medallion that bore the ancient Egyptian sign of life.

At a quarter past twelve, Mr. Tanks finished his game and told us it was time to get moving. A northbound No. 4 bus had drawn up in front of the depot, and the two of us climbed aboard. (The No. 4 route goes east from Penn Station, north on Madison Avenue, Riverside Drive, Broadway, and Fort Washington Avenue to Fort Tryon Park, and south on Fifth Avenue.) The only other people on the bus were three old men and a young woman with two little girls. Mr. Tanks settled down in the driver's seat and addressed them over the bus's public-address system. "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said. It is Mr. Tanks' custom to greet each new passenger. He gives a separate "Good afternoon" to everyone who gets on his bus. To everyone getting off the bus, he says over the p.a., "Watch your step leaving the bus, please. Have a pleasant afternoon." He also announces every stop. Some of his announcements include a mention of points of interest, and others are in the form of little jokes. When he is approaching Ninetieth Street and Fifth Avenue, he announces, "Ninetieth Street, next stop. Solomon Guggenheim Museum." He also points out Grant's Tomb, the Central Park Zoo, the Playboy Club, and Lord & Taylor. When he gets to Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, he says, "Macy's department store. Save some money for Gimbel's." At Forty-fourth Street, he says, "Said the late Jesse James to Frank James, I'm going to get my forty-four. Forty-fourth Street, next stop." He has fun with other street names, too. At one intersection, he calls out, "Frederick Douglass Circle, Central Park West, Cathedral Parkway, better known to all as One Hundred Tenth Street and Eighth Avenue, next stop." The stop after that one is at Amsterdam Avenue, and there Mr. Tanks usually says, "Ahmsterdahm or Amsterdam. Call it how you like, because I really don't give a damn."

Going uptown, there weren't many passengers, but quite early on the return trip the bus began to fill up. We noticed that only a few of the passengers responded to Mr. Tanks' greeting. Some did say "Good afternoon" back to him. Others nodded to him in an embarrassed way and mumbled something, and a number of people just stared. But a lot of the passengers, after they had taken their seats, kept looking up front to see how the next people getting on the bus would react. And every now and then they would smile at their neighbors, and once or twice people even started talking to each other. A well-dressed white woman wearing a hat turned to the woman sitting next to her, who was black, and who also had a hat on, and said, "Isn't he a friendly man? It's a pleasure to ride with him."

Her neighbor nodded. "It's nice to be greeted," she said. The two women smiled at each other.

A third woman, who had been sitting in silence across from the others, then got up to get off the bus. Making her way to the front, she addressed Mr. Tanks in a voice that was almost truculent. "Driver," she said, "you're making it a *pleasure* to ride on this bus. Do you know that?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Tanks. "Thank you very much. Have a good day, and a *very* pleasant afternoon."

By this time, the bus was crowded, with most of the standees, as usual, huddled near the front. Mr. Tanks spoke to his bus. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "please move to the rear." Nobody stirred. He cleared his throat and spoke again. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "kindly move to the rear. If you don't, it will only cause confusement. People will step on your feet. Save yourself that pain, and kindly keep moving to the rear." Several people laughed, and everybody moved to the rear. Then Mr. Tanks announced the last downtown stop. He said, "Madison Square Garden, Penn Station, Long Island Rail Road, Independent subway, back door to Gimbel's, Thirty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, unquote."

The bus emptied, and Mr. Tanks turned to us. "The front window of the bus is my television screen," he said. "Everything I want to see, and *in living color, too.* I *try to avoid hav*ing miserable people on my bus. If I have miserable people on my bus, then I'm miserable. All those bad vibes. We don't have much time out here, and if we don't try to make things better now, it's going to be too late. Most bus drivers are a damn miserable bunch of cats. Passengers keep asking the same questions, and the drivers get mad. When I became a bus driver, I sat down and thought about passengers, and I realized that I used to be a passenger myself. Most people are so full of trouble and worries they don't know uptown from downtown. So now when people say to me 'Do you go to Madison and Fiftieth?' I just say 'Yes, I do,' or 'Yes, I does.' I'd like to run a school for bus drivers. Of course, they've been a little less grumpy and a little less jumpy since the exact fare went into effect. I'd say we're all pretty pleased with the new system."

Mr. Tanks is a co-director of the Karma Living Workshop, a group of about thirty blacks who put on plays, hold poetry readings, teach painting, fashion design, and dressmaking, and sell dresses and jewelry. He is also a member of the executive board of the Society of Afro-American Transit Employees, an organization he is proud of. "We are dedicated to the principles of Martin Luther King," he told us. "The blacks and Puerto Ricans now constitute from sixty to seventy-five per cent of the workers in metropolitan transportation, but they haven't yet achieved equal representation in management positions. We've got thirteen hundred members now, and we're still growing. We're in the process of buying a building, and we are licensed and chartered by the state. We sponsored a Little League baseball team last year, and it came in third, which wasn't too bad for the first year. About fifteen hundred people showed up at a dance we held at the Park Terrace Ballroom, across from Yankee Stadium, and we had to turn away two to three hundred at the door. At that dance, we gave honors to Judge Ivan Warner, Rhody McCoy, and Mr. Del Shields, a d.j. on station WLIB. It was very successful. Well, I guess it's time to head uptown."

Mr. Tanks headed uptown, and pretty soon his bus was once more full of people who were not miserable. At one point, the bus's signal bell rang several times. Mr. Tanks responded by reciting a short poem over the p.-a. system:

"I love to hear the sound of the bell,
To let me know that all is well.
I'm being heard and understood,
To help me make the ride more
pleasant and good."

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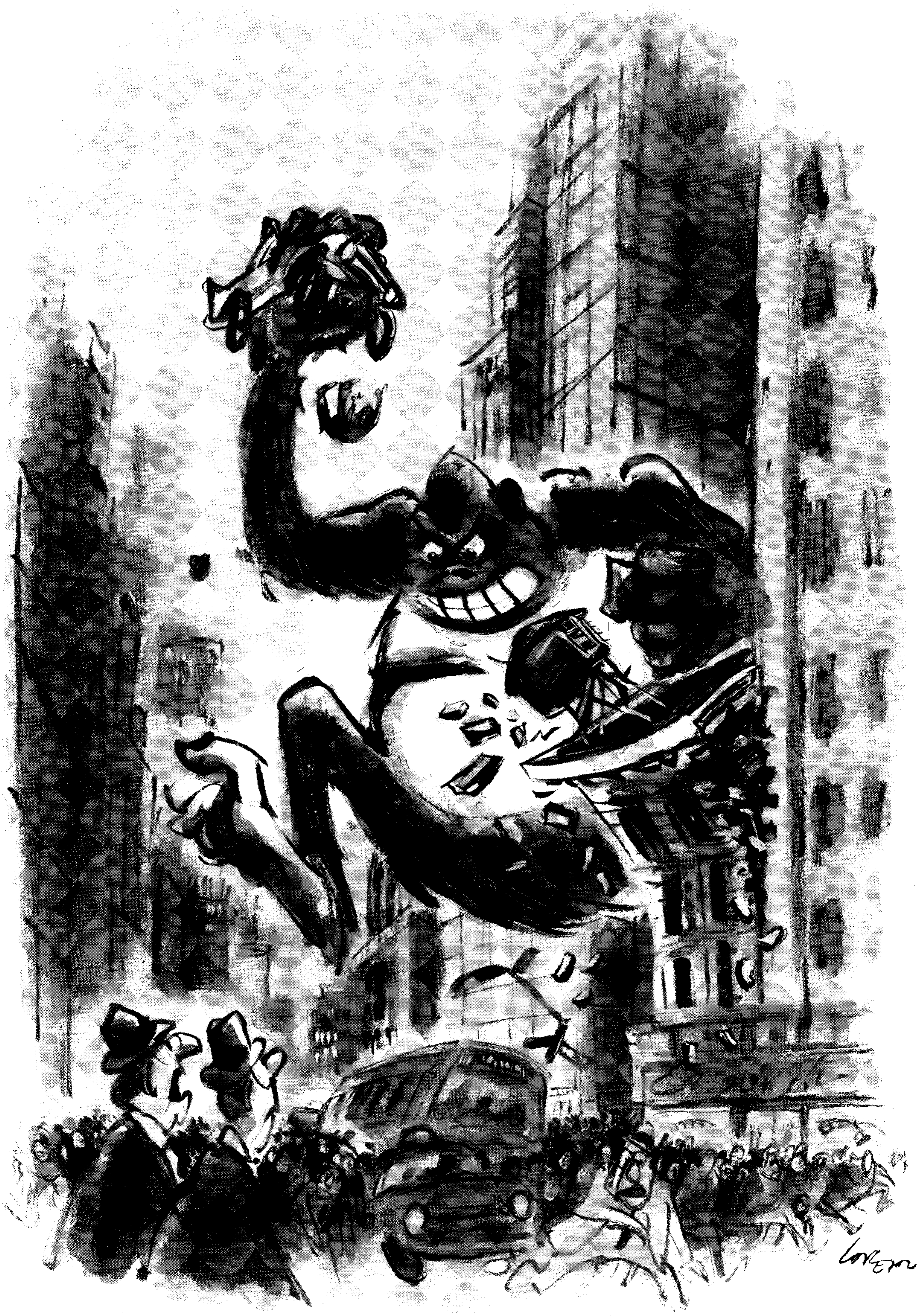
OVERHEARD in New Haven, one Yale girl to another: "Anne's not for real. She makes too much sense."



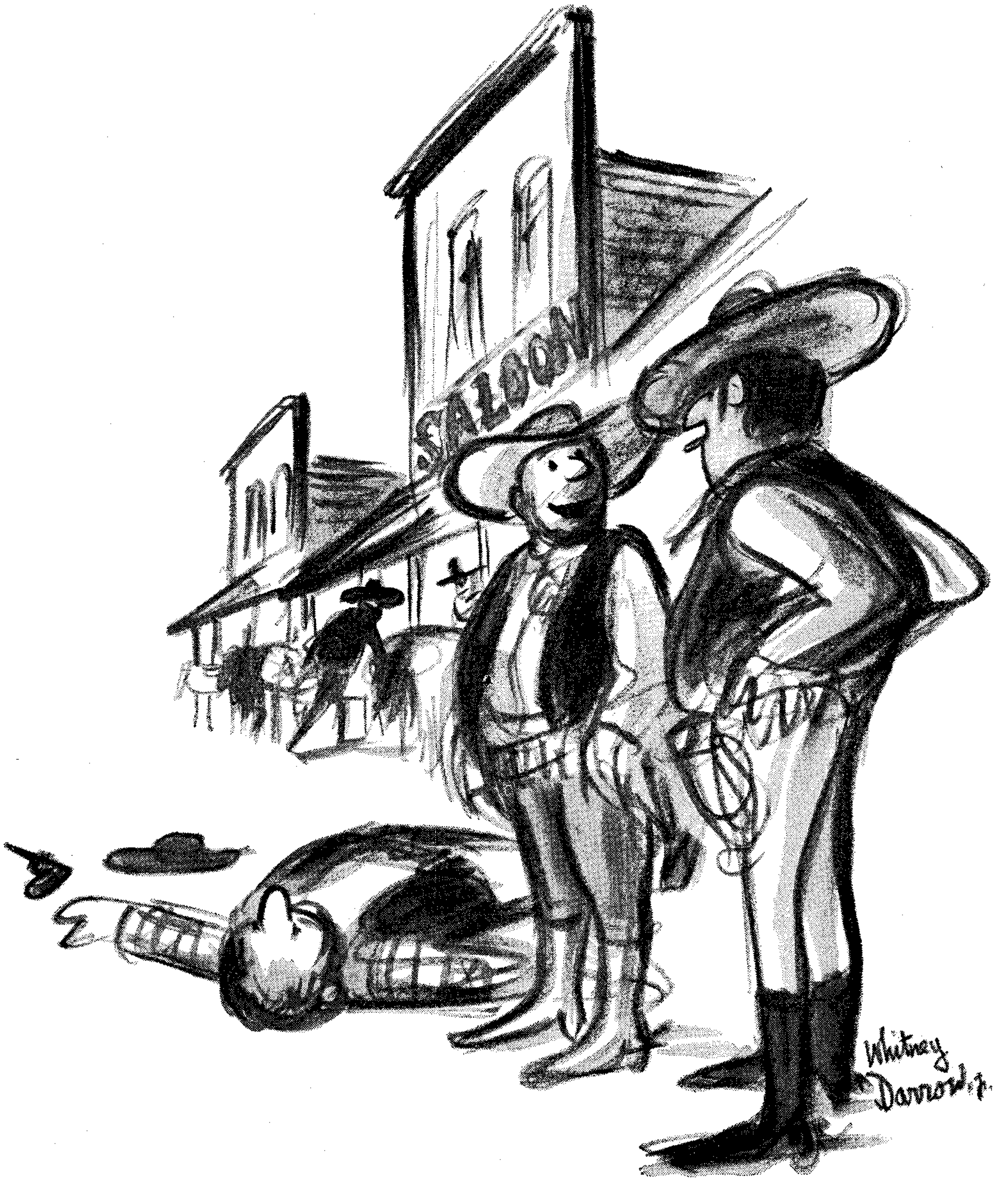
"That does it! I'm voting for Procaccino."

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO, EXCEPT THOU BLESS ME

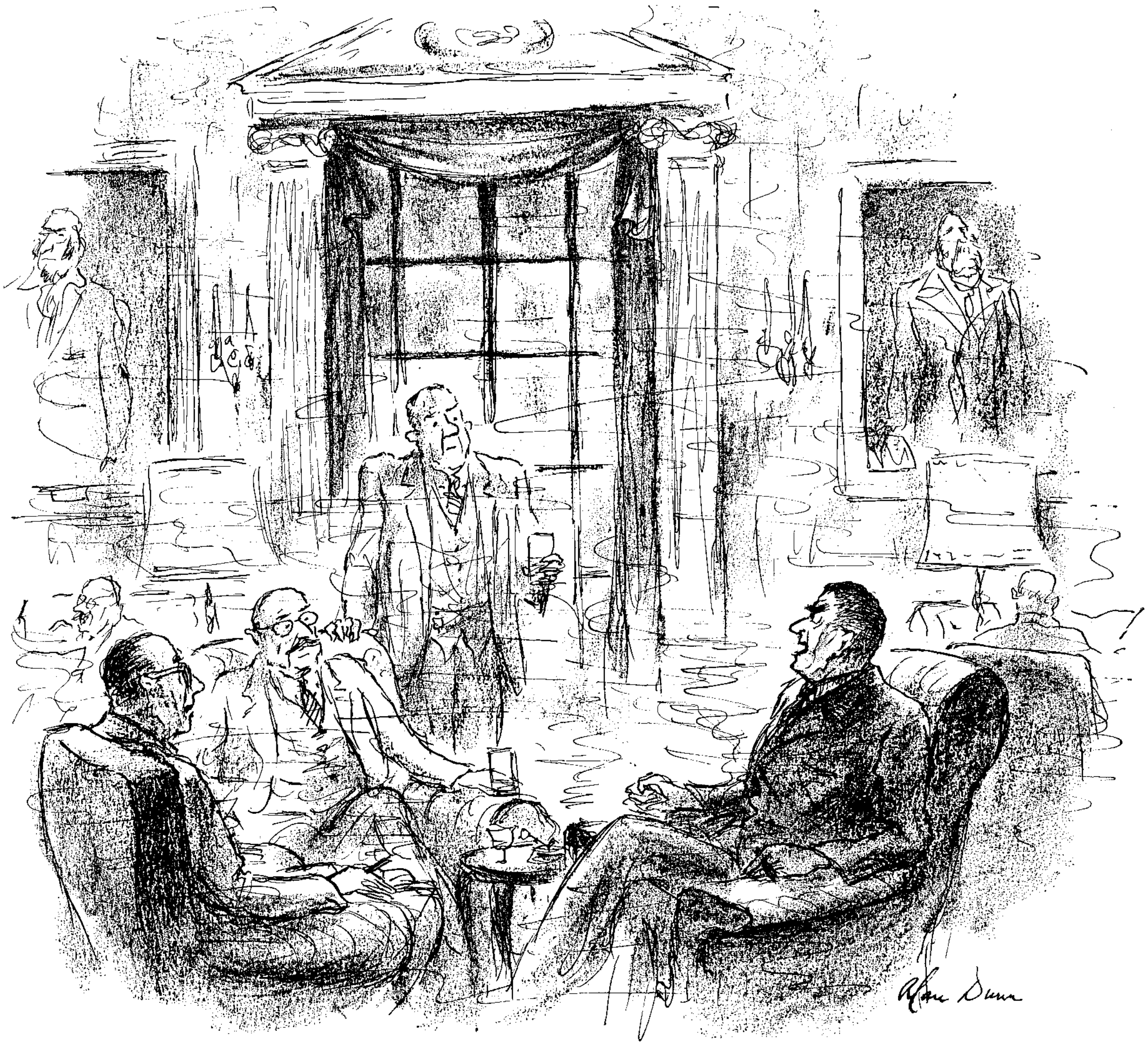
At the farewell party for the Bridesons, the Bridesons themselves were very tired. Lou (for Louise) had been sorting and packing and destroying for days, and her sleep was frayed by nightmares of trunks that would not close, of doors that opened to reveal forgotten secret rooms crammed with yet more debris of ten years' residence—with unmended furniture and outgrown toys and stacked *Lifes* and *National Geographics* and hundreds, thousands, of children's drawings, each one a moment, a memory, impossible to keep, impossible to discard. And there was another dream, recurrent, in which she and the children arrived in Texas. Brown horizon on all sides enclosed a houseless plain. They wheeled the airplane stairway away, and Tom was not there, he was not with them. Of course: he had left them. He had stayed behind, in green Connecticut. "Now, children"—she seemed to be shouting into a sandstorm—"we must keep together, together. . . ." Lou would awake, and the dark body beside hers in the bed was an alien presence, a visitor from another world.

And Tom, hurriedly tying up loose ends in the city, lunching one day with his old employers and the next day with representatives of his new, returning each evening to an emptier house and increasingly apprehensive children, slept badly also. The familiar lulling noises—car horn and dog bark, the freight train's echoing shunt and the main drag's murmur—had become irritants; the town had unravelled into tugging threads of love that held him suspended above sleep until released by the tinkle of the milkman, who also, it seemed, had loved him. Fatigue lent to everything the febrile import of an apparition. At the farewell party, his friends of nearly a decade seemed dim yet garish. Linda Cotteral, that mouse, was wearing green eyeshadow. Bugs Leonard had gone Mod—turquoise shirt, wide gold tie—and had come already drunk from cocktails somewhere else. Maggie Aldridge, as Tom was carrying their coats to the bedroom, swung down the hall in a white dress with astonishingly wide sleeves. Startled, Tom uttered the word "Lovely!" to hide his loud heartbeat. She grinned, and then sniffed, as if to erase the grin. Her grin, white above white, had been a momentary flood of old warmth, but in the next moment, as she brushed by him, her eyes were cast ahead in stony pretense of being just another woman. He recognized his impulse to touch her, to seize her wrist, as that of a madman, deranged by lack of sleep.

Drinks yielded to dinner, dinner to dancing. Gamely they tried to Frug (or was it Monkey?) to the plangent anthems of a younger generation. Then the rock music yielded, as their host dug deeper into his strata of accumulated records, to the reeds and muted brass and foggy sighing that had voiced the furtive allegiances of their own, strange, in-between generation—too young to be warriors, too old to be rebels. Too tired to talk, Tom danced. The men with whom he had shared hundreds of athletic Sunday afternoons had become hollow-voiced ghosts inhabiting an infinite recession of weekends when he would not be here. His field was computer software (indeed, he *was* the software), theirs was advertising or securities or the law, and though they all helped uphold the Manhattan tent pole of a nationwide canopy of rockets and promises, they spoke different languages when there was no score to shout. "If I was John Lindsay," a man began, and rather than listen Tom seized a woman, who whirled him around. These women: he had seen their beauty pass from the smooth bodily complacence of young motherhood to the angular self-possession, slightly gray and wry, of veteran wives. To have witnessed this, to have seen in the sides of his vision so many pregnancies and births and quarrels and near-divorces and divorces and affairs and near-affairs and arrivals in vans and departures in vans, loomed, in retrospect, as the one accomplishment of his ten-



"Must be a terrible blow to the ego to regard oneself as the fastest gun in the West and then one day find out you're not."



"By heaven, I say there __*should*__ *be a generation gap!"*

ancy here—a heap of organic incident that in a village of old would have moldered into wisdom. But he was not wise, merely older. The thought of Texas frightened him: a desert of strangers, barbecues on parched lawns, in the gaunt shade of oil rigs and radar dishes.

"We'll miss you," Linda Cotteral dutifully said. Mouselike, she nestled when dancing; all men must look alike to her—a wall of damp shirt.

"I doubt it," he responded, stumbling. It surprised him that he didn't dance very well. He had danced a lot in Connecticut, rather than make conversation, yet his finesse had flattened along one of those parabolic curves that computers delight in projecting. Men had been wrong ever to imagine the universe as a set of circles; in reality, nothing closes, everything approaches, but never quite arrives, by the laws of parabolic progression.

"Have you danced with Maggie?"

"Not for years. As you know."

"Don't you think you should?"

"She'd refuse."

"Ask her," Linda said, and left him for the arms of a man who would be here next weekend, who was real.

MAGGIE liked living rooms; they suited her sense of courtesy and display. She had spread herself with her sleeves on the big curved white sofa, white on white. Lou's voice tinkled from the kitchen. Lou always gravitated, at parties, to the kitchen, just as others, along personal magnetic lines, drifted outside to the screened porch, or sought safety in the bathroom. Picturing his wife perched on a kitchen stool, comfortably showing her thighs and tapping her ashes into the sink, Tom approached Maggie and, numb as a moth, asked her to dance.

She looked up. Her eyes had been painted to look startled. "Really?" she asked, and added, "I'm terribly tired."

"Me too."

She looked down to where her hands were folded in her white lap. Her contemplative posture appeared to express the hope that he, like an unharmonious thought, would melt away.

Tom told her, "I'll never ask you again."

With a sigh, then sniffing as if to erase the sigh, Maggie rose and went with him into the darkened playroom, where other adults were dancing, folding each other into old velvet music like memories that mustn't be scratched. She lifted her arms to accept him; her wide sleeves made her difficult to grasp. Her body in his arms, unexpectedly, felt wrong: something had unbalanced her—her third drink, or time. Her hand in his was disagreeably moist, like a child's overheated from play.

"You're taller," she said.

"I am?"

"I believe you've grown, Tom."

"No, it's just that your memory of me has shrunk."

"Please, let's not talk memories. You asked me to dance."

"I've discovered I don't dance very well."

"Do your best."

"I always have."

"No."

"Don't you believe it was my best?"

"Of course I don't believe that."

Her hot hand was limp, but her body, as he tried to contain and steer it, seemed faintly resistant, as perhaps any idea does when it is embodied. He did not feel that she was rigid deliberately, as a rebuke to him, but that they both, once again, were encountering certain basic factors of gravity and inertia. She did not resist when, trying to solve their bad fit, he hugged her an inch closer to his chest. Nor, however, did he feel her infuse this submission with conscious willingness, as lovers do when they transmute their bodies into pure sensitivity and volition. While he sought for words to fill their grappling silence, she sniffed.

He said, "You have a cold."

She nodded, and in the way her nod tensed the small of her back he sensed the beginning of the process, her unification into a spirit that could follow his steps effortlessly.

He asked, "A fever?"

Again she nodded, more tersely, with a touch of the automatic, a touch he remembered as intrinsic to her manner of consent.

Surer of himself, he glided them across waxed squares of vinyl and heard his voice emerge enriched by a paternal, protective echo. "You shouldn't have come if you're sick."

"I wanted to."

"Why?" He knew the answer: because of him. He feared he was holding her so close she had felt his heart thump; he might injure her with his heart. He relaxed his right arm, and she accepted the inch of freedom as she had surrendered it, without spirit—a merely metric adjustment. And her voice, when she used it, swooped at the start and scratched, like an old record.

"Oh Tom," Maggie said, "you know me. I can't say no. If I'm invited to a party, I come." And she must have felt, as did he, that her shrug insufficiently broke the hold his silence would have clinched, for she snapped her head and said with angry emphasis, "Anyway, I *had* to come and say good*bye* to the Bridesons."

His silence had become a helpless holding on.

"Who have been so *kind*," Maggie finished. The music stopped. She tried to back out of his arms, but he held her until, in the little hi-fi cabinet with its sleepless incubatory glow, another record flopped from the stack. Softly fighting to be free, Maggie felt to him, with her great sleeves, like a sumptuous heavy bird that has evolved into innocence on an island, that can be seized by any passing sailor, and that will shortly become extinct. Facing downward to avoid her beating wings, he saw her thighs, fat and smooth, in net stockings, and had to laugh, not so much at this befuddled struggle but at the comedy of the female body, that sweet white clown, all greasepaint and bounce. To be holding her again, to feel her contending, was just so jolly.

"Tom, let go of me."

"I can't."

Music released them from struggle. An antique record carried them back to wartime radio they had listened to as children, children a thousand miles apart. Maggie smoothed her fluffed cloth and formally permitted herself to be danced with. Her voice had become, with its faint bronchial rasp, a weapon cutting across the involuntary tendency of her body to melt, to glide. She held her face averted and downcast, so that her shoulders were not quite square with his; if he could adjust this nagging misalignment, perhaps by bringing her feverish hand closer to his shoulder, the fit would be again perfect, after a gap of years. He timidly tugged her hand, and she said harshly, "What do you want me to say?"

"Nothing. Something inoffensive."

"There's nothing to say, Tommy."

"O.K."

"You said it all, five years ago."

"Was it five?"

"Five."

"It doesn't seem that long."

"It does if you live it, minute after minute."

"I lived it too."

"No."

"O.K. Listen—"

"No. You promised we'd just dance."

But only a few bars of music, blurred saxophones and a ruminating clarinet, passed before she said, in a dangerously small and dreaming voice, "I was thinking, how funny . . . Five years ago you were my life and my death, and now . . ."

"Yes?"

"No, it wouldn't be fair. You're leaving."

"Come on, sweet Maggie, say it."

". . . you're just nothing."

He was paralyzed, but his body continued to move, and the music flowed on, out of some infinitely remote U.S.O. where doomed sailors swayed with their clinging girls.

She sniffed and repeated, "You're *nothing*, Tommy."

He heard himself laugh. "Thank you. I received the bit the first time."

Being nothing, he supposed, excused him from speech; his silence wrested an embarrassed giggle from her. She said, "Well, I suppose it proves I've grown."

"Yes," he agreed, trying to be inoffensive, "you are a beautifully growing girl."

"You were always full of compliments, Tommy."

Turquoise and gold flickered in the side of his vision; his shoulder was touched. Bugs Leonard asked to cut in. Tom backed off from Maggie, relieved to let go, yet hoping, as he yielded her, for a yielding glance, a glint of acknowledgment. But her stare was stony, as it had been in the hall, except that there it had been directed past him, and here fell full upon him. He lamely bowed.

THOSE hours after midnight, usually weightless, bent his bones in a strained curve that pressed against the inside of his forehead. Too weary to leave, he stood in the darkened playroom watching the others dance, and observed that Bugs and Maggie danced close, in wide confident circles that lifted her sleeves like useless wings. A man sidled up to him and said, "If I was John Lindsay, I'd build a ten-foot wall across Ninety-sixth Street and forget it," and lurched away. Tom had known this man once. He went into

SPARROWS IN THE LEAFLESS WILLOWS

Sparrows in the leafless willows chat
And preen the windage off their plumages.
From leaf-slipped skeletons of luxury
They pepper restless shadows on the cat.
Sparrows, one by one, by light by dark,
Swing up like banjo notes in ecstasy.

The willows' melting antlers, mirrored, rise
Through lakes of falling light, then hesitate
As though a hunter's bolt had slid and clicked.
Twilight drains off, drugging the prowling flies.
The cat politely yawns, winks at the barn,
And plunders there its dish of curdled milk.

My boyhood climbs through twilight's windowpane
And cocks his crooked weapon that says, "Boo,"
And pipes his tunes and pellets to the mark.
He fetches the fallen bird and leaves again.
The last light follows him till only stars,
More numerous than sparrows, show in the dark.

—ANDREW OERKE

• •

the living room and offered here and there to say goodbye, startling conspiracies of people deep in conversation. They had forgotten he was leaving. He went into the kitchen to collect Lou; she recognized him, and doused her cigarette in the sink, and stepped down from the stool, smoothing her skirt. On his way from the bedroom with their coats, he ducked into the bathroom to see if he had aged; he was one of those who gravitated, at parties, to the bathroom. Of these Connecticut homes he would remember best the gay caves of porcelain fixtures boisterous in their brightness, and the shower curtains patterned in antique automobiles, and the pastel towelling, and the shaggy toilet-seat coverlets, and the inevitable cartoon anthology on the water closet. Goodbye, Crane. Goodbye, Kleenex. See you in Houston.

Lou was waiting in the foyer. A well-rehearsed team, they pecked the hostess farewell, apologized in unison for being party poops, and went into the green darkness. Their headlights ransacked the bushes along this driveway for the final time.

Safely on the road, Lou asked, "Did Maggie kiss you goodbye?"

"No. She was quite unyielding."

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"No reason. She should be. She should be awful and she was." He was going to agree, agree, all the way to Texas.

"She kissed *me*," Lou said.

"When?"

"When you were in the bathroom."

"Where did she kiss you?"

"I was standing in the foyer waiting for you to get done admiring yourself. She swooped out of the living room."

"I mean where *on* you?"

"On the mouth."

"Warmly?"

"Very. I didn't know how to respond. I'd never been kissed like that, by another woman."

"*Did* you respond?"

"Well, a little. It happened so quickly."

He must not appear too interested, or seem to gloat. "Well," Tom said, "she may have been drunk."

"Or else very tired," said Lou, "like the rest of us." —JOHN UPDIKE

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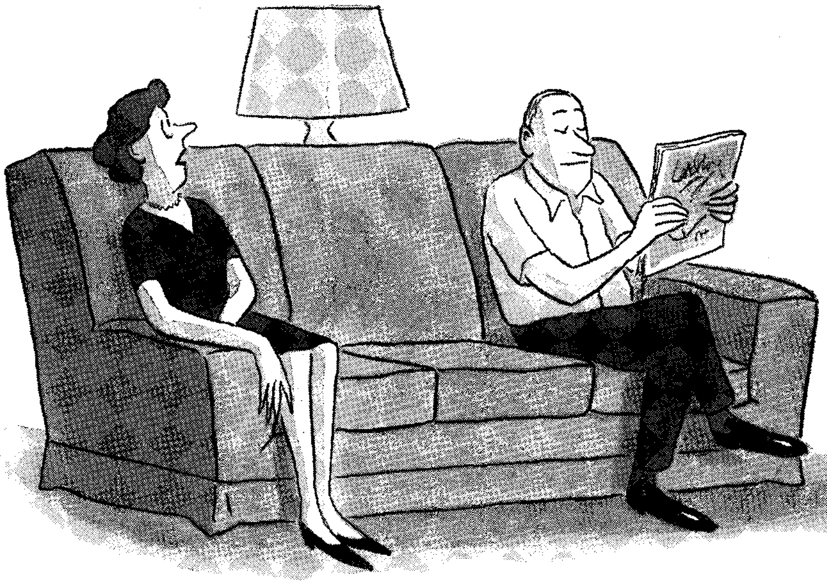
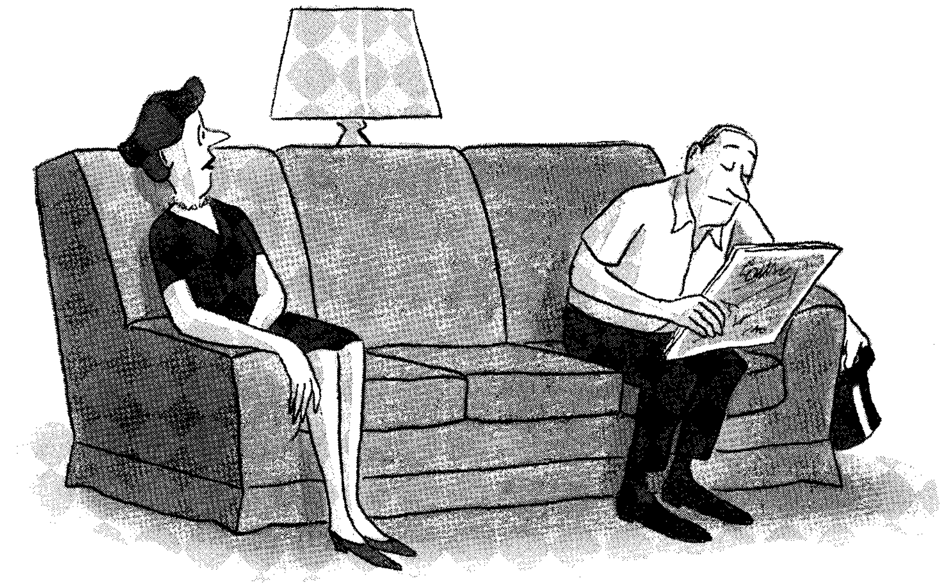
BUSY DAYS ON THE HOME FRONT

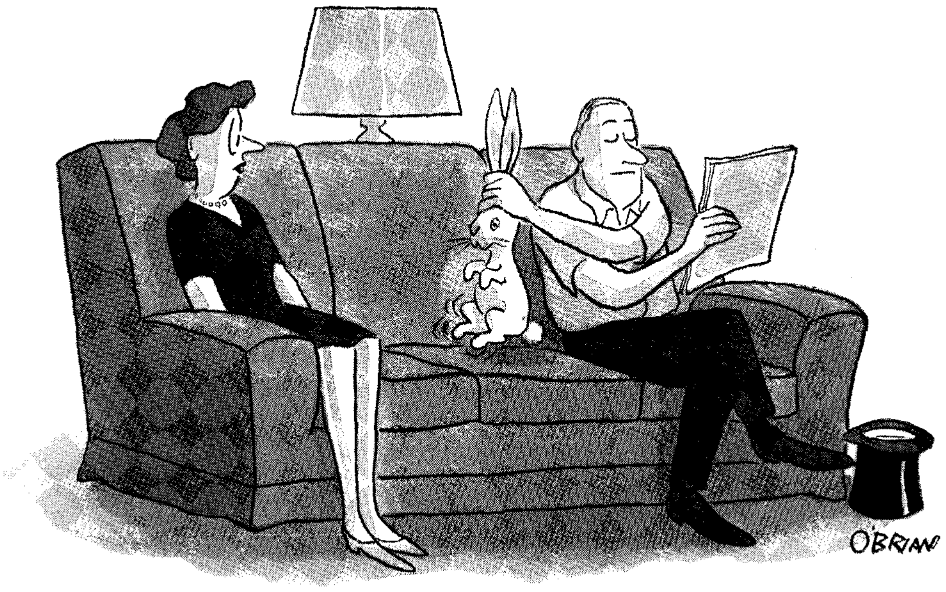
[*From the Times*]

The Census Bureau, apparently with the approval of the White House, has given the Government Printing Office authority to begin producing the 150 million forms that will be filled out by each household next year.



"Henry, somehow I feel the magic has gone out of our marriage."



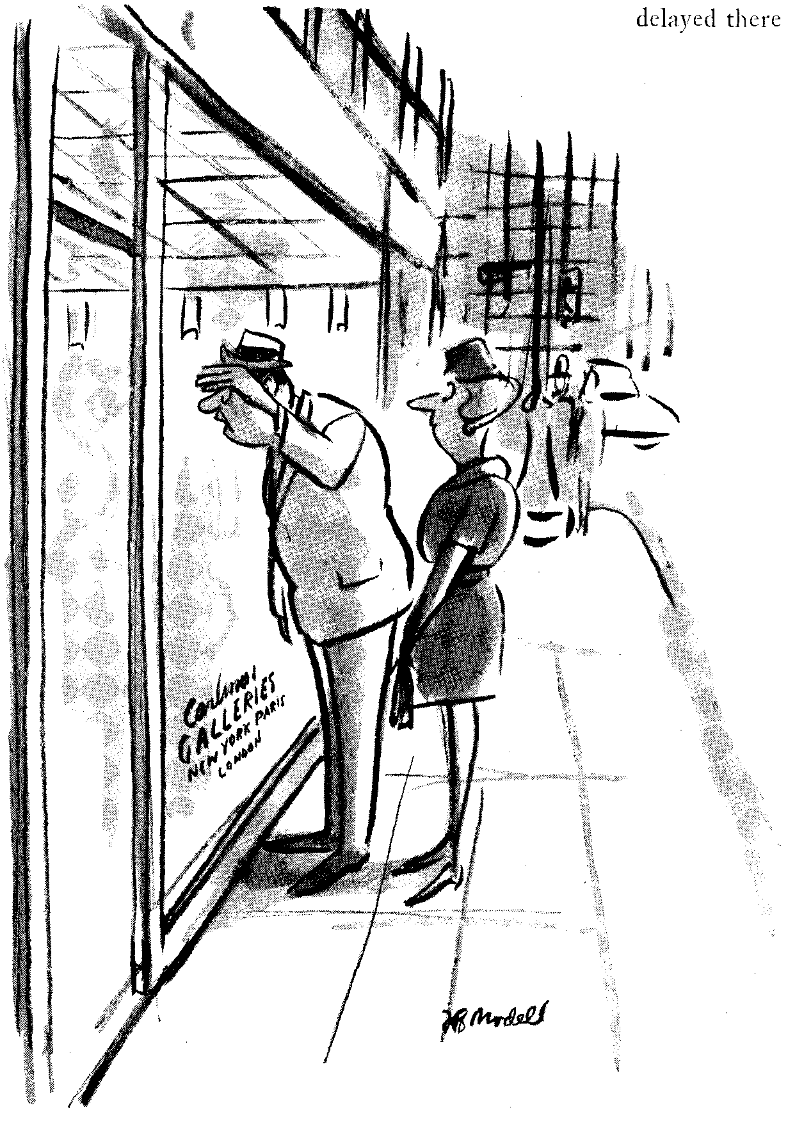


THE DEAD OF THE HOUSE

IN the year 1840, my great-great-grandfather, the Reverend Mr. Nathaniel Nye, who was then the minister of the Baptist Chapel at Barnoldswick, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, received a call from God to go to the New World, and go he did.

"You know the story of how it happened, don't you?" my grandfather asked me one afternoon when I went to visit him and he was alone in his house of old red brick with its white columned porch and high gambrel roof with attic dormers. His yard always looked a bit woodsy and wild on Salt Lick Avenue, a street of fine old gray stone mansions from the turn of the century and a newer variety of large white house in an American Tudor style, all but Grandpa Nye's with smooth lawns and clipped hedges.

I did know, but I said I didn't because it was a good story and I wanted to hear him tell it.



"Same old thing. New forms of expression, heedless of conventional aesthetic ideals of contemporaries, independent of nature, and so forth."

He sat, as he always did, in his green velvet chair at his desk in the long dark library, and he spoke in a voice warm and hoarse and full of tones—like the word "yesteryear," I thought when I was a child.

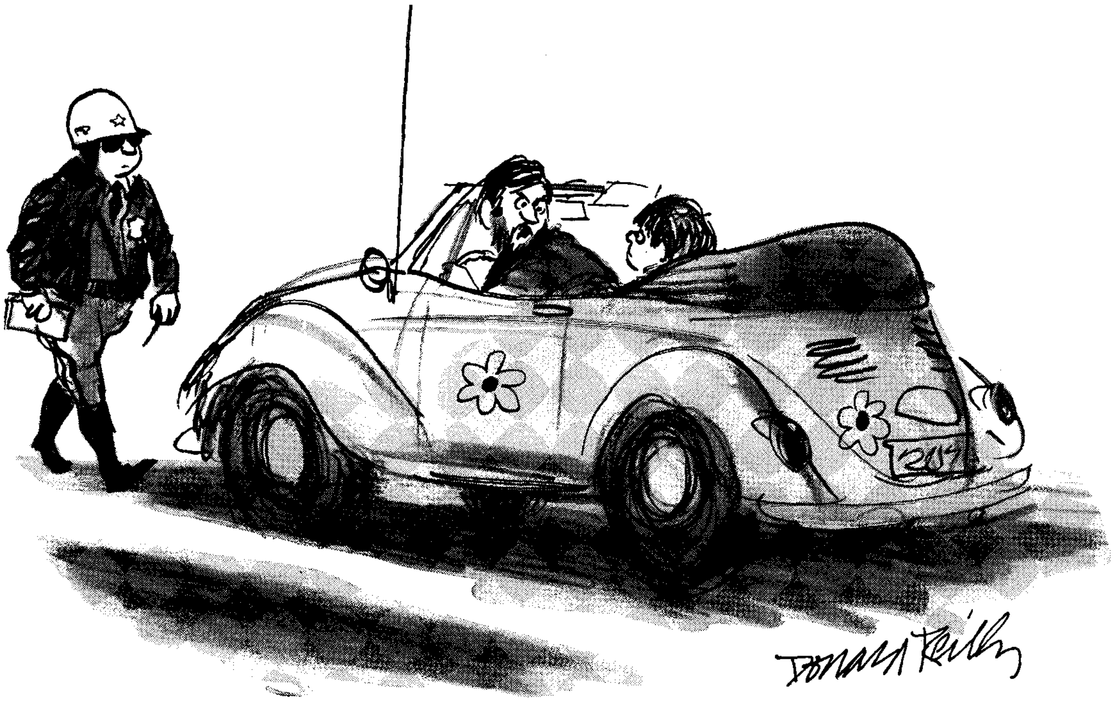
"My grandfather," he said, "was born November 15, 1815, at Barnoldswick, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the son of Samuel Nye, a tanner. My grandfather told me that his father, Samuel Nye, was scandalized by the conduct of the village parson, who rode to the hounds and daily finished off two to three bottles of port and was put to bed dead-drunk. So Samuel Nye left the Church of England and joined the Baptist Chapel, and it was in the Baptist faith that his sons were reared.

"Now, this Samuel Nye was also scandalized by the conduct of *his own* father, boon companion of the parson and, like him, a mighty drinker. And my Grandfather Nye had no recollection of his Grandfather Nye except of seeing him once dressed in a red uniform and mounted on a white horse in a parade of the Duke of York's regiment. He had been brought up to have the idea that his grandfather was a person of reprehensible habits, but he had the greatest respect for his father, who, he said, was a most worthy man, and he spoke with pride of his brothers. There were in the family seven sons, and each of them when he attained to man's estate was more than six feet in height and weighed more than two hundred pounds.

"In the year 1840, my grandfather came to Canada, and the manner of his coming was this: He was the minister of the Baptist Chapel in Barnoldswick. One of its members, Mr. Moreley, a great friend of Samuel Nye, had some years before emigrated to Montreal. There he had prospered. He returned to Barnoldswick for a visit and on his first Sunday in his old home he went to church and heard my grandfather preach. At the conclusion of the service, Mr. Moreley said to my grandfather, 'In the New World they are hungering and thirsting for that kind of preaching.' Grandfather went home and told my grandmother that he had received a call from the Lord to go to America. My grandmother, a woman of vast common sense, when he explained the exact nature of the call, pooh-poohed the idea, saying that Mr. Moreley had intended only a gracious compliment. But my grandfather would not listen to her objections. It was a call from the Lord, and go he would. So in less than a fortnight the family was packed up and in Liverpool, ready to sail. There were then three children—my father, Joab, the eldest, who was three, and my Aunt Mary, and Uncle Benjamin. In Liverpool, a great misfortune befell them. Little Benjamin fell ill and lay for weeks at death's door. They were delayed there for three months, a delay that all but exhausted my grandfather's savings, but at last little Benjamin was well enough to sail.

"In the New World, my grandfather prospered. He was in every way better off than he had been in England. For seventeen years he was the minister of the Baptist Church at Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec, and when it came time for his sons, Joab and Benjamin, to go to McGill College in Montreal, my grandfather moved there so as to be with them. He became the agent of the British Bible Society, a position he held until old age made him give it up.

"He was a large, well-set man and, after the fashion of his day, he wore whiskers—a full beard, snowy white, which gave him the air of a patriarch. He was devout and earnest, a good preacher and a good mixer. In his work as agent of the Bible Society, he travelled a great deal and he had a new audi-



“I’m warning you—don’t start oinking.”

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ence in every place. That is a great advantage, for a man can repeat an address time after time and in the process of repetition it becomes polished. He had an address on the Armada which I had the pleasure of hearing twice. It was a fiery philippic against the Catholicism of Spain, and a glorification”—Grandpa Nye spread out his arms as he said “glorification,” and repeated it—“and a *glorification* of Protestant England under Elizabeth.”

Then he said, “Vanessa, my dear, would you like a cigar?” It was our private joke. I always said, “Yes, thank you, Grandpa Nye,” and I took one, and bit off the end, and lit it, and puffed great clouds of smoke, and he said with resignation, “You take after your pirate ancestor on your Grandmother Nye’s side of the family.”

And my cheeks burned with pleasure.

“Oh, tell me more stories,” I said.

“Very well,” he said, “I’ll tell you the story of how we came to Cincinnati, and then . . . and *then* I’ll tell you about the first DeGolyer to come to the New World.

“My Grandfather DeGolyer was, like my Grandfather Nye, a Baptist minister. He was of old American stock. In the years 1859 and ’60 he had business in Montreal and removed there with his family. Thus it was that my father met Vanessa DeGolyer, and the two were married on January 1, 1862.”

Grandpa Nye then told me the story of his own boyhood and their move to Cincinnati very much as I read it in “Memories of My Boyhood,” which, along with the “Nye Family Record” and “Summer Wanderings in Northern Canada,” he had written and privately printed and bound in red leather and inscribed “To my dear sons.” I set the story down here just as he wrote it in “Memories of My Boyhood”:

“Mother and Father were gentle, loving and companionable. They took an immense interest in their children. They attempted at all times to forward our ambitions, and to assist us in the things we wished to do. They made every sacrifice on our account. To me their memory is precious.

“For the first ten years of their marriage, Father taught Latin at McGill, and so it was that Ben and Nora and I were born in Montreal. I was born on December 4, 1862, and Ben was born January 30, 1864, and Nora was born on May 5, 1866.

“In the summer of 1871, we took a trip by steamer over the Great Lakes to Chicago. It was a splendid trip. We went to visit Mother’s Uncle Lee DeGolyer, a wealthy contractor who made his fortune cedar block paving Chicago. He drove down Wabash Avenue to his office with a fine span of horses. Later his name was linked, through no fault of his own, I am sure, with the *Crédit Mobilier* scandal. He had Garfield as attorney, and in the campaign of 1880 the Democrats made capital out of the so-called DeGolyer Swindle. They used $329 as a campaign slogan, that being the amount paid Garfield by David Lee DeGolyer.

“Then we went to Joliet, to visit Cousin Harry DeGolyer. While we were in Joliet, President General U. S. Grant came through town. He spoke from a platform at the back of the train, and then he kissed all the small girls, including our Aunt Eda, who was seventeen.

“It was on that trip that Father first met Uncle George DeGolyer, who was visiting from Cincinnati. Uncle George was Mother’s first cousin as well as the husband of her sister Jenny, and he was half owner of a firm in Cincinnati that made carriages—Queen City Carriages. He had sixty-three first cousins. He was a rich man by the time he was twenty-five. He was evidently well impressed with Father, for he said to him in the typically expansive DeGolyer fashion, ‘Come on down. Business is good,’ and he offered Father a position in his firm. I think that Mother was anxious to be near her sisters, and Mother and Father undoubtedly thought there would be more opportunities for us in Cincinnati. At any rate, the following year Father gave up his teaching and we removed to Cincinnati.

“As clearly as if it were yesterday, I remember the day early in May of 1872 when we arrived in Cincinnati from Montreal, having come on the Erie Railroad. We arrived on a Sunday morning. The day was warm, a delightful spring day. It was in great contrast to the cold we had left behind in Montreal. Apparently we arrived unexpectedly, for there was no one there to meet us.

“We walked down Fifth Street to the river and crossed on the ferryboat, the Fanny Webster, to Ludlow, where Uncle George and Aunt Jenny lived. Father and Mother were tremendously impressed by the foliage and the flowers. Everything was in the fullness of its spring beauty. In the yard of the house that Uncle George had rented for us there were four apple trees, all in bloom. As we stood on the bank of the river, Father looked out amazed to see that the Ohio was such a small stream. In comparison with the

MÉNAGE À TROIS

Another sunset of scrambled eggs
And wine, Mars under the piano, laughing,
Venus at the door of the frigidaire,
Saying, "We're all out of blood again!"
How I deplore her use of the language!
You ask how we get along? Not well.
Temperamental discrepancies:
Her habit of saying nothing grandly,
His fake interest in the cause of things.
The food is dreadful. The weather worse.
So much for all the touted joys
Of the Riviera—or wherever we are.
The dullness of the nights is hard to believe,
Though, from outside, I gather we cause
A sensation. Who's sleeping with whom?
We keep them guessing: Nobody is.
The schedule goes something like this:
She works on her cookbook, "Venus Cooks,"
He works part time at the Peace Foundation.
And I start out—well, you know me:
I rip through the Debussy Preludes, shave,
Feel ashamed at detesting travel,
Read, write, go for a walk, and think—
Not that there's much here to think about.
Lunch, usually mushrooms picked
By the local mushroom maniac, whom
We trust, *ça va sans dire*, then back
To my desk for a note or two, more work,
He comes home, she *in* from the gazebo,
Where she writes—and then it's cocktail time!
Singapore Slings served in jelly glasses,
Both à la mode in nineteen thirty-nine
(That's the year the Spanish War closed down).
To say I was bored would overstate the case.
I'm languid. They're worse. Desultory.
Of course, he's nineteen, and has fresh thoughts,
She *can* be amusing. At dusk, on the terrace,
I get myself up like a Chinese sage,
My bathrobe from Brooks dyed raven blue,
And we talk of our Oedipal strangulations—
Each so different and each the same.
Later, we provide pornography
(Mental) for the neighbors, who watch our blinds
As if they were about to disclose an orgy,
Something worthy of the TV sets
They hunch over like a herd of cattle.
Then, with a little citrus kiss goodnight,
We part, and so the days go by. . . .

We're followed to the market by a limousine,
Green, a Rolls, in which an assassin
Is discreetly invisible in the back seat.
So we say. It's probably the victim.
I have come to believe in loneliness,
Disguised as it is as an optical illusion.
Rumors are rife: something rose from the sea,
Somebody saw a stain of blood—
But no matter what they say the sun's the same.
This morning, I wrote, beginning a poem,
"That sedative, the sun"—but I couldn't go on.
They're at the door. Another game.
She (screaming): "Leave me *alone!*"
He: "Tonight, we'll really go to town."
You want my view of the whole situation?
It's old, inadequate, and flourishing.

—HOWARD MOSS

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St. Lawrence it did not show to advantage. At that time Ludlow was a lovely village. The Southern Railroad had not been built; there was, of course, no railroad bridge, and the town was a charming place with fine old mansions with their slave quarters. Mother had a colored woman who had been a slave for a servant. She did not know how to read or write or count money.

"I was nine when we arrived in Ludlow. Our residence there gave a turn to all my life after, for it was there I acquired my love for the water. The riverbank in Ludlow was a boy's paradise. The river was our playground. All day long Ben and I were in the water or on the wide sandbar that stretched westward in those days from Ludlow to Bromley. We played with the shanty-boat children and helped the shanty-boat men pull in their nets of fish. Often there were a hundred to the catch—catfish, dogfish, buffalo, river perch, and gar pike.

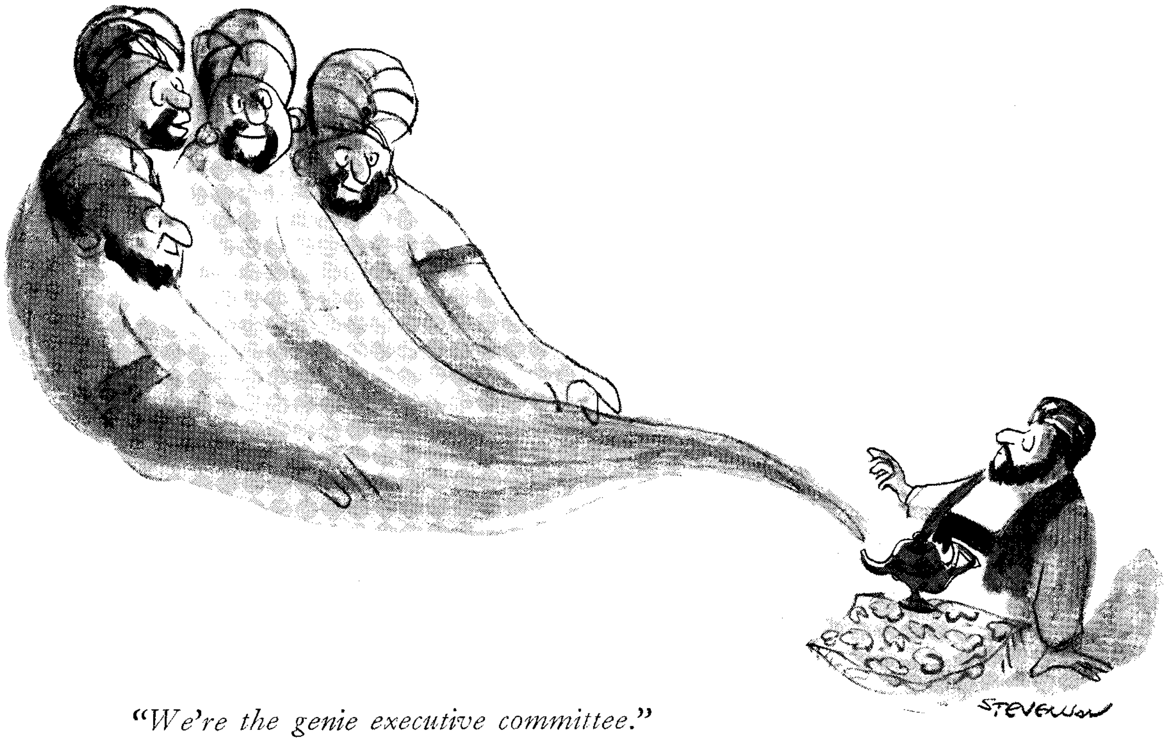
"We went naked and were brown as Indians. We took to the water as naturally as ducks. We became absolutely amphibious. There was a great deal of traffic on the river in those days. Our greatest joy was to swim out to the huge log rafts that drifted down the river. We clambered aboard and floated downstream, listening to the talk of the rivermen, listening to the creaking between the logs. We dreamed of the wide Mississippi, of Cairo, of Memphis, New Orleans, and the Gulf. Then, after a mile or so, we dove from the raft and swam ashore and made our way home along the sandbar among the hundreds of soft-shelled turtles.

"Perhaps Father and Mother feared we would grow up into river roustabouts. The shanty-boat people had a bad name, but as far as I know we came to no harm by our association with them. At all events, in 1874 we moved to Walnut Hills. Walnut Hills was not then what it is now. Beyond Locust Street the open country began. The people of Walnut Hills were generally of a better class than those of Ludlow. Father and Mother soon made congenial friends.

"Ben and I soon made friends with three fine boys, Duff Hatch, Eugene Stewart, and John Hoffman. We spent all our spare time together. We made splendid expeditions through the wilds of Bloody Run to Sandy Bottom, a swimming hole just below where my house is now.

"Many of the experiences of my middle years are dim and misty, but my memories of my boyhood are as clear and vivid in my mind as if they happened yesterday. Often as I walk in my woods now, there returns to my mind the heated joy of afternoons spent swimming, and walking, and climbing trees in the wilds of Bloody Run in the days when Bloody Run was a lovely stream of clear water, full of fish, and the forest was, some of it, still the original forest. We boys found arrowheads and knew we roamed the hunting grounds of the Indians.

"I still feel the great weariness of rowing the good skiff Ulysses S. Grant II, which we hired at the Marine Dry Docks at the foot of Kemper Lane, up the river to the Little Miami on our



"We're the genie executive committee."

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first camping trip. We rowed up the Little Miami to a point about a mile from the mouth, where we came upon a great stump, ten feet tall and six feet in diameter, the melancholy remains of a forest giant, and there we made camp. The Big Stump Camp, we named it. If ever boys were happier than we, I doubt it. All day long we climbed up the stump and dove from it into the water. We went barefoot. We were in the water so much we didn't bother to dress. We caught fish and explored the area, going as far as the Ohio, where we lurked in the willows looking out at the traffic as the Indians had in former days. It was our ambition to be as nearly savage as possible, and in this spirit we formed the L F B M, the Lively Five of the Blue Miami, and tattooed our manly bosoms with our initials and the skull and crossbones."

MY sister Lisa and I always knew about Grandpa Nye's tattoo, but we saw it only once, one day in 1936, when he came to visit us just for the day at Neahtawantah, on the West Bay of Grand Traverse Bay, in Michigan, where we always went for the summer.

I remember we were at West Bay on the beach and Daddy was crouched beside Lisa and me to show us where Grandpa Nye was—way out on the glassy bay, a zigzag spot moving through the heat, the sun, the green-jelly glare of the bay, which smelled of stones and fish. He'd paddled in Uncle Harry's red canoe out to the Island, which was far away, wooded and green—a rounded hill and a long, low tail. No one lived there except the eagle. Mama, who was lying on her towel, said enthusiastically, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, "Children, this is going to go down in history."

As we waited for Grandpa Nye to come back, we could hear the water-dream voices of people talking way down the beach. "You see," said Daddy, "we can barely see them, but the lake, when it is a mirror, reflects their voices to us in somewhat the same way that it reflects the image of the Island." He put his glasses in the little linen bag with his cigarettes, hung it on the juniper bush, and went in for a brief swim.

When Daddy came out of the water, Mrs. Black called down from the pavilion, "Morgan, you look exactly like Mahatma Gandhi in those trunks." Minnows, silver slips in softened sunrays, swam near the dock, and I put my ear down in the water in the little stones to listen.

Then Grandpa Nye came in close and we could hear the water dropping from his paddle between strokes. He brought the canoe high up on the sand. His blue eyes were vague and he had in his skin the odor of the sun's heat and the cool green odor of the lake.

We saw the thin white scars of his tattoo and we touched his leathery chest. We touched the L F B M, which stood for Lively Five of the Blue Miami and looked like the letters Daniel Boone cut on that tree down in Tennessee:

D. BOONE
CILLED A BAR
ON TREE
IN YEAR 1760

We touched the skull below the letters, and the crossbones below the skull.

Grandpa Nye moved his fist down across the L as if he were cutting it. He tightened his lips. "We cut with penknives. Then we rubbed in gunpowder to make it last," he said.

"*Gun*powder," Lisa and I said. "Really?" We looked up at him.

He made a great sweep with his arms. "Lisa and Vanessa," he said, "did you know that long ago before the glacier this was all the bottom of a great salt sea?"

We did know, we said.

I smelled the odor of the lake and the sun in Grandpa Nye's skin and I saw scratches on his legs. I had the feeling he and I were somehow the same person. I knew he'd been walking barefoot in the forest on the Island, and he'd heard a branch cracking way off in the hot still woods and felt the heavy wings of the eagle close overhead. "Did you see the eagle, Grandpa Nye?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I saw the eagle."

Then he went into the water to swim, and he swam straight out toward blue water and he didn't come back for a long time because, Daddy said, he always swam a mile every day in the summer.

And later when Grandpa Nye was very old, when he was over ninety, I imagined how in his mind sometimes as clearly as if it were yesterday the warm Miami flowed nearby, and he and Ben and Duff Hatch and Eugene Stewart and John Hoffman danced around the fire and whooped like Indians. Duff Hatch looked up at the noon sun and said, "I swear secrecy to Gitchie Manitou." And Ben said, "I likewise." They sat around the fire and dipped their penknives in the flames and they said, "We swear brotherhood." Then they began to cut the letters onto their chests—the L, the F, the B, the M. He couldn't remember the pain, just how

"Somewhere, I can't help thinking, there's a load of buckshot with my name on it."

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hard it was to keep going, just how they went on all together; blood was on their chests and the endurance became a strange pleasure. When they cut the skull and crossbones, he said, " '*La Belle Dame sans Merci*,' " and he thought of the pale lady who was death, singing in the river. "Now that it may last our lifetimes," he said, and Ben said, "Yea, yea," and they all said "Yea, yea," and they took the cool ashes they called gunpowder and rubbed them into the cuts and they lay back to dry out their tattoos. The sun and the sky and the high grass and the red of the Indian paintbrush swam in his eyes with the pain that flashed, as he remembered it years later, like a pale light in his chest, and he remembered also how after they moved to College Hill there were five girls—the Washburn twins, Laura and Maude, and the Friendly twins, and Miss Alice Powell—who claimed that L F B M stood for we Love Five Beautiful Maidens, and so they took the beautiful maidens on a picnic to the Big Stump Camp on the Little Miami. And he remembered he was standing with Laura Washburn on the riverbank near the dark stump whose root reached down into the river and Laura had on a white dress, and he said, "*La Belle Dame sans Merci*," and he looked at her pale face and the color rose into it, and he looked at her round green eyes. Her skin was cool as the air deep in the forest, and the air was absolutely still.

IN "Memories of My Boyhood," Grandpa Nye said, "So that we boys could go to Farmers' College, the family made its final removal to College Hill in 1878. There we found an ideal society. Father and Mother met people of culture, and we found boys and girls who were the best of companions. Uncle George and Aunt Jenny made their home with us. The house in which we lived was spacious. It was set in a plot of eight acres; half was orchard. There was a stable and a hen house and a carriage house. We bought a cow when Andrew was born, February 2, 1879, and I had to feed and milk it. This was not task work, for I found pleasure in it. I raised pigs and made quite a bit of money selling the increase. We raised nearly all the vegetables we ate. We had an abundance of apples, pears, grapes. Mother and the aunts used to peel and quarter the apples, which we boys put out on the low roof of the summer kitchen to dry. Green corn was cut from the cob and dried the same way. We had an acre of lawn, which we let grow until the grass was high. Then it was cut with a scythe, cured, and the hay was served for winter feed to the cow. Of course we had no central heating or running water. On Saturday nights we had a bath in the kitchen in a washtub in front of the stove. Nothing unusual about that—everybody did it.

"On College Hill during the last years of his life, Father took up amateur photography—there was a great craze for it then—and this gave him infinite pleasure. There was in the fore part of our cellar a spring and a little pool in which milk and butter were kept, and Father carried the water of this spring into his darkroom—an arrangement of which he was proud.

"My first year at Farmers' College was under the presidency of Reverend John B. Smith, a mild-mannered old Presbyterian minister who had mastered the art of chewing tobacco without expectoration. We boys were fascinated by this remarkable accomplishment. He was succeeded by the late P. V. N. Myers, a great scholar and a great teacher. He was an inspiration to us. He made us love reading, and he had many distinguished guests who did us good. Among them was Bronson Alcott. Mr. Alcott was a philosopher, Plato and Socrates in his own person. He remained for almost three months at the college. Daily we sat at his feet. He talked and talked—such marvellous talk—a stream of gold forever flowing from his lips. Sometimes he spoke of his Concord neighbors, Emerson and Thoreau. Of course he had an immense influence on us. He was a vegetarian, and I resolved to follow his example. For many weeks I ate no meat. Mr. Alcott always referred to it as 'flesh.' But finally I fell from grace. The dear old man had only one failing—he could not endure being referred to as the father of Louisa May Alcott. He thought 'Little Women' a trifling performance, whereas his philosophy was concerned with the eternal verities. He was an impressive and venerable man, and his appearance carried weight. He looked to be what he was.

"We were also visited by Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-inventor with Darwin of the Theory of Evolution. He made all of us evolutionists at a period when many men believed that to believe that doctrine was to imperil one's immortal soul."

IN the "Nye Family Record," Grandpa Nye wrote, "In 1886 I married Laura Washburn, daughter of E. W. Washburn, Principal of Hughes High School. Mr. Washburn, like my father, was a Latin scholar, and he was the author of an excellent Latin grammar. We were married in his residence on College Hill, and we went to Washington and to Old Point Comfort and

Richmond, Virginia, on our wedding journey. We went to Richmond because it had been the Capital of the Confederacy, and most of all because there the Libby Prison was situated. Libby Prison had such fame even as late as 1886 that I wanted to see it almost as much as I wanted to see the Capitol at Washington.

"Five children were born to us:

Charles Washburn Nye—April 12, 1887
Nathaniel John Nye—December 2, 1889
Joab DeGolyer Nye—January 28, 1891
Edward Benjamin Nye—February 12, 1892
Morgan Burke Nye—May 15, 1901.

"My little namesake died July 3, 1897. He was a beautiful child and of exceeding promise. Joab was a man grown when he died, August 25, 1914, and he was a writer of verses with a great future before him, for he had ability of the first order."

Among the many photographs that hung in the upstairs hall at Grandpa Nye's there were a number of pictures of Uncle Joab, and often I stopped to look at his large-boned handsome face. In one of the pictures he was standing on the rocks at Pointe au Baril and his hands were on Daddy's shoulders when Daddy was about eight and he was seventeen. Uncle Joab had a look of great strength and ease and buoyancy. Once Cousin Cato, when I asked him about Uncle Joab, said, "His poetry was a side of him you wouldn't have guessed. What you saw was how he loved the physical side of life. You saw it in how he paddled a canoe, in how he swam. He did it with such . . . such . . . gusto."

I kept the volume of Uncle Joab's poems by my bed at home, and I read him. I thought perhaps I took after him, and I liked him better than Rupert Brooke. He lived for a year in Harlem after Princeton, and then when he became engaged he returned home and worked on the *Enquirer*. "He loved newspaper work," Daddy said. "Just the way Papa did."

Uncle Joab died two months before his wedding day. He went to the hospital to have a hernia patched up. He was so big and strong the ether didn't put him under, so they gave him gas. Most of the time, though he didn't know it, he was fighting and yelling like a madman. The gas didn't do it, so they gave him more ether. Then they gave him chloroform. The anesthetic killed him.

Sometimes when we were at Grandpa Nye's, Lisa and I went upstairs and walked around the upstairs hall and looked at the pictures together. We passed the many rooms—Daddy's room when he was little, Uncle Charles' and Uncle Edward's and Uncle Joab's rooms, and Grandpa Nye's office where he wrote "Old Tippecanoe: The Life and Times of William Henry Harrison." We stopped to look at the picture of Grandpa Nye as a handsome young man. We stopped to look at Daddy in a long white dress going down the sidewalk in the days before the ginkgo tree was planted. We passed the portrait of little Nathaniel, which hung at the head of the stairs. Up there he stood in his white sailor suit, wearing white shoes and socks, his skin pale olive, his eyes greenish, his hair dark—forever a little boy of seven.

We went by the couch in the alcove where Daddy was put when he was born in May, 1901. Daddy said, "I was eleven months in the womb and was born then by unusual means, somewhat in the manner of Macduff. The surgeons who operated on my mother in the house did not expect a live baby. No preparations had been made for a live baby. Turning out to be alive, I was placed on the couch that belonged to Frederick Funston Nye, the cat, and I was left there without attention while the surgeons were busy fixing up the patient. The story is that I was nursed by Frederick Funston and I was in good shape by the time anyone else could give me attention. Don't swallow this story, but there must have been something in it."

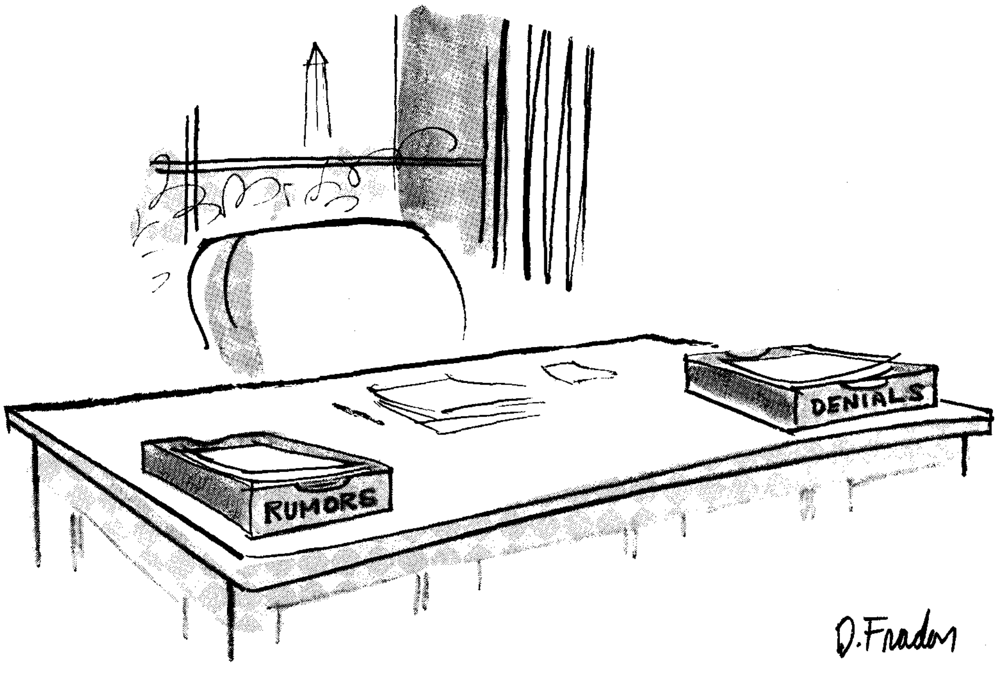
Uncle Charles told me Grandmother Nye wouldn't see Daddy for weeks. She wanted a girl. She raved. She was through, she said, with having children. She hated to hear him cry.

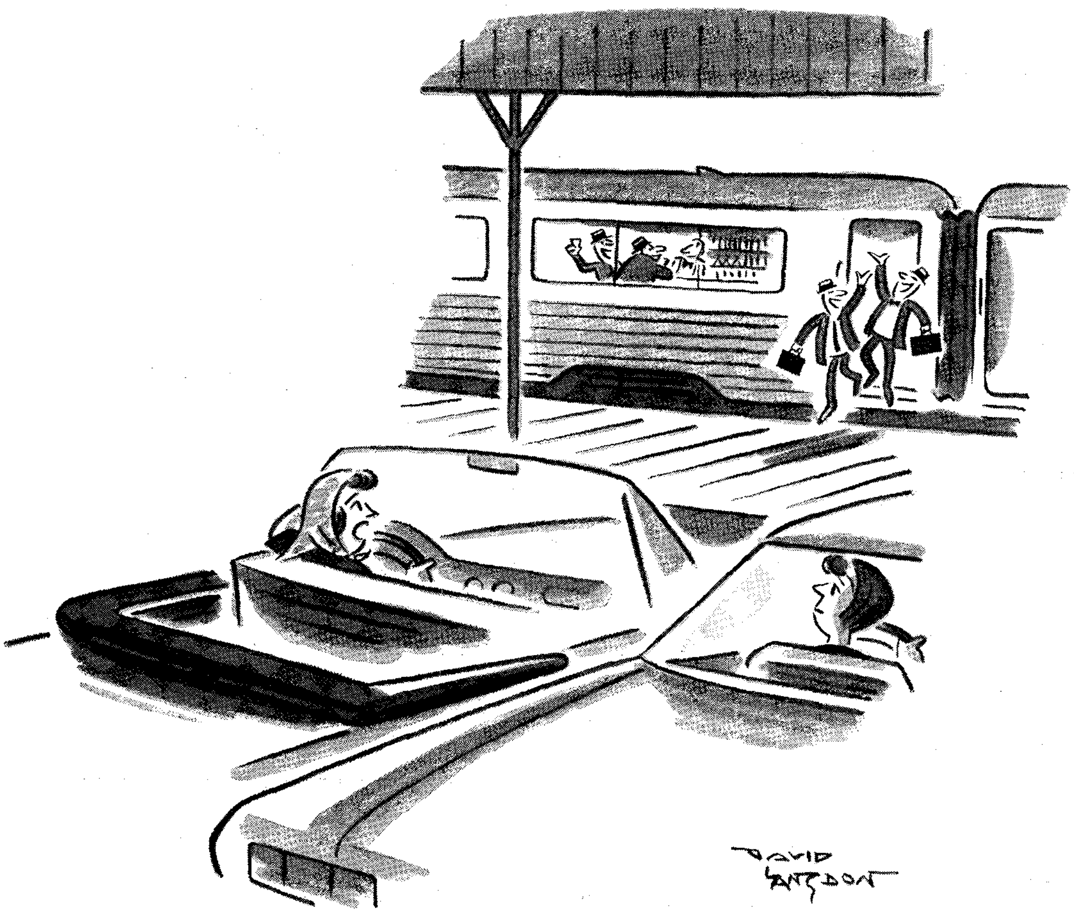
Daddy remembers Frederick Funston as an enormous cat who sat on Grandpa Nye's left shoulder at dinner when Grandmother Nye wasn't there. Frederick Funston liked to come down before anyone else in the morning and lick the butterballs smooth and take chunks from everyone's cantaloupe when they were in season. "Fritz was a *character*," Daddy said. "He slept with me."

Those were the days when Uncle Charles and Uncle Edward and Uncle Joab used to play Digging Panama Canal with Daddy. They made Daddy be the shovel. He hated that game. "Poor Daddy," I said to Lisa as we passed the couch.

There were no pictures of Grandmother Nye, and I never saw her until, when I was seven, I saw her in her coffin. Before that I thought, or half thought, she was a ghost up in the attic. Once when I was four, John, my oldest cousin, took me up the dark, narrow attic stairs to show me Grandmother Nye's ghost. There she was in the gray light over by the dormer window—an enormous green cat nearly three feet tall, with a round lady's face. "Go away," she sighed.

When I saw her in her coffin, she was in the gold drawing room where usually no one went, although it was a perfect room done in gold, with graceful stiff-backed chairs of gold brocade. The fireplace was made of white and beige tiles, and a rectangular mirror was built into the blond wood over the mantelpiece. "My mother," Daddy told me, "used to come down and go in there wearing white gloves 'to re-





"The six-fifty-five splashdown. Right on time."

* *

ceive.' She cared a great deal for such things . . . whereas Papa did things in a natural way." After a moment, Daddy said strangely, "I don't remember anything happy ever in that room." Uncle Charles told me he still could hear Daddy's screams coming from that room when Grandmother Nye had him circumcised at the age of twelve. "It was one of her crazy ideas," Uncle Charles said. "Circumcision had come into fashion then. The poor kid screamed in the night after that for a long time, too. It didn't heal properly, and he was in terrible pain at certain times."

I remember we went to Grandpa Nye's and there were many people there, and Grandmother Nye was in her coffin in the gold drawing room. I went to look at her and I felt an awful closeness to her. I had a sense of the being, the life in her dead body. She was like a doll, only an old-lady doll, all in white. Her thin mouth was lavender white. Her old skin was a filmy lacquer over the roses in her cheeks, but behind her eyelids she knew something; she smiled faintly. I thought I was meant to kiss her.

Mama put her hand on me, and I didn't like Mama's hand on me. I went back into the hall where people were milling around in their overcoats in the cold morning light. Grandpa Nye was saying, "She was an unhappy woman in this life, Morgan." His voice was damp and tired.

Little Auntie Maude, Grandmother Nye's twin, was crying. Lisa said, "Don't cry. Death is like going to sleep." Auntie Maude took tiny steps every which way; tears glazed her old yellow cheeks, and her big bulldog chin was shaking. "Just like going to sleep," Lisa said.

Everyone, and Uncle Charles especially, was angry because Miss Janice wouldn't come out of her room upstairs, and Olympia in her black uniform was going up to get her. Miss Janice was Grandpa Nye's housekeeper. She was slim, with a full bosom. She wore chiffon blouses and was very pale. In fact, her skin was so translucent that her freckles seemed to be blue. I followed Olympia and went around into the alcove in the hall upstairs. Olympia knocked at the door. "Miss Janice," she said. "Miss Janice . . . They say they want you down there, Miss Janice." After Olympia was gone, Miss Janice opened the door. I heard her breathing in a strange fast way. Then without shutting the door all the way she went back into her room. I didn't mean to look in, but when I went by her door I saw her in the mirror of the white bureau looking at herself. She took up the hand mirror and turned to look at her profile, then moved close to the mirror until she almost kissed her own pale lips.

I went down the back stairs and through the kitchen, and when I was out back I was crying. The ground was beating against my forehead and the cold grass was on my tongue.

When I went in again, the people were gone. Lisa said, "Olympia is going to give us lunch."

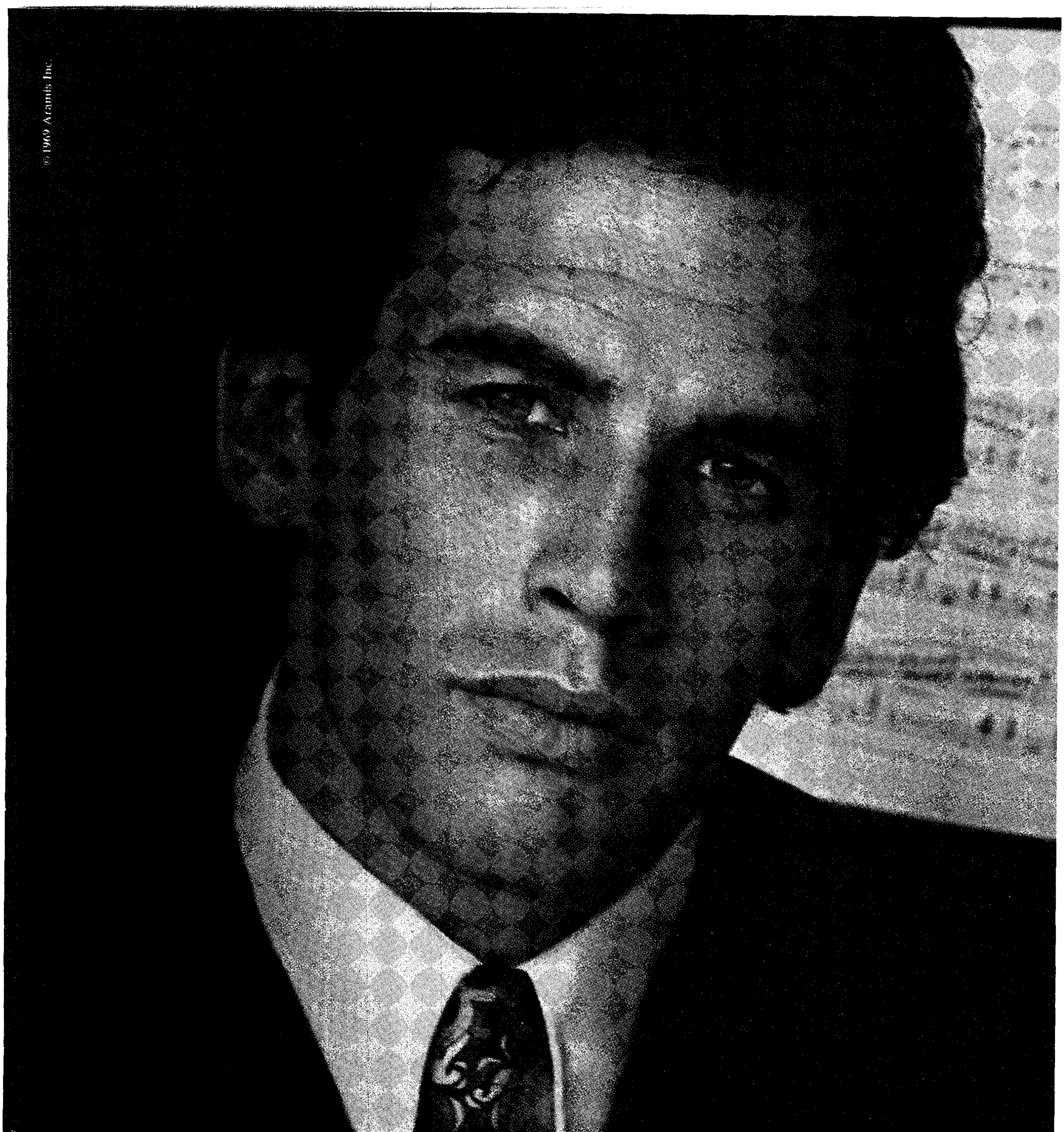
I went into the drawing room as far as the rug. I could smell the flowers still and the perfume from the coffin. I thought there were many dead people in the house, and I could feel the musty oldness of everything, the dust in the unused corners, the gray light in the thin back staircases, the closed-off rooms, the great dark attic, where Grandmother Nye used to sit over by the dormer window. Now, I thought, all the dead would come to lie in their coffins with flowers all around and I would have to bend close; I would have to feel their noses with my nose and kiss their mouths.

Little Charles pushed me from behind right into the empty place where the coffin had been, and it was like bumping into her body. I felt it—cold, heavy.

"That woman upstairs is out to get us all," Little Charles said.

Lisa said, "Personally, I think Miss Janice is Bad Doo-Doo's sister." Lisa and I used to have dreams about Bad Doo-Doo and his brother Lee Roy. They lived in a long, low, gray house on the tracks down by the underpass.

Eugenie, who took care of us when we were little, told me years later that she remembered the days when Aunt Janice used to bring Grandpa Nye out to see us and drop him, then come back later on and pick him up. "That was in the early days when you was a baby, Vanessa," she said. "Mr. Morgan had a black heart for her in those days, so I did too. But later on he come to like her better. I did too. I always thought she was beautiful though. She was pretty as a . . . as a speckled pup. I'll never forget the day they was mar-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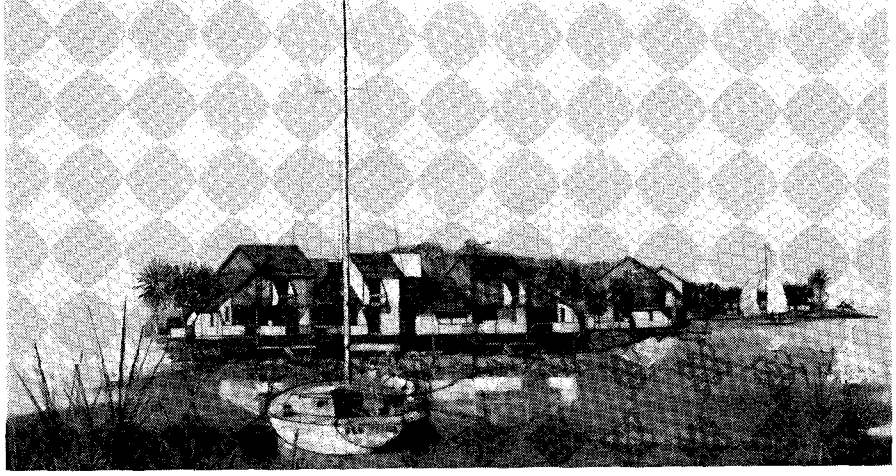

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ried," Eugenie boomed in her warm bronze voice. "I was over to your Uncle Virgil's. He brought me the paper. 'Look it here, Eugenie,' he says. It was on the *front* page."

I could remember Mama and Daddy coming back from what they thought was to be a cocktail party at Grandpa Nye's, and Mama saying she wasn't surprised—she'd noticed Janice calling him "dear" in front of people lately. Then they debated what Lisa and I should call Miss Janice now. Daddy said "Grandmother" was somewhat farfetched.

"That must have been about 1936," Eugenie said. "About a year after your grandmother passed on."

"Did you ever see her?" I said.

"No, I can't say as I did. They say she was . . . "

"What?" I said.

"Nothin', Vanessa."

I knew what she was going to say so I didn't pursue it. But I was always trying to find an image, a detail—something—so I would know what Grandmother Nye was really like. Usually when I asked what she was like, I got an image that would almost immediately be contradicted. In my mind, only the memory of her dead body and my fear of inheriting her insanity grew.

When I used to ask Daddy or Uncle Charles what she was like, their eyes would look hurt and, not looking at me, they would say, "Well, she was a fine woman. Very intelligent. Extremely gifted. She wrote some excellent papers on . . ."

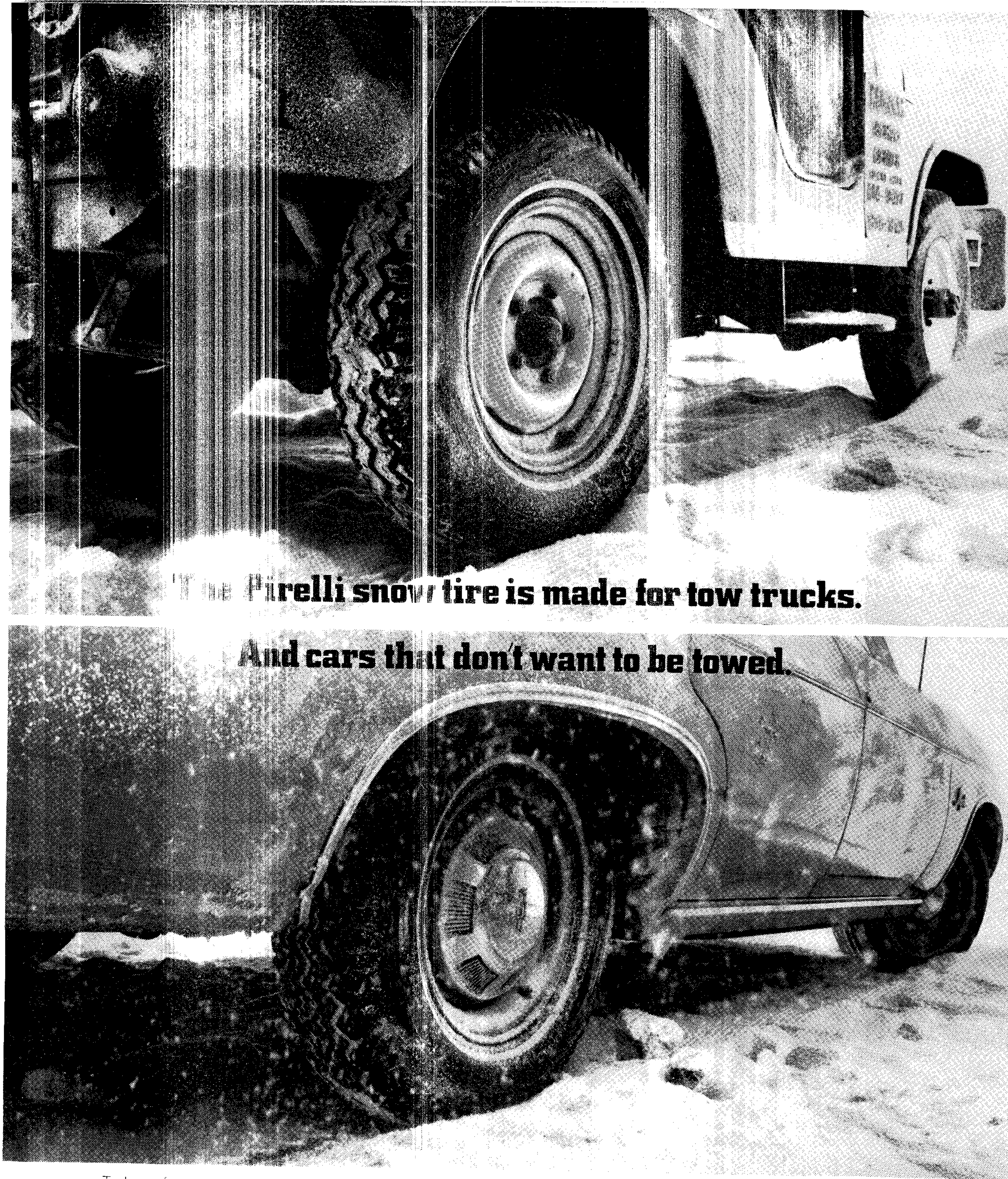
Mama would say, "Nowadays they give women hormones when that happens. She would have been perfectly all right. You mustn't worry, dear; something like that is not hereditary."

Once Uncle Charles said, "She was never the same after little Nathaniel died." That was three years before Daddy was born. Daddy said once, "Maybe it was Joab dying."

Another time Uncle Charles said, "She was *always* crazy at a certain time of the month. I think Papa thought all women were like that, and he tried to ignore it."

Daddy said angrily, "She was always crazy." He used to have to go see her when she was in the sanitarium near Lansing, and after that when she went down to live in Biloxi. "She hated my father; she never would see him," Daddy said. "She couldn't trust anyone. She had to move all the time. Room to room. Floor to floor. Hotel to hotel."

And I saw my grandmother, slowly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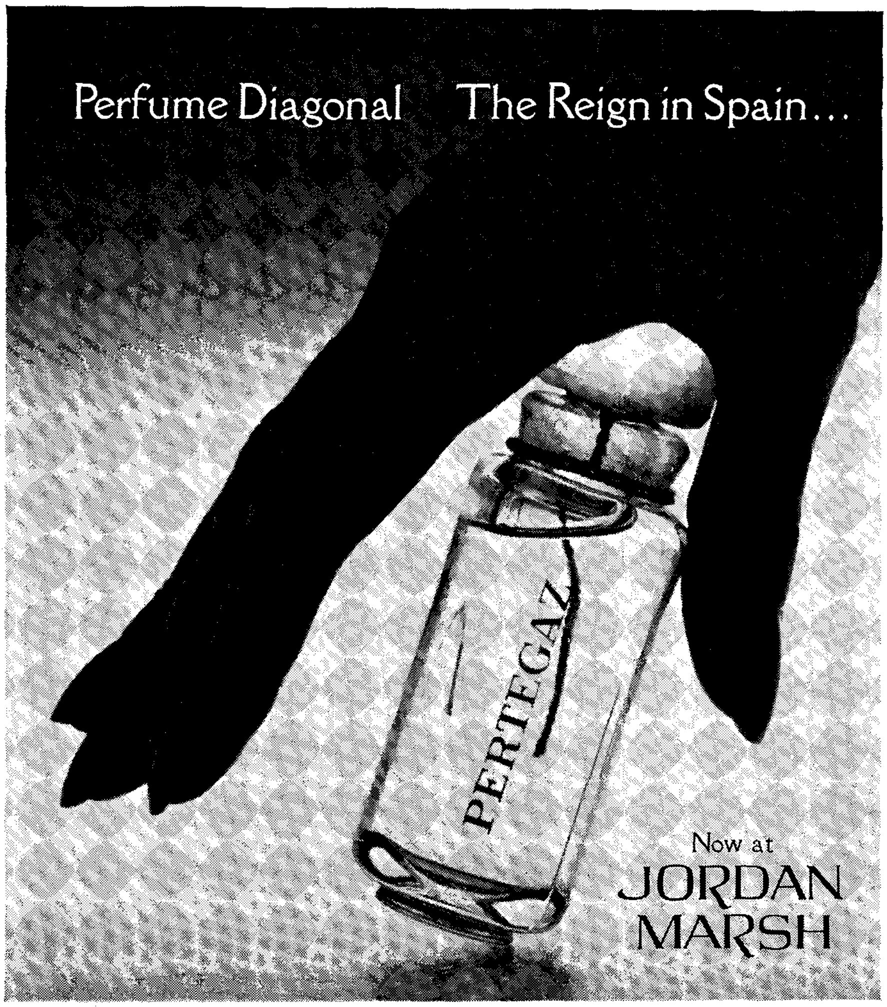

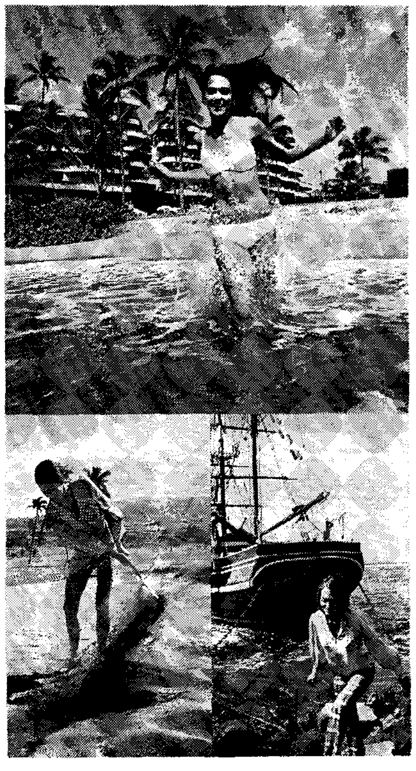

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aging, shrivelling, her eyes moving suspiciously year after year; always the Gulf winds, the rattle of palmettos, the voices upstairs talking about her.

"I can't have any pictures of her in the house," Daddy said. "It's embarrassing, but I can't. I'm sorry."

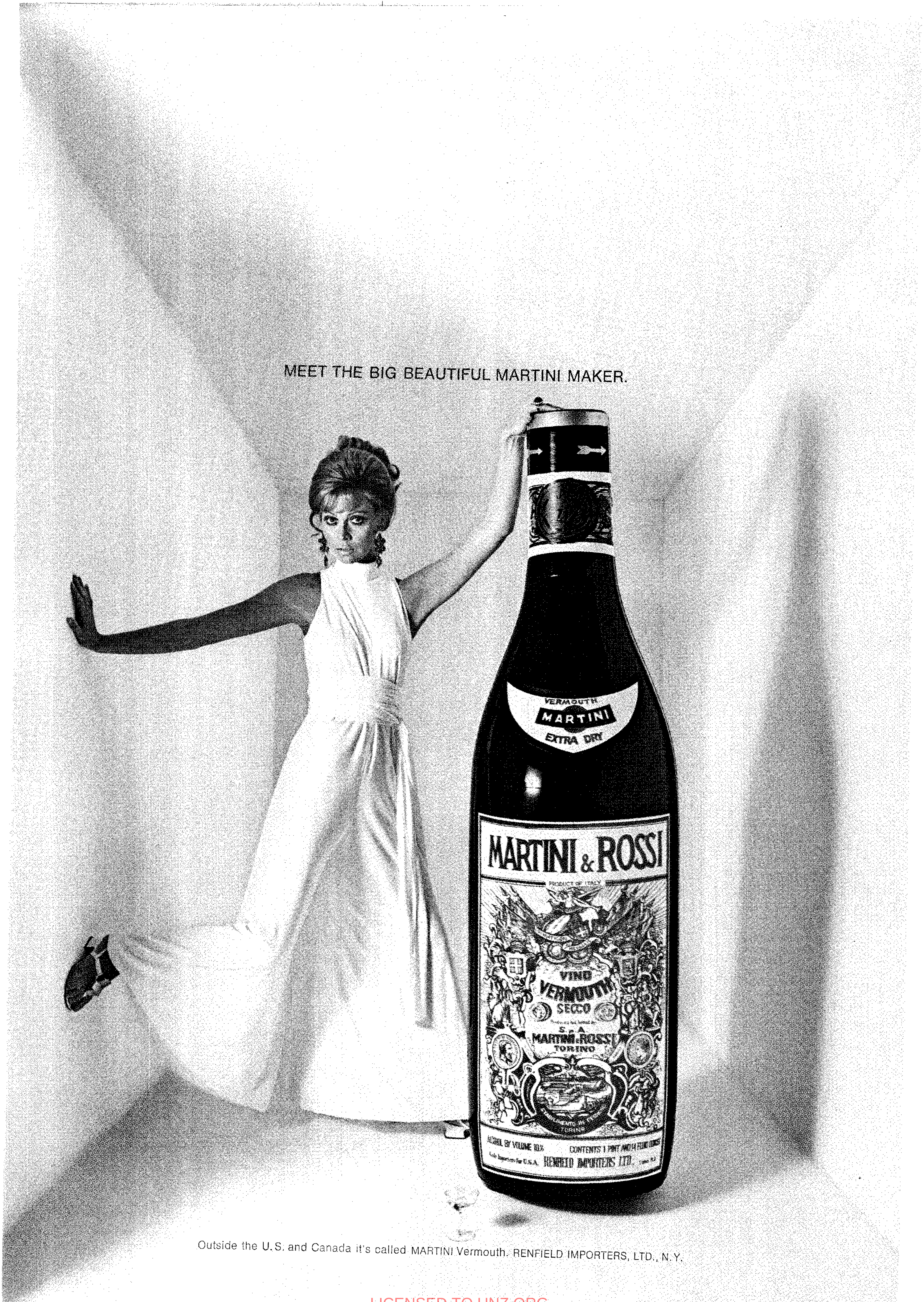
By the time I was old enough to realize there must have once been someone who was Grandmother Nye, who was the ghost in the attic, there were no pictures of her in Grandpa Nye's house, either. But Kate, Uncle Edward's daughter, told me that once when she was there visiting and she was alone with Grandpa Nye, he told her that Grandmother Nye was a very beautiful woman. He got an old daguerreotype out of his desk drawer and showed Kate the picture of her grandmother when she was a young woman. I asked Kate what she looked like and Kate said, well, she looked like lots of old-fashioned women.

Charles (Little Charles) said he was taken to see Grandmother Nye in Biloxi when he was four, and he remembered her distinctly: she had bushy black eyebrows and was ill at ease with children. When I saw her in her coffin, she had a smooth, almost eyebrowless face, so I suspected Charles of mixing her up with John L. Lewis.

One afternoon when I'd been helping Grandpa Nye with the wine he made each autumn and we were both filled with the wonderful odor of grapes, he walked down to the car with me and right at the end of the walk he said, "Vanessa, have you got good legs?" I didn't know how to answer, and he said, "Your grandmother had beautiful legs." But when I told that to Daddy he said, "His memory is faulty. She had terrible legs. She had the worst legs in Cincinnati."

At a tea one time, an old lady whose hand felt like a paper napkin fingering my arm said, "She was a lovely woman, my dear, perfectly lovely. We two taught Latin together at Hughes High School after we graduated. She won the gold medal and I won the silver." Aunt Aggie (Mama's older sister), who is the same age as Uncle Edward and used to go over to the Nyes' sometimes when she was in high school, said, "She was beautiful in a big-boned way. Her skin was fair and thin, it colored easily. She had a kind of grandeur. She was very gracious, very rich." But Daddy said, "She always wanted new horses, new carriages. She wanted to *drive* them faster. She was always after Papa for something."

And all the time my vision of her body in her coffin returned and caused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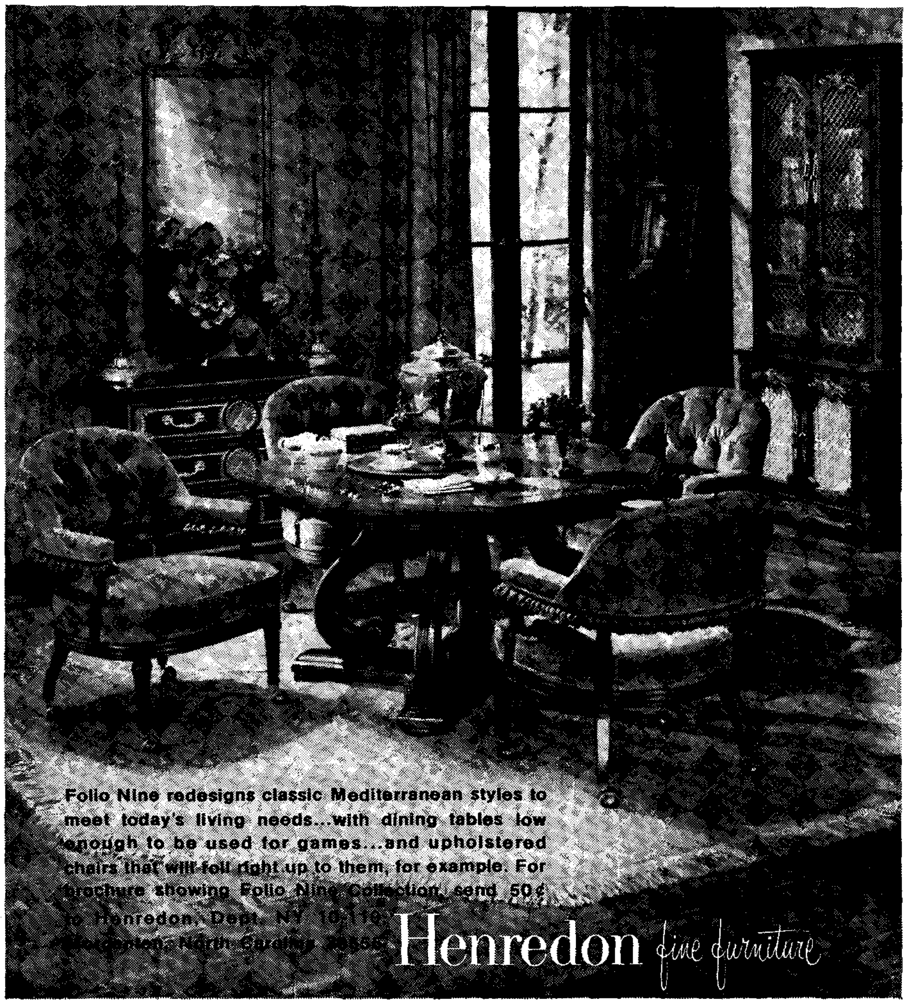

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my consciousness of all the dead of the house to unfold like white roses blooming. They lay in their coffins in the gold drawing room, each, in turn, waxen, pale, surrounded by flowers: first little Nathaniel, the beautiful child in his small coffin; then Uncle Joab in his long, dark coffin—I could see his clear forehead and his mustache, and sometimes I imagined I could smell the ether that killed him; then Grandpa Nye's mother, Vanessa, who came to live in Grandpa Nye's house after Grandmother Nye went away, and died there in August, 1918, in the eighty-first year of her age; and finally Grandmother Nye, so many years later, in 1935.

I was aware, too, of the calm, of the secret in their bodies when they lay in the gold drawing room, the secret they took with them into the dark earth, and of the last breathings, the restlessness, the desire not to die, which stayed behind in the house like the screaming of childbirth, like the screaming of Grandmother Nye going out of her mind several months after Joab died.

"Go up and shoot them, they're talking about me!" she screamed. Daddy and Uncle Edward went up to the attic with the gun. Below, they could hear her screaming, "Kill them, kill them!" After Edward fired the gun she was quiet. When they went back down she didn't say a word. Her face was puffed up with rage, her eyes were furtive, her body stealthy under her sheet, but she was perfectly satisfied. In the morning, when Grandpa Nye came back from Knoxville, where the Morgan Burke Company had a lot of business, she started up again. "Keep him away from me, keep him away!"

About a month after that, Grandpa Nye stood at the door of the library in his high silk hat and his Prince Albert coat. He was going off to catch the night train south to La Follett, where at one of the blast furnaces owned by the Morgan Burke Company a man had been killed. (The first pig iron out in the morning would be buried in the stead of the dead man.) "Goodbye, Morgan," he said. And Morgan (Daddy then when he was thirteen) sat in the library bent over "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," which Grandpa Nye was reading him aloud after dinner in those days. "Goodbye, Papa," he said, but his father was gone.

He was not reading but was bent over the book trying to keep hold of himself for a few hours until Edward came back. He clenched his fists, put his head down in the book. He held his grief in his throat, and told him-

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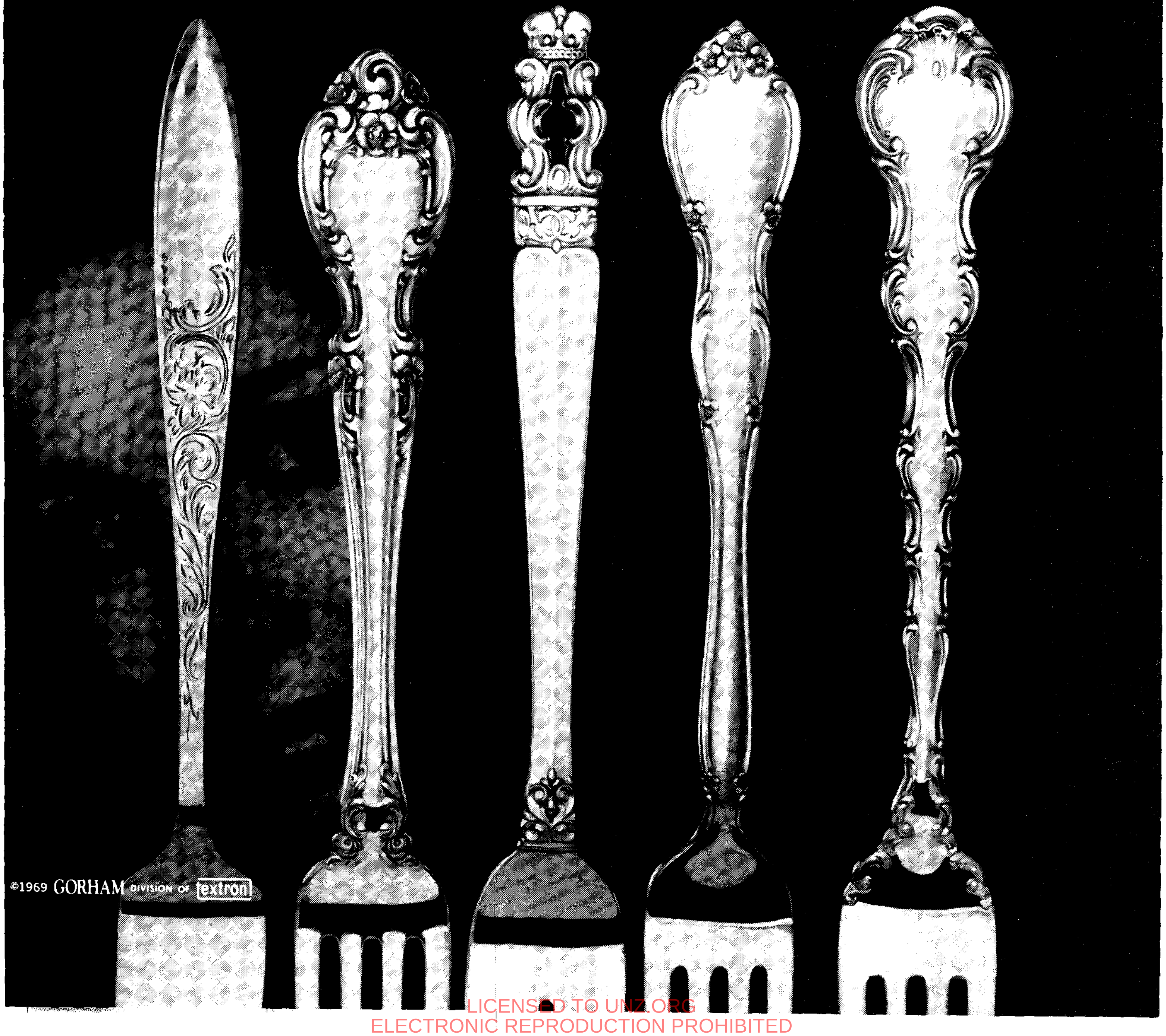

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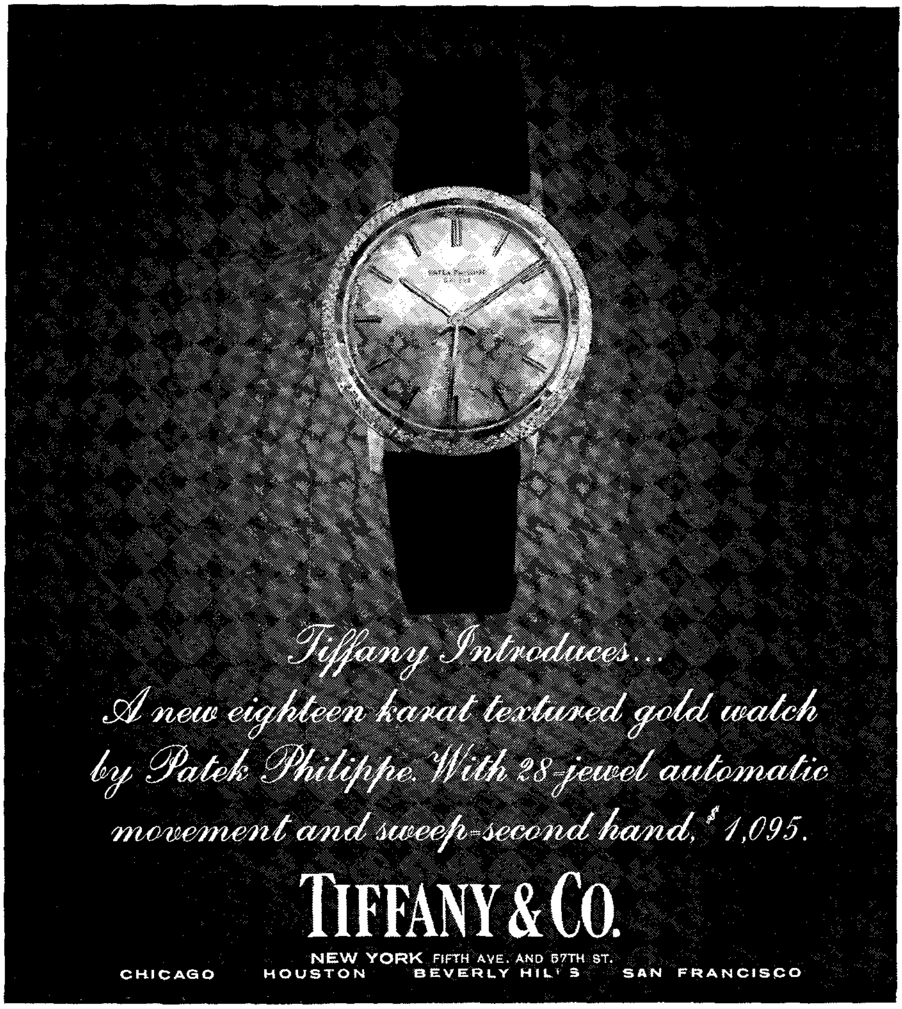

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self, "Joab is dead. We will never see him again. Joab is dead."

He got up and went to the front door and called his dog. "Here, Comfort. Here, boy." Finally he heard him running from across the street. They went into the library and they both lay down in front of the fire. "Good boy," he said and kissed his dog's face, let himself be licked. Then he brought "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" to read in front of the fire. Then he got an idea. He stood up and proceeded as he imagined old Pepys would have done to the dining room, where he got out the port and a thin-stemmed goblet. "A quart of port and so to bed," he said.

Years later I said, "Did you *really*, Daddy?"

"I did," he said, pleased, and he told of the terrible night he spent. The room weaved and wheeled; he never spent such a horrible night. " 'And those behind cried "Forward!" And those before cried "Back!" And backward now and forward,' " Daddy declaimed in the heroic style. In the morning, he did manage to make his way up Salt Lick Avenue and get on the streetcar at Reading Road. But when he arrived at Hughes High School, Grandpa Washburn, who was the principal, passed him in the hall. "Grandpa Washburn got just one whiff," Daddy said, "and he sent me straight back home on the streetcar."

Of Uncle Joab, Daddy said later, when I asked him, "If *he* had only lived . . ."

He said, "I loved him more than any human being."

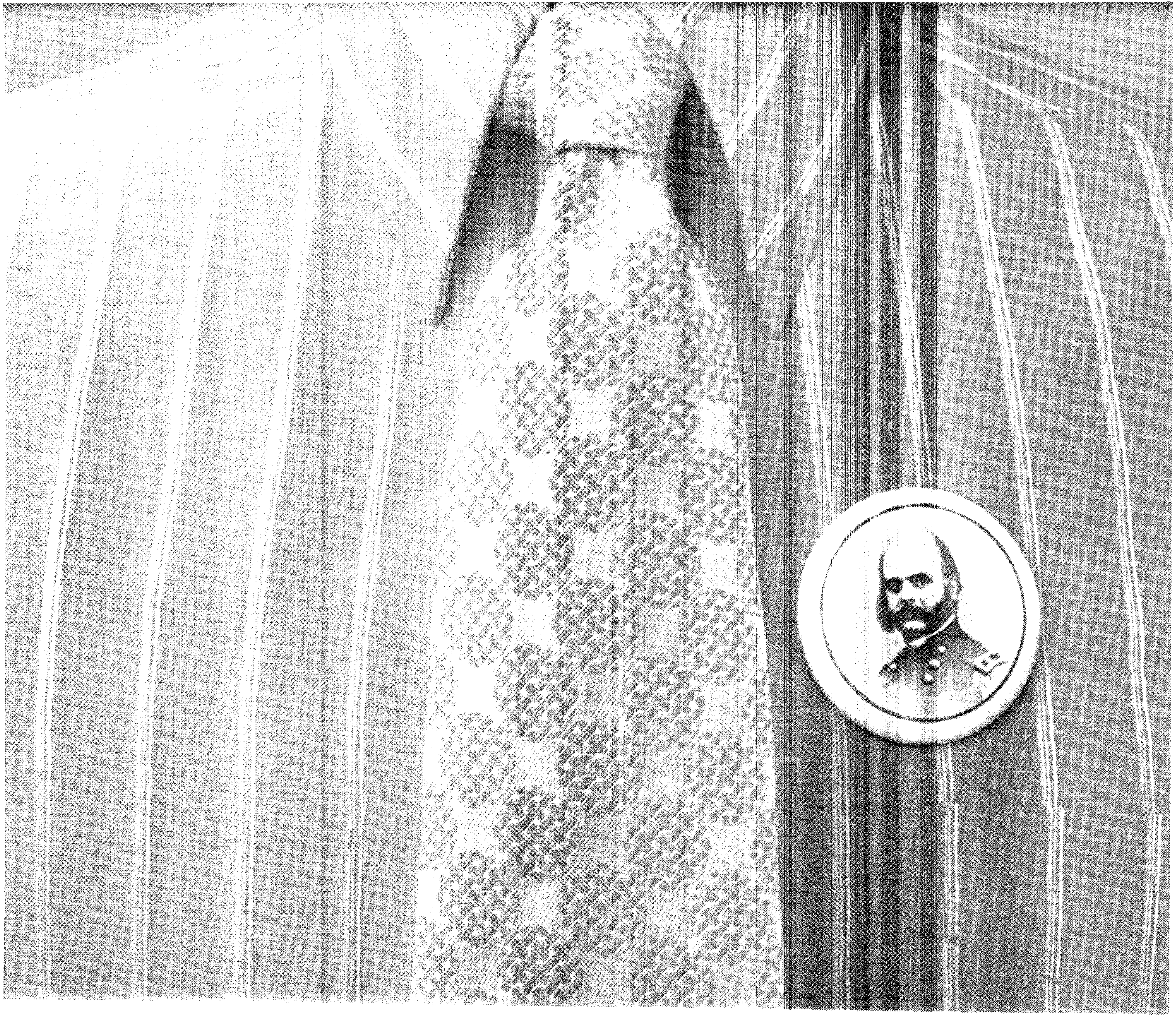
He said, "He was always so affectionate."

LATE on winter afternoons as he showered and dressed after a hard day at his office, Daddy used to recite in his deep voice, " 'I weep for Adonais, he is dead.' " There he'd break off and in a moment he'd say, " 'O weep for Adonais, he is dead.' " Sometimes after a long pause he'd say, " 'The soul of Adonais like a star . . .' " And there break off, while I, lying on my bed doing my homework, hearing Daddy, picked up Uncle Joab's book from my bedside table and opened it to

POEMS
by
Joab Nye
1891-1914

Privately Printed
Cincinnati
1917

and looked at the little picture of him in the front, which made me feel queer



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because, with his dark hair parted in the middle and combed back smooth and with his dark mustache, he looked old-fashioned, he looked like a soldier long ago in the First World War; he looked far away, unreal, who was so real to me I sometimes thought I remembered him.

And Daddy loved him, and he died—the one Daddy loved more than any human being died. The lump in my throat ached as if it would burst and my mind became feverish, and in this trancelike state I sniffed the sweet peeling leather of Uncle Joab's book and the musky perfume of the old pages, drew my fingers slowly across the paper that felt as if it were covered with a subtle cobwebby film beneath which the words were printed. "There come on leaden wings these dreams of sin," Uncle Joab wrote.

I read. I cut the pages. I came for the first time in all these years upon a poem from the lines of Vergil:

> *O quam te memorem, virgo? Namque haud tibi voltus*
> *Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat—*
> *O dea certe.*

Uncle Joab wrote:

> All seems so fair and strangely sweet
> I whisper low in helpless love
> *O dea certe!*

"Fair blew the wind for Crete," Uncle Joab wrote, and it made me want to sing.

I held his book to me. I took after him, I thought. And here were his poems, and in my skin I remembered him, and when my throat became dark and full of blood, heavy and sad, and my mind burned, and a heavy airlike substance surrounded me, encasing me, when I said words then, they were the words of poems.

In the springtime I took Uncle Joab's book outdoors with me, and I put violets and spring beauties on it as if it were his gravestone. I lay in the grass and felt the soft air, the blossoms, the budding trees, the green things coming up from the earth where he was buried deep, and all those who died before him back to the first DeGolyer buried in the forest; and now the sweet presences in the air made me want to dance, dance until I would become all flowing hair, wind, voice, light, for the corn was little green shoots coming up from the earth, and sweet stems fluttered, and out of dark branches came buds like candle flames shining in the sun.

I got up and walked, with Uncle Joab's book open and laden with violets

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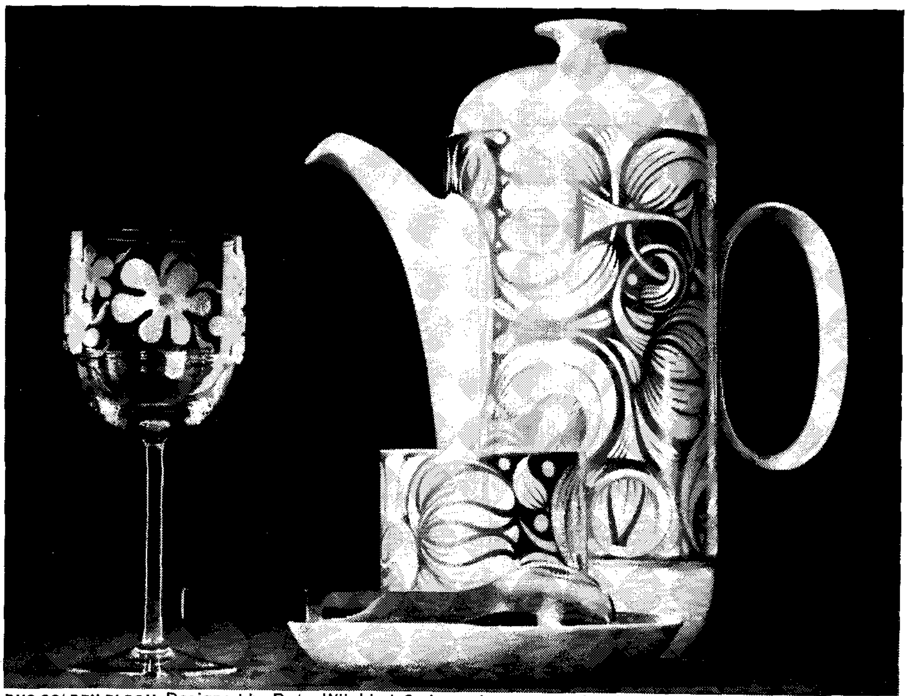

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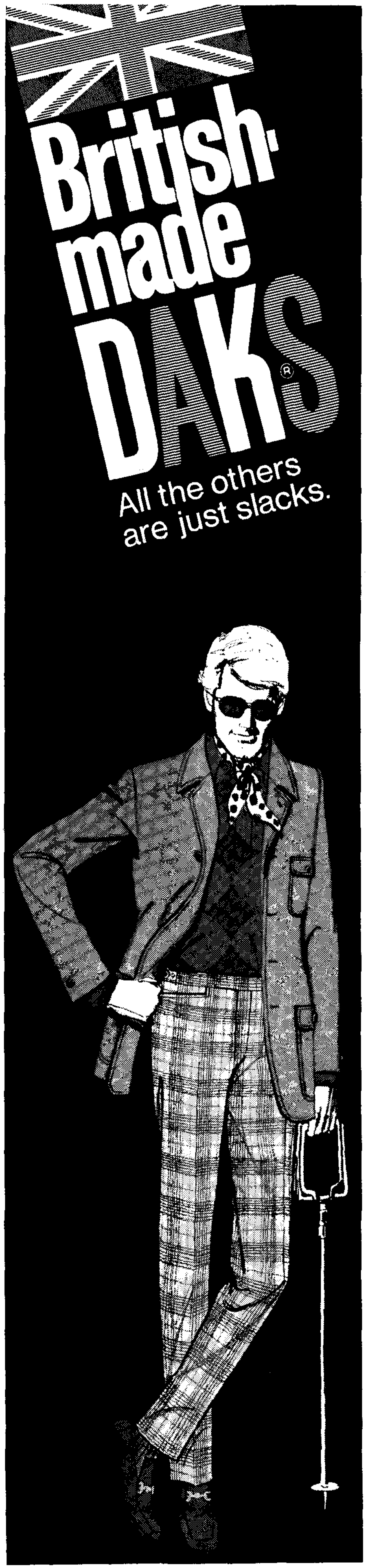
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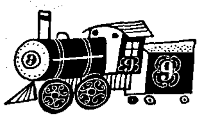
and spring beauties. Light quivered in the stems and the petals. " 'The soul of Adonais like a star,' " I said, and I felt the cool spongy grass under my feet.

THAT year when Uncle Charles and Aunt Melissa came from Washington to visit, we (all but Lisa, who had dancing school) went to Grandpa Nye's to dinner, and after dinner, while I was standing by the high mahogany mantelpiece in Grandpa Nye's library in my white gold-threaded evening dress, Uncle Charles looked at me. Uncle Charles had a smooth handsomeness; he was like an ambassador. His skin was dark, his eyes were green, and he wore a tawny mustache that made kissing him good night a particularly delightful experience. He always smelled just faintly of bay rum, with which he combed his hair.

"Vanessa looks like Aunt Nora when she was young, doesn't she, Papa?" he said. Aunt Nora was Grandpa Nye's sister.

"Yes, she does. She also looks the way I remember my mother looking when I was a small boy," Grandpa Nye said. "Vanessa, you bear a striking resemblance to both your Great-Aunt Honora Morrison and your Great-Grandmother, Vanessa DeGolyer Nye."

Both Aunt Nora and my great-grandmother died a long time before I was born, and hitherto all I had known of Aunt Nora was that she was tall and dark and beautiful. She was Cousin Cato's mother. In the "Nye Family Record," Grandpa Nye wrote, "My mother was singularly gifted. She could paint, write, and act, and was withal a good mother and admirable housekeeper. All the DeGolyers had an artistic streak in them and they all loved to plan in a large way."



My great-grandmother was very dynamic, and after my Great-Grandfather Joab Nye's death she took to circling the globe. In an old scrapbook, I found a postcard that she sent from Thebes in 1908 to Uncle Joab on the occasion of his sixteenth birthday. On the back of the postcard, my great-grandmother said she wrote to congratulate Uncle Joab on his mature age. "I was never so old as when I was sixteen," she wrote. "I am afraid I am too much in love with the Egyptian sun. I enjoy Arabic explorations." And she added that she was about to purchase in Luxor a long-interred cat for Grandpa Nye.

She was very loving, and one time when she was old and her memory had begun to fail, she came up to Grandpa Nye at a garden party. She put her old hands around her son's face. "I don't know who you are," she said, "but I know you are someone I love very much."

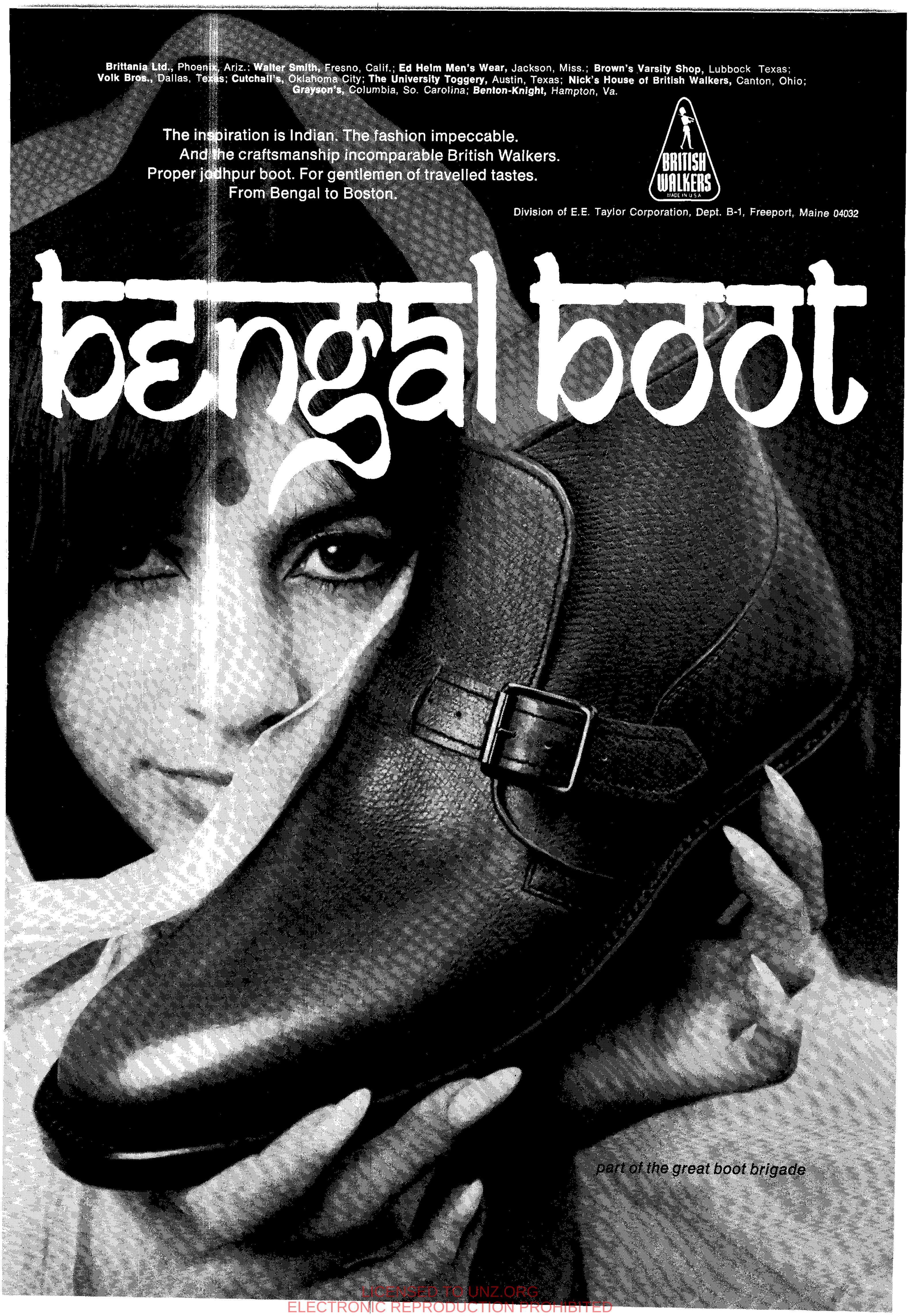
Grandpa Nye and Uncle Charles gazed at me fondly so the wine and the fire were hot in my cheeks and I felt a dizzy pleasure, a pride. I felt as if I were beautiful. I felt as if I were growing, harmonizing, settling into a form filled long ago in turn by these women, my great-grandmother and her daughter. They had been old a long time and had been dead now for many years. I didn't know how I was like them or what it was that made me quite suddenly appear to resemble them as they had been long ago, but it may have been the color, the vapor, the oil—whatever it was—that had come recently into my face, my skin.

In the warm library the gold firelight moved. The lights of flames and the dusky shadows brushed the surfaces of bronze statues, the dark-green linen walls, the oil paintings of forest scenes and harbor scenes, the gilt frames, the mahogany bookcases with glass doors, and the leather-bound books, the gold lettering. The shadows floated over the dark globe of the world, and the fire flashed in the green eye of the leopard Uncle Andrew shot in India. Andrew, the leopard, was tawny and wild stretched out on the long table under the bronze bull. I wished that I might look quickly and see in one of the dusky gleaming surfaces the reflection not of my face but of Aunt Nora's or Great-Grandmother's face in my face.

Grandpa Nye and Daddy and Uncle Charles went back to their talk. They were drinking coffee and Cointreau. Grandpa Nye was smoking his cigar, and they were discussing the Battle of Fallen Timbers. Grandpa Nye gave Daddy and Uncle Charles some facts about the battle they hadn't known before. He had followed the march of General Wayne's army step by step—by car, of course—going north along the course of the original road Anthony Wayne cut through the forest. "Mad Anthony Wayne was anything but mad," Grandpa Nye said. And to me he said, "The Indians called him Black Snake, which they esteemed as the wisest, the most watchful, and the most careful of creatures."

"The date of the Battle of Fallen Timbers, Vanessa, was August 20, 1794," Uncle Charles said, looking at me sternly for the moment.

Daddy and Uncle Charles and Grandpa Nye returned to their talk-



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ing, but they continued to look at me from time to time, and I felt the grace of possessing a quality not mine but given me by the strange accidents of time, of blood, of love. In Uncle Charles' love for me there was the recollection of the love he felt for his aunt when he was a little boy and she was a young woman, and in Grandpa Nye's love for me there was the recollection of the love he felt for his mother when he was a little boy and for his sister when he was a young man. In loving me they were old men loving a young girl of their blood, and also young men, little boys, loving a grown woman of their blood.

Mama was talking to Aunt Janice and Aunt Melissa. "I don't know what we're going to do about Vanessa," she said. "She per*spires* so. It goes right through the shields. She ruins *all* her evening dresses."

The fat worm wrapped around my brain, shut out my breath, the light, squeezed water out onto my hands. My underarms were dripping, cold. Mama reached out to pat me when I went by her chair going out of the room. I hated her hands. I hated her to touch me. I couldn't stand it. I wanted to scream. When I was in the hall, I looked under my arms. The white and gold of my evening dress were turning to gray green.

I went upstairs and into the room where Grandpa Nye wrote "Old Tippecanoe: The Life and Times of William Henry Harrison," and where on top of the papers on his desk was his prism, catching gleams of light and transforming them. I picked up the prism and stood holding it, humiliated. I wanted to throw it through the window and break out into the clear cold night and go down into the woods beyond Grandpa Nye's back wall, over the stile below the woodpile and down through the night past the tall oaks and the sycamores, down through time to the little stream, Bloody Run—way down the hill in the valley of the woods, where Grandpa Nye swam when he was a boy and the Ohio and the Big Miami and the Little Miami and Bloody Run were sweet warm streams full of sunlight and fish; and there in a grove of beech trees, which had been there even in the days of Daniel Boone and were a part of the original forest, I would bend down and find, gleaming in the dappled sunlight, an Indian arrowhead.

WHEN Grandpa Nye had finished telling me the story of his boyhood on that afternoon I visited

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Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna. • Bienne, Switzerland • Brussels • London • Toronto him and we were alone, Olympia came softly into the library, bringing us tea.

"Thank you, Olympia," Grandpa Nye said.

"Miss Janice is still downtown," Olympia said, "but she'll be home right soon."

I poured the tea and passed Grandpa Nye the bread-and-butter sandwiches. Then Calvin was at the front door and I went to let him in. Calvin was the West Highland terrier that Grandpa Nye and Aunt Janice got on their wedding trip to Scotland. His nose twinkled on my shins and he smelled pink and raw, like the flesh I could see through his shaggy white coat because ever since Aunt Janice got him she had washed him three times a week in Dreft. Once Daddy said, "There's no *dog* left in him." Grandpa Nye gave Calvin a bread-and-butter sandwich and told him to lie down and be a good boy.

"I was going to tell you about the first DeGolyer to walk in the American forest," Grandpa Nye said. "I was going to tell you about the forest then, and the Indians, and about the work of being a pioneer, but there is not enough time left today. But the name of the first DeGolyer to come to the New World was James. He came as a soldier in the army of Montcalm."

"Then he was at Quebec, and he fought on the Plains of Abraham in 1759," I said, showing off.

"Right," said Grandpa Nye. "But . . . perhaps . . . We *know* only that he was with the troops who sailed from Brest with the Marquis de Montcalm on the third of April, 1756, and arrived at Quebec on the thirteenth of May, and that after the war he was in Boston, where he married Jane Hatch, and that then he was at Fonda's Bush, New York, which was then on the edge of the wilderness, and that there he chopped his farm out of the forest, raised a large family, and became a man of substance and standing in the community. The site of his house is called to this day Frenchman's Corner. This James and four of his sons are on the lists as soldiers of the Revolution. When Burgoyne marched south from Ticonderoga, they shouldered their hunting rifles and joined the local militia. They were with the forces which, led by the brave General Arnold, and aided by Morgan's sharpshooters, defeated Burgoyne's army in the battle at Freeman's farm, October 7, 1777, and the next day at Saratoga surrounded the British General and forced him to surrender. One of James DeGolyer's sons, Samuel, laid down his life fighting for our

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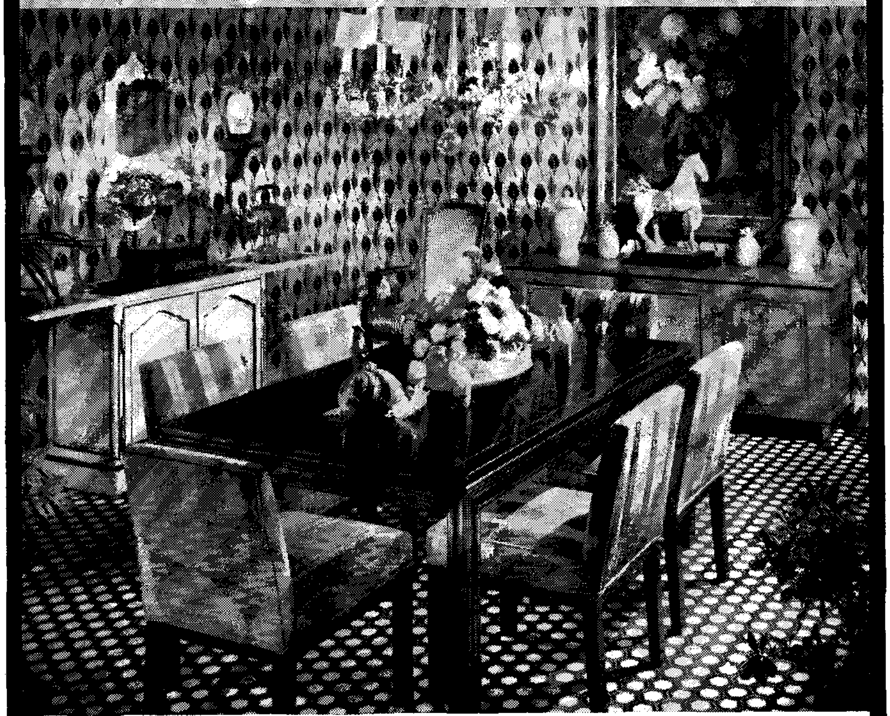

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Independence at Freeman's farm. Another of them gained a certain fame, for he was stationed at West Point, and he guarded the spy Major André, and loaned him his Bible on the eve of his execution."

Grandpa Nye stopped talking. He smoked his cigar, and was absorbed in his thought. As I looked at his old face lit by the green lamp on his desk, it seemed to me that he was sad suddenly. I looked at his thick white hair and his long leathery cheeks, his long hooked nose, and at his mouth, which was worn and old and wet and tore me up with feeling for him.

When I was little, I thought he looked like Tecumseh—like the dark engraving of Tecumseh that illustrated the essay he wrote on Tecumseh somewhere in a set of brown leather volumes called "Famous Heroes and Statesmen." Once an old man bent down and said to me, "Your grandfather as a young man was lithe and handsome as an Indian. There was no other like him in Cincinnati."

Looking at him, I wondered and asked, "Grandpa Nye, do you think maybe we have Indian blood in us?"

He didn't hear me. "Shall we bring in some wood for the fire?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I said.

We got our coats and went through the dining room and the dark-wood pantry and the big dark kitchen and out the back door. When we were down by the woodpile, I started to ask him again, "Grandpa Nye, do you think maybe we have—"

"No," he said. I looked at his blue eyes, and he was looking out into his woods. "But we've a wildness in us and a love of the wilderness that makes us think we must be Indians. For me the great events of my life were my canoe trips in the Far North, when I made my way through the wilderness as the Indians had in early days. My last canoe trip was in the summer of '28, when we went from Norway House at the northeast end of Lake Winnipeg to York Factory on Hudson Bay. It has since been a great sorrow to me that . . ." he said, and broke off.

At home, I had a little leather-bound volume of poems Grandpa Nye wrote, called "Cedar and Spruce," published in September, 1918, and in the dedication Grandpa Nye said, "These verses were written for my sons, who, like their father, love the wilderness. This year these dear boys of mine are in France fighting their country's battles and could not go on a canoe trip in the country just south of Hudson Bay. To

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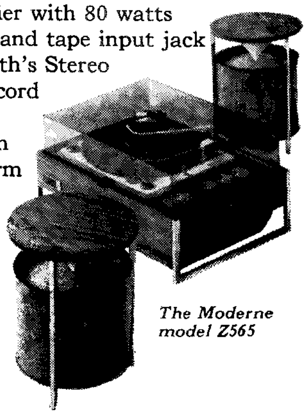

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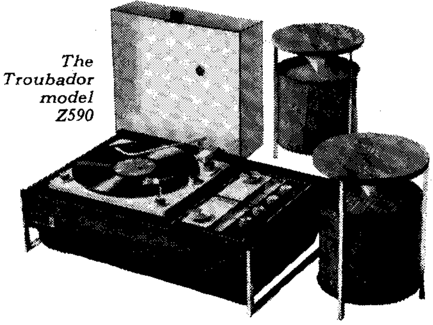

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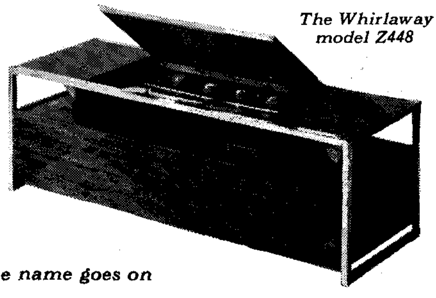

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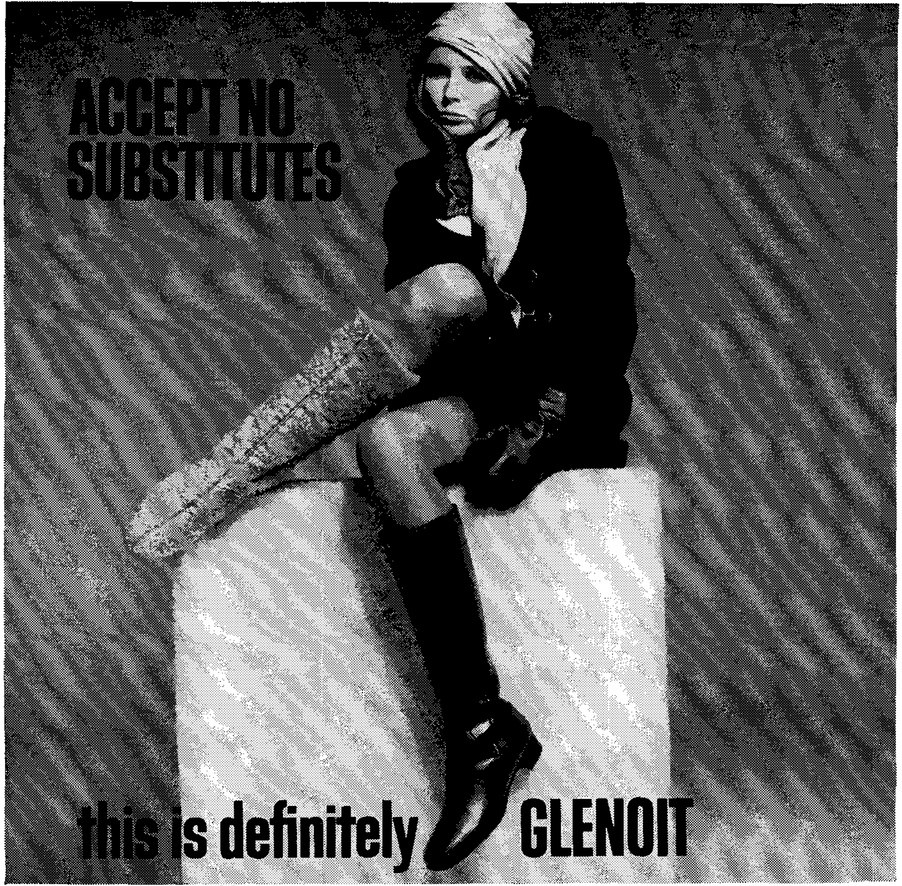

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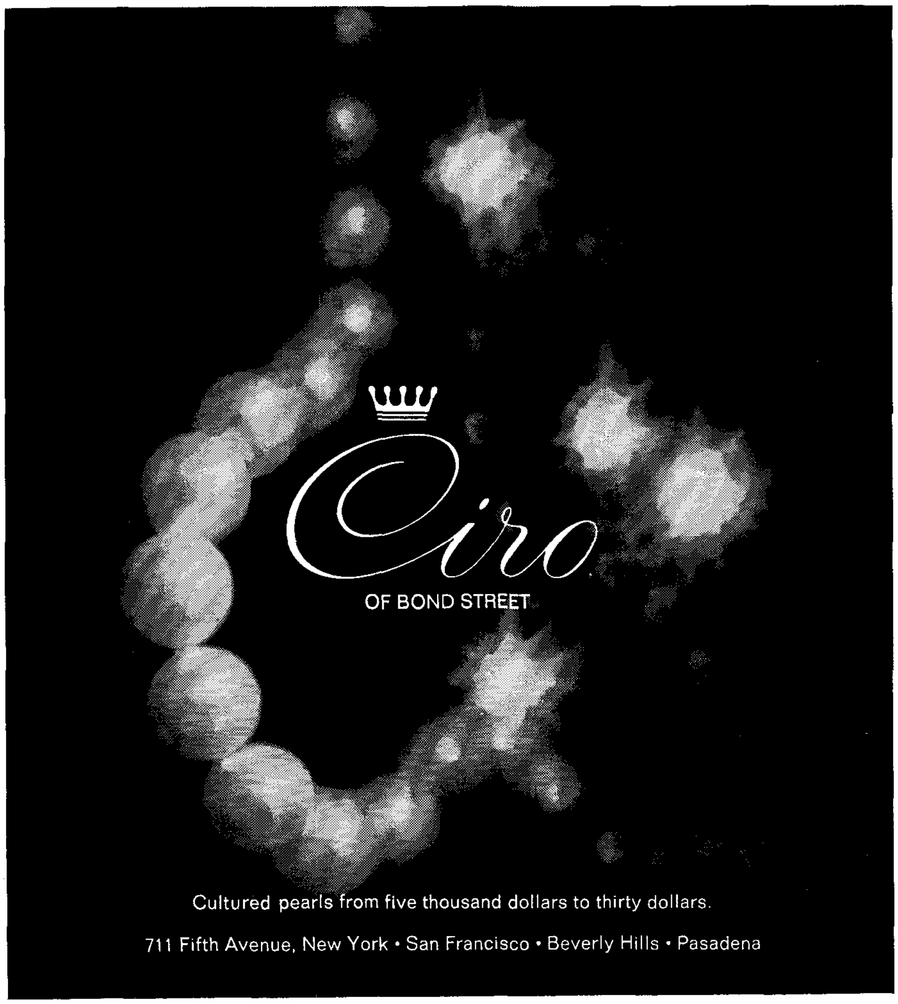

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please them I have made a little volume of these verses of the wild woodland, as that was the easiest way to send them 'over there.' "

Daddy was still too young to go to war, and in a poem called "To My Son Morgan" Grandpa Nye wrote:

> I've crossed life's middle line
> The morning hours are thine
> And when I play with thee
> Thou givest thy morn to me.

Grandpa Nye selected some small logs from the woodpile and he gave them to me to carry. "Is that too much?" he said.

"Oh, no," I said.

"You have the wildness in you," he said. "It worries me."

Happy, I carried in the wood from the branches of trees Grandpa Nye had felled himself in his woods. He chopped the logs and split them. He was famous for his skill with the ax. "None of us could keep up with him," Daddy said. When Daddy was little, he used to go along every Saturday afternoon when Grandpa Nye went with his wheelbarrow into the woods below his house to chop wood. On the way out, Daddy rode in the wheelbarrow, which Grandpa Nye pushed. On the way back, Xerxes, the colored man, carried Daddy like a sack over his shoulders.

For many years the sound of Grandpa Nye's ax could be heard in the neighborhood, and when he was very old and no longer able to chop wood, in his ninetieth year and after, he could still be seen on certain afternoons in the old hat he wore around the place in spite of what Aunt Janice said, and in his woodsman's coat, walking slowly down Salt Lick Avenue with his wheelbarrow. Calvin, who was also very old, walked slowly along beside him, and waited when Grandpa Nye stooped down to pick up twigs and fallen branches for his fire.

Other afternoons, taking one of his favorite canes, Grandpa Nye would go out the back door and down and slowly up over the stile into his woods where he walked among the giant oaks, his feet shuffling through the leaves, his old hand reaching to touch the bark of a tree, the voice of his wandering mind occasionally speaking. "Oh, my dear boys," he said. "My sons."

—HANNAH GREEN

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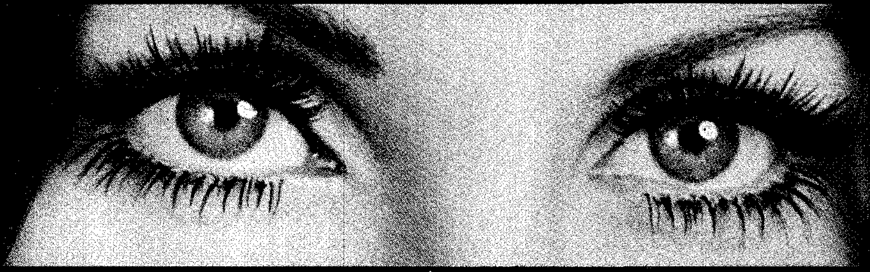

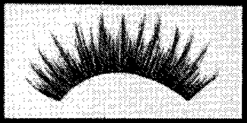

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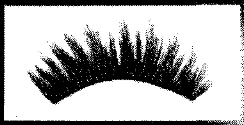

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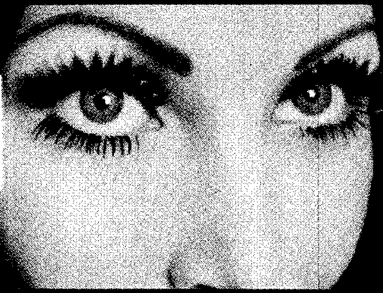

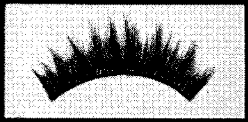

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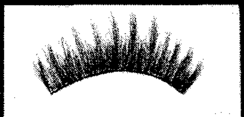
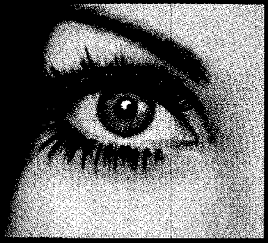
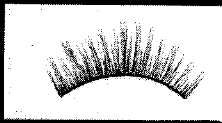


Natural Heavy Flutters





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THE THEATRE

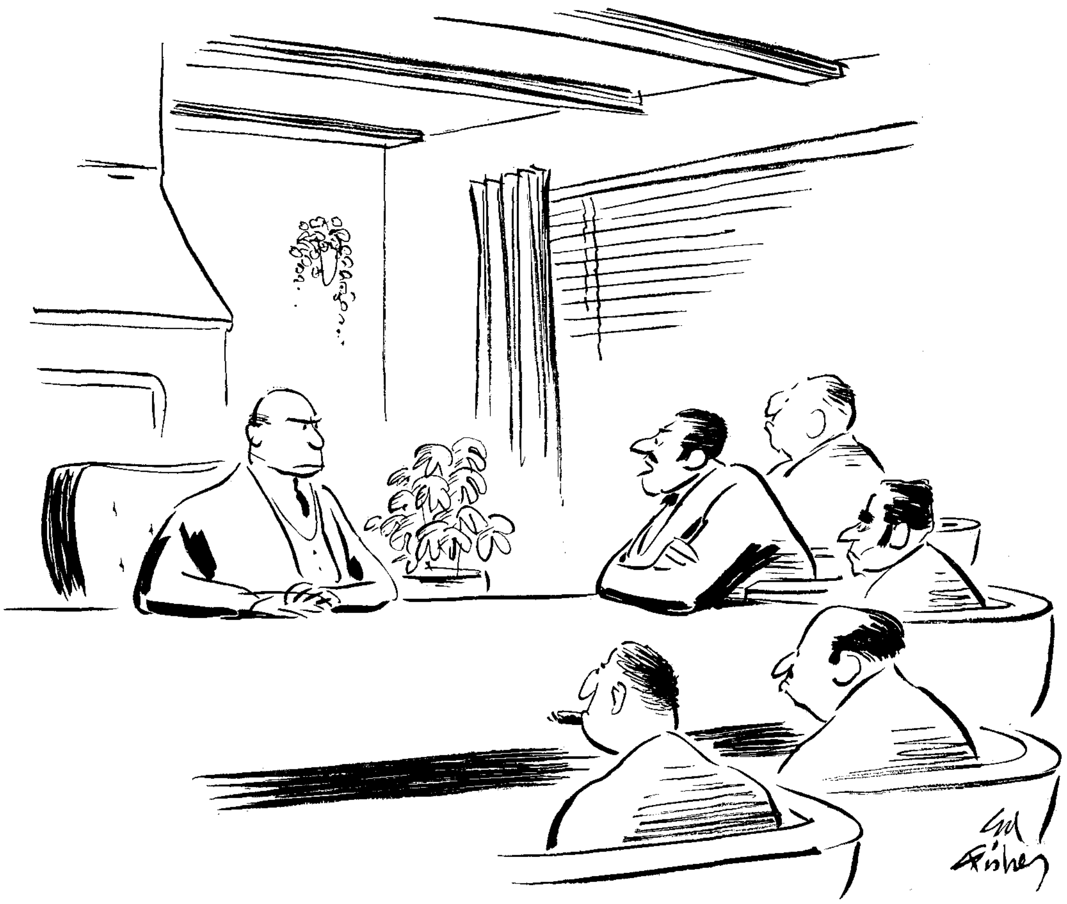
IN OLD VIENNA

JOHN OSBORNE's "A Patriot for Me," at the Imperial, is an old-fashioned, neatly put together melodrama—a sort of homosexual "Mayerling," with which it shares roughly the same time and place and much the same army and court background. The play covers some twenty years of its sad hero's continuously vexed life with a succession of petulant male lovers, and ends with his suicide, imposed on him by his fellow-officers of the Royal and Imperial Army not because of his sexual proclivities but because these proclivities, added to a weakness for living beyond his means, have trapped him into serving as a spy for the wily Russians. All very tragic and romantic, and all, to tell the truth, moonshine, but Mr. Osborne has become so devilishly clever a writer of brisk, surefire blackout scenes, each with its little O. Henry-like whiplash of a line, that we never give a moment's thought to what a waste of his great talent such a conventionally agreeable evening in the theatre amounts to. The young rebel of yesterday has begun to imitate his despised predecessors. Are new versions of "Cavalcade" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" around the corner, this time in drag?

"A Patriot for Me" is said to be based on a true incident, but it would have been just as easy for Mr. Osborne to make the whole thing up. We are never permitted a glimpse beneath the suave, paper-thin surface of his characters, and the only one of the twenty scenes that appears to have aroused in him something more than a professional interest in problem-solving is a gorgeous transvestite ball, which proves so amusing that, though it does very little to further the plot, it is permitted to become the longest scene in the play. Maximilian Schell plays the part of the miserable homosexual with his usual stiffness, which in this case happens to work out very well. Salome Jens is too strong a creature to be contained in her role as an implausibly lovelorn countess, and Dennis King makes a brief, sensational appearance as an aging baron in a rich ball gown, ropes of pearls, and a tipsy tiara. The sets were designed by Oliver Smith, and the costumes by Freddy Wittop. The director was Peter Glenville. I feel obliged to mention that the play does not come to the audience direct from the stage of the Imperial; it comes from two damnable public-address-system speakers hanging at either side of the stage. I would a thousand times rather have actors shout at me than have their metallic voices reach me from a point fifty feet away from their bodies.

THE American National Theatre and Academy, known as ANTA, and the National Council on the Arts have recently got married, or engaged, or *some*thing, and the ANTA Theatre, which is by far the most attractive legitimate theatre in town, is henceforth to serve as a partially subsidized showcase for the performing arts, both local and off-island. The first group to go on display under the new dispensation is the American Conservatory Theatre of San Francisco, presided over by William Ball. In an engagement limited to four weeks, the company, called ACT for short (I'll bet anything the acronym preceded what it stands for), is offering three of the most successful items in its repertory—Albee's "Tiny Alice," Feydeau's "A Flea in Her Ear," and Chekhov's "The Three Sisters." Mr. Ball, who directed "Tiny Alice," has roundly declared that the play is a masterpiece, and I no less roundly declare it is not. In the course of attempting to prove his extravagant point, Mr. Ball has betrayed his playwright; with the virtuous purpose of making the play seem bigger than it really is, he has made it seem smaller.

To my mind, "Tiny Alice" isn't in the true Albee vein at all—it echoes, and with an uneasy aptness, the gnomic theological ghost stories that Eliot used to tell himself to make his dry flesh creep. Mr. Albee's portentous throwaways on chance and form and God



"Look, Capo, it isn't me saying you're through, and it isn't Louie here saying so, or Lefty, or Three Fingers. It's the computer that says you're through."

and love and illusion are constantly at cross-purposes with his bent for lacerating, animal-like confrontations. There is a radical discrepancy in the play between what he makes his characters think and what he lets them feel; only the butler (named Butler; a donnish Albee practices donnish pranks) is at once genuinely complex and all of a piece. It is not surprising that he fairly steals the show from Brother Julian, who has the most lines, as well as the least interesting ones, and who, having begun as a fool for Christ, ends as a fool for Miss Alice, the exceedingly rich young/old hag whose reasons for marrying him poor Julian is numbly unable to fathom. Hysteria is mentioned several times in the play, and Mr. Ball appears to have taken this as a hint on how to direct it. Three of the main characters—the cardinal, the lawyer, and Miss Alice—shout and bicker and froth at the mouth, sweeping with relentless agitation about the stage despite the fact that they have nowhere to go and nothing to do and could as well recite their parts seated on three stools in a row. Julian provides the climax of the play by getting shot; mortally wounded, he proceeds to deliver a speech that gets ever louder and more vigorous as his life's blood ebbs away. In a final, preposterous episode, Mr. Ball has Julian reel up a steep flight of stairs and pound fiercely on a great set of double doors that, when they swing open, reveal nothing, upon which Julian somersaults headlong down the stairs, in a fall that might well do permanent injury to an Olympic gymnast in the best of health. Nor does the fall finish him off; a veritable Rasputin for punishment, he pulls himself up and again harangues the audience before expiring. There are many implausible death scenes in drama; it is Mr. Ball's distinction to have staged this one in such a way that it not only seems interminable but teeters on the brink of being extremely funny.

Brother Julian is enacted—now well, now badly, and the change may come between one line and the next—by Paul Shenar. The cardinal is played by Harry Frazier, the lawyer by Ray Reinhardt, Miss Alice by DeAnn Mears, and Butler by Philip Kerr, who evidently relishes the role. The settings are by Stuart Wurtzel.

Gower Champion's flagrantly witless vulgarization of Feydeau's "A Flea in Her Ear" (a farce that in its own day was by no means the most

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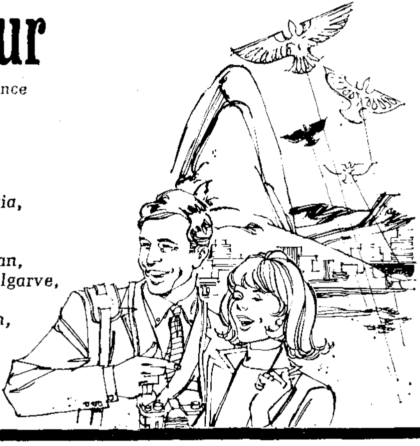

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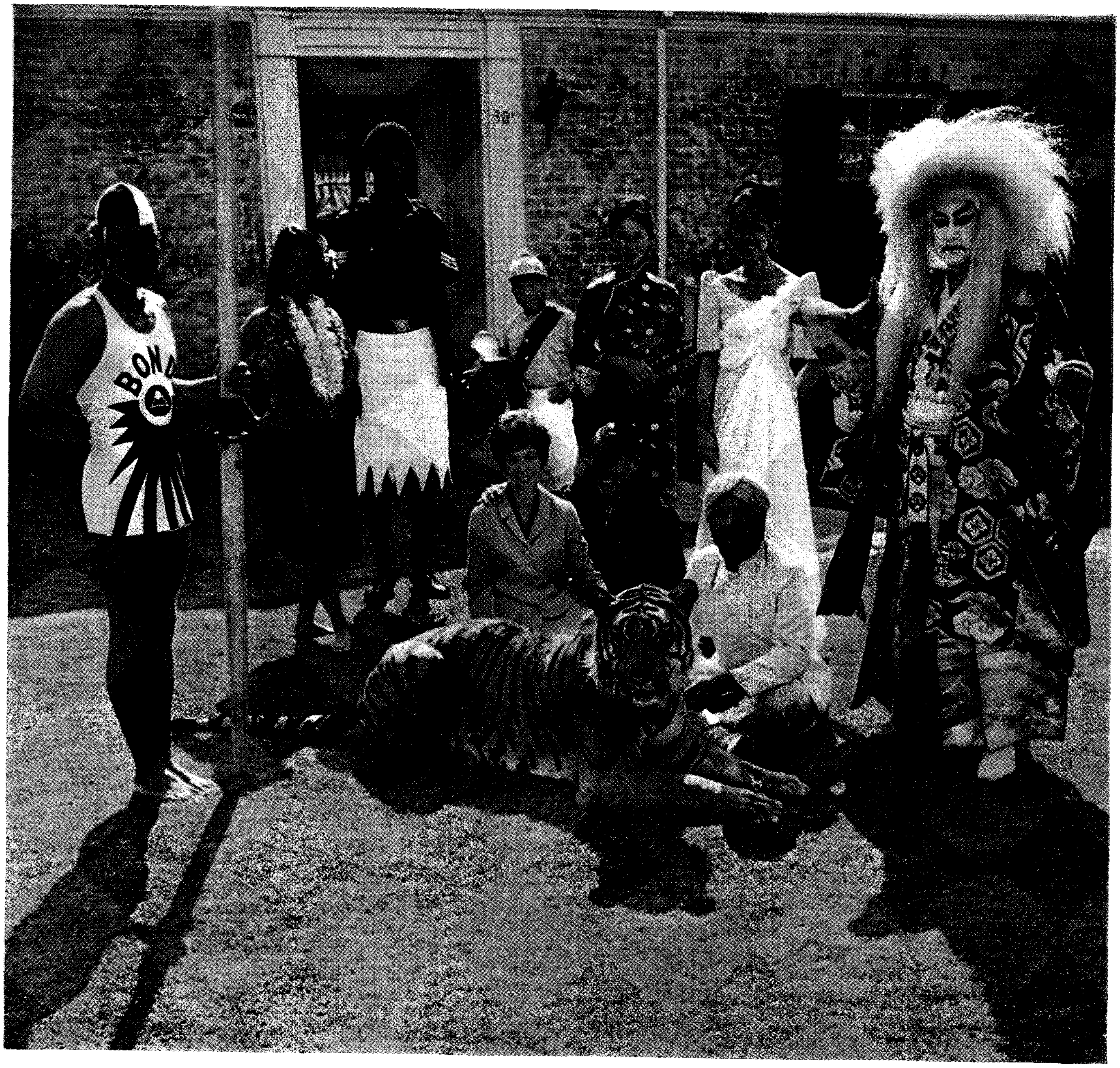
exquisite flower of French theatre) irritated me to the point where I felt I could not answer for my conduct if I were obliged to sit through the third, and final, act. There are occasions when absence becomes the highest form of homage, and I left the ANTA partly in order to keep from becoming a groaning nuisance to my near neighbors in the audience and partly in order to protest on behalf of Feydeau in heaven one of the clumsiest distortions his handiwork has yet suffered on earth. Feydeau constructed farces with the nicest possible calculation of the timing of every line and every piece of stage business, and these hairbreadth tolerances are tampered with at one's peril; if they risk failing to seem comical in 1969, as Mr. Champion plainly feared they would, they cannot be refreshed by dint of merely speeding them up and Camping them up. The director has thought it clever to give the play the jittery pace of early silent movies; he has also encouraged his actors to wear the heavy and grotesque makeup of the early Keystone period, and to overact ad lib. The worst offenders in this respect are Michael O'Sullivan, who plays a man with a cleft palate, and who works so hard at milking laughs out of that not very hilarious defect that he seems totally inhuman, and Herman Poppe, who plays a jealous Spanish nobleman as if he were a cretinous freak in some backwoods sideshow. The handsome and ingenious black-and-white settings are by Mr. Wurtzel.

YOU don't have to be Jewish to like Levy's bread, but I suspect you *do* have to be Jewish to be swept off your feet—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say be kept awake—by a sentimental vaudeville called the "New Music Hall of Israel," at the Lunt-Fontanne. It's the sort of mindless, high-spirited gallimaufry that one sees on Ed Sullivan's TV show, and it wasn't surprising to discover Old Rocky Face himself crouched in the audience on opening night; indeed, I half expected him to clamber up onto the stage and squeeze out a few words of exiguous badinage with the performers, and it is a measure of the mildness of my response to the show that I would have found such an interlude enlivening. The "name" star of the evening was a strong-voiced, good-looking singer named Geula Gill, but the star for me was a man bearing the single name of Almonzino, who gave an enchanting demonstration of



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what is surely the oldest art form on earth—one that goes back at least to Lascaux and that must have actually been invented within a few minutes of the time man was first able to kindle a fire against the dark: the art of casting significant shadows by the manipulation of one's hands between a source of light and a plane surface. With the help of a projector and an opaque plastic screen, Almonzino brought into fleeting existence an extraordinary profusion of plants, animals, and famous mortals, including Golda Meir and President Nixon. The show was staged and the dances were choreographed by Jonathan Karmon, who performed a like office for the "Grand Music Hall of Israel" when it played here last year. Consulting my files, I find that I praised that vaudeville, and here I am deprecating this nearly identical one. The fickleness of reviewers! *Shalom.*

—BRENDAN GILL

•

TO : PM/Branch Chiefs
Section Heads
FROM : FM/Chief
SUBJECT: Pericynthion, perilune, periselenium, or what have you?

For many years MSC has used the terms "pericynthion" and "apocynthion" but we have never persuaded the rest of the world to use them; therefore, instead of fighting them, we're going to join them and, from now on, all MPAD memos and reports shall use the more generally accepted "perilune" and "apolune."

The terms "pericynthion" and "apocynthion" were selected about ten years ago by some people at MSC who did not want to mix Latin and Greek terms; however, even today only about 20% of MSC uses the term "pericynthion" and the majority of the Aerospace industries use the terms "perilune" and "apolune," therefore, MPAD will bow to the majority and use these terms even if they're not esthetically correct.—*Memorandum from the Mission Planning & Analysis Division, Manned Spacecraft Center, Houston.*

That's not the spirit that got us to the moon.

•

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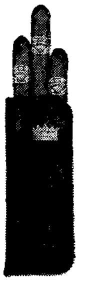

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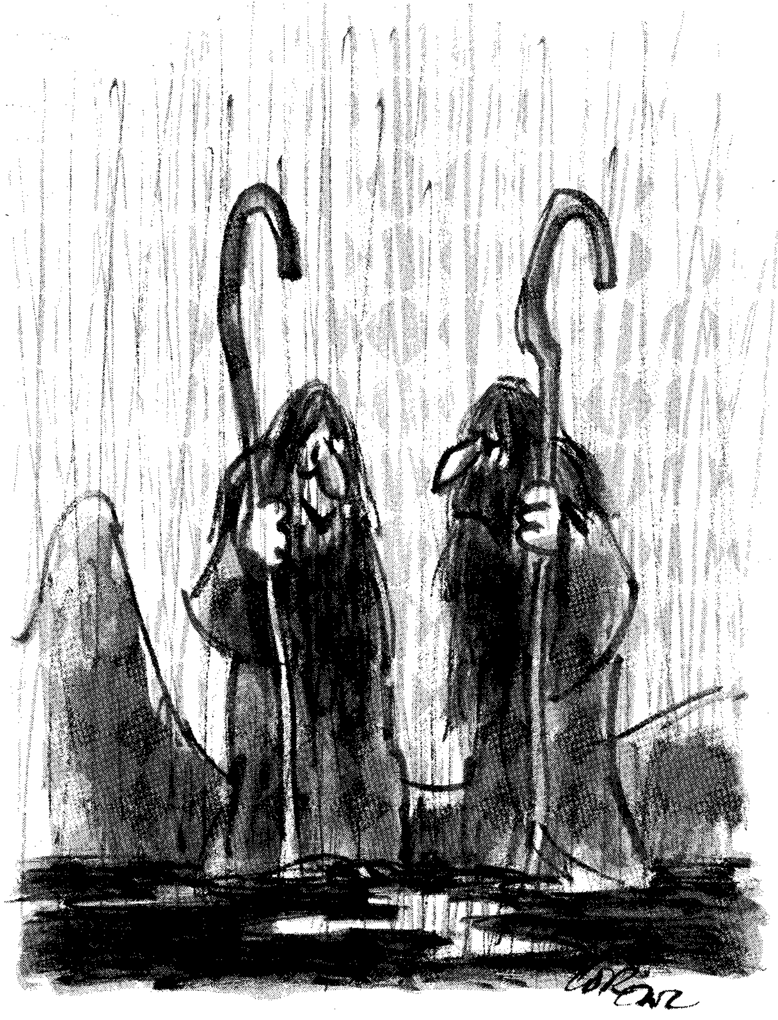
LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

OCTOBER 3

THE Manned Spacecraft Center, outside Houston, is in a lull between Apollo 11 and Apollo 12. The scientists of the Preliminary Examination Team, or PET, have completed the initial survey of the rocks and dust that the Apollo 11 astronauts brought back from the moon, and many of the PET geologists have gone home to take a breather before the Apollo 12 mission, in November. The Space Center isn't big enough to hold, for long, the moon rocks as well as all the people who are interested in them, and already some of the samples are being scattered around the earth—as they may have been scattered around the moon when they were originally ejected from a crater. When I came to the Space Center recently, I travelled by way of Washington, D.C., where a number of the PET scientists were assembled to give an official report at a conference in the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of Natural History—to which they were presenting a large chunk of moon rock, a lone bit of ejecta from the Space Center. Since most of the contents of the report were already known, the meeting was anticlimactic; I attended it in the hope that something new would, after all, be revealed. On the way into the Museum auditorium, I passed an exhibit devoted to the work of the nineteenth-century geologist John W. Powell, who, a hundred years ago, was the first man known to have navigated the Grand Canyon, where he collected some rock samples. Not far from the Powell memorabilia I saw the moon rock, picked up by Neil A. Armstrong—a gray slab that resembles a lump of coal.

The auditorium, a round, vaulted room, was about half full, and on its platform a row of a dozen chairs, behind a long table covered with a green cloth, awaited the scientists. I took a seat in the rear of the room next to a distinguished-looking man with a pointed white goatee who was feverishly scribbling on a pad balanced on his knee; he was Dr. Clifford Frondel, a Harvard geologist and the senior member of the PET, and he was making notes for the forthcoming presentation. When he had finished, he said, "What we've been doing this summer hasn't been much different from some research I did eight years ago, after I came back from a trip into the highlands of Madagascar. No scientist had ever been there before, and everything was new and different—the rocks, the flowers, the plants. I picked up everything I could get my hands on, and on the flight home I had to pay the airline two hundred dollars for extra baggage. Back in my laboratory, I ripped open the boxes and dumped out the rocks as if they were pure gold—which, in a sense, they were. Basically, the testing procedures we followed with the moon rocks were the same I followed with the Madagascar rocks—or the same any geologist would use on unknown samples—although, of course, we couldn't just dump the moon rocks out on a table. But perhaps the biggest difference was that we had to examine them in the presence of an enormous body of theory and speculation; normally you get your data first and formulate your theories later. For centuries, though, some of the world's greatest minds had speculated about the moon, and at last all the ideas were now put to the test. When the first rock was lifted up inside the vacuum chamber, just one glance was enough to show that it was igneous. One glimpse answered ages of speculation, and you could see theories falling all around. Finding titanium in it was another turning point, because it presumably indicated very high internal moon temperatures. Another was the extreme age of the rocks—over three and a half billion years! Then there were all those glass balls in the dust. That was a thriller. They're very pretty—they come in reds and browns and yellows—but they're very hard to interpret. Perhaps the rays from craters that people with telescopes have seen and wondered about are composed of glass fragments. No matter what we did with the moon rocks, the work was new and exciting. I passed a magnet over the dust to take out any spherules of iron. The iron had some nickel alloyed with it, and that showed it to be meteoritic in origin. Think of that! I was examining material from a meteor that impacted on the moon!"

One of the reports at the conference was given by Dr. William W. Kemmerer, the scientist in charge of the biological investigation of the samples. He said that the search for life on the moon had turned up absolutely nothing, not even one of the astronauts' own microflora—minute organisms from their bodies which Dr. Kemmerer had expected to find



"I must confess some small satisfaction in knowing that the unjust are also getting soaked to the bone."

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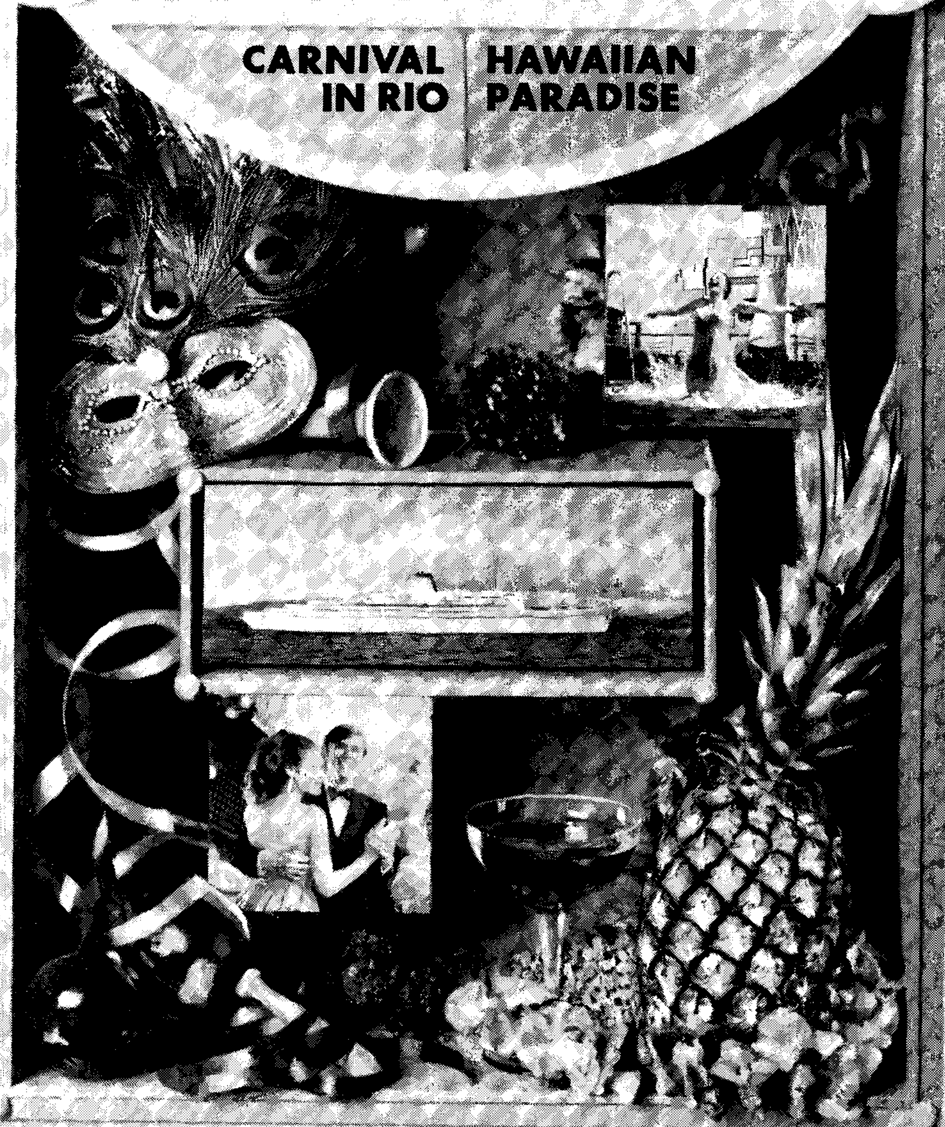

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contaminating the rocks and dust. (Biologists who were looking forward to investigating the effects of a sojourn on the moon upon such stowaways from the earth say they will now have to devise another way of getting earth organisms to the moon and back, such as microflora cultures that future astronauts may expose on the moon and then bring home with them.) Whenever Dr. Kemmerer discusses the evidence of life on the moon, he talks in a deliberately unencouraging way, and therefore when he gave his report (which in fact *was* notably unencouraging) nobody present realized that he had let slip something of some interest. As he was discussing the effects of the lunar dust on some of the plant-tissue cultures, he said, "Here, indeed, we did find changes. We did find effects upon these tissue cultures. However, these were indeed and most assuredly not due to replicating material [that is, living lunar organisms] at all." Then he went on about some more negative results—mice that had remained healthy after a dose of moon dust—and it was only much later that some of the reporters present thought of asking him *what* the effects of the lunar dust on plant-tissue cultures had been. Dr. Kemmerer said that a few of the plants had appeared a little bigger and a little greener. (Dr. Frondel said to me later that he had seen some of Dr. Kemmerer's plants, and hadn't noticed any difference at all.)

I CONTINUED my trip to the Space Center on the same airplane as Dr. Kemmerer, and when we arrived he offered to put me in touch with the biologist in charge of the plants. This was Dr. Charles H. Walkinshaw, a stocky, brown-haired young botanist on loan to the Space Center from the Department of Agriculture. He was quite excited about what the moon dust had done to his plants. He had sprinkled the dust on thirty-three different varieties, he said, ranging from the simplest, such as algae, to such complex ones as corn and tobacco. The dust had had no noticeable effect on the complex plants (these were evidently the ones Dr. Frondel had seen), but its effect on the simpler ones was startling, to put it mildly. Dr. Walkinshaw produced trays of liverworts and colonies of tiny ferns. The liverworts that hadn't received any moon dust were scraggly and yellow, but the ones that had—the moon dust was still visible where Dr. Walkinshaw had sprinkled it on the leaves—were a deep, lush green and were almost bursting out of

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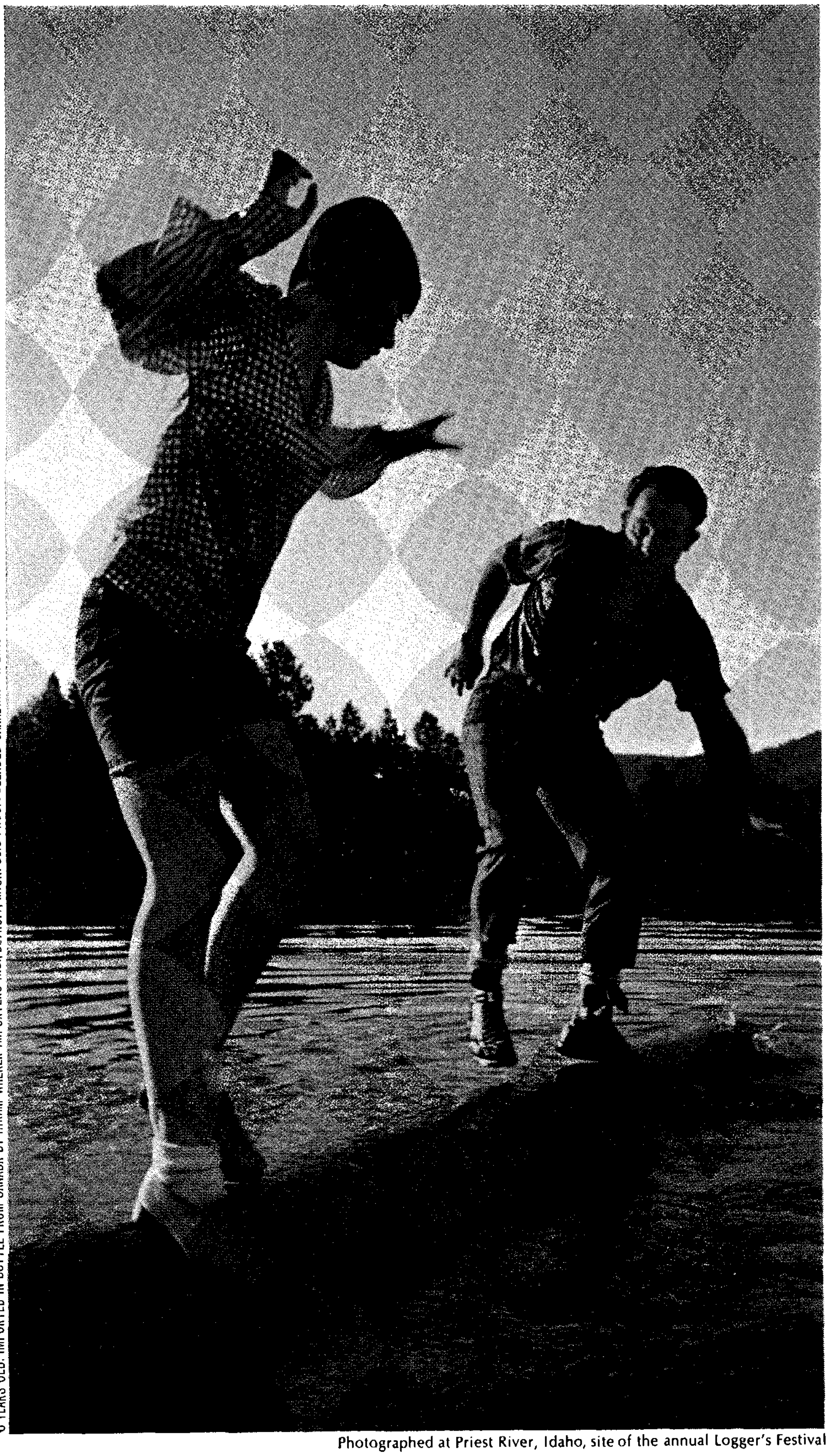

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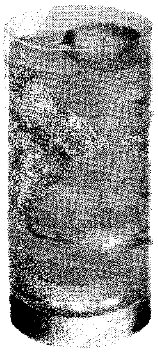

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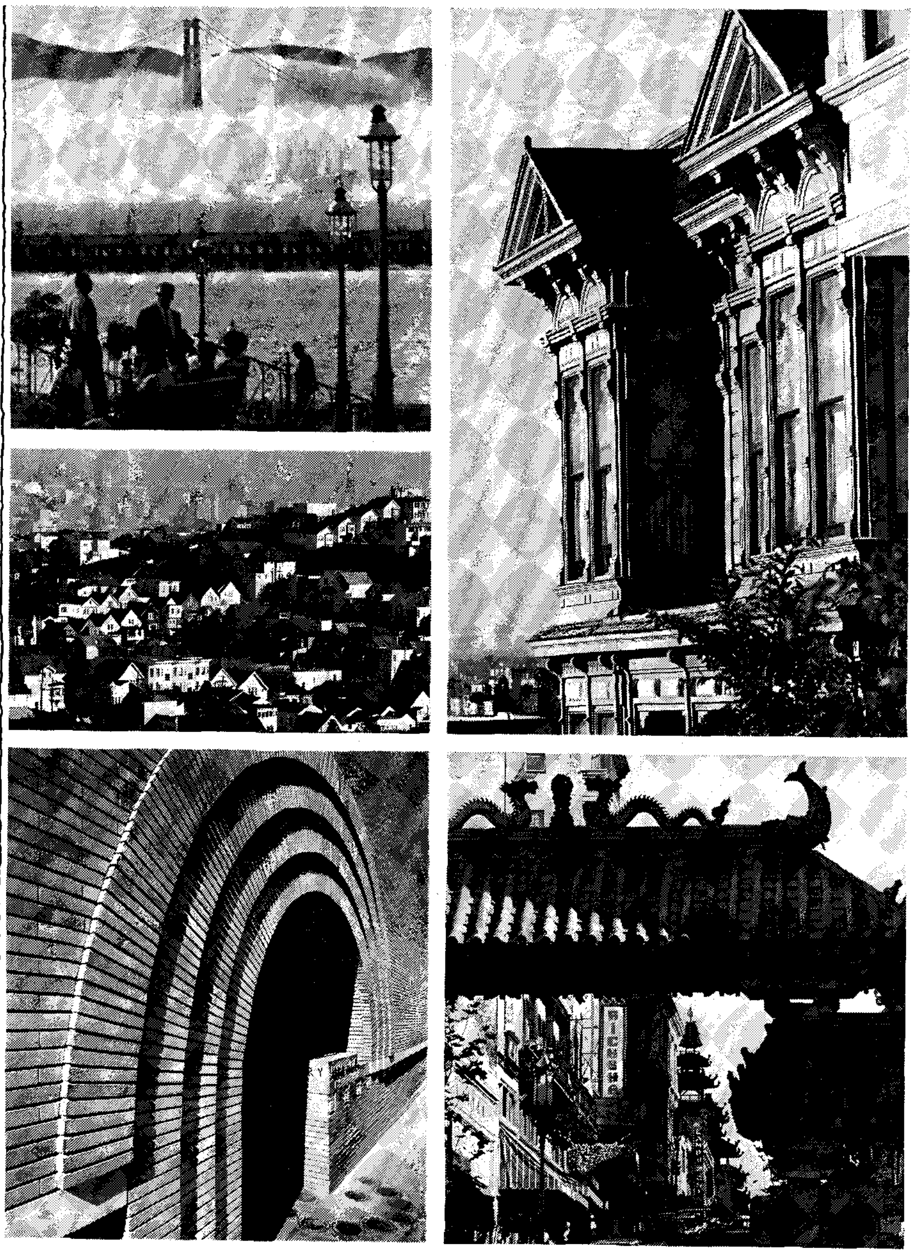
the glass containers they were in; they looked like thriving little heads of lettuce. The same was true of the colonies of small ferns. The exposed colonies were a riot of tiny greenery, while the others were a wilted brown. Dr. Walkinshaw was unable to account fully for the phenomenon, but he had some ideas. Since the cause was not organic, it most likely had to do with the chemistry of the moon dust, he said, and he added that he could duplicate the effect by sprinkling certain types of volcanic ash on the plants. Indeed, volcanic ash might be the soil that the earliest plants on earth developed in, he went on, and that might explain why the more primitive plants in his laboratory showed the greatest reaction to the moon dust. Moon dust is similar to volcanic ash in that it dissolves more slowly than the soils that advanced plants are used to; however, Dr. Walkinshaw thinks it possible that advanced plants could benefit from the moon dust if it were fed to them early enough in their life. He has found that a culture of very young cells from a tobacco plant thrives on the moon dust. He cautioned me against thinking of the moon as a sort of celestial compost heap; most of the plants he had treated with the moon dust, he said, would grow as well, or better, in their native habitats on earth, as opposed to the relatively poor culture medium he deliberately used in the laboratory.

The important thing, he continued, was that it appeared that plants *could* grow in lunar dust, which means that if the National Aeronautics and Space Administration ever established a moon colony, which would almost certainly require some sort of garden for both food and oxygen, the astronauts wouldn't have to take soil with them but *only* seeds and fertilizer. (The moon dust doesn't act as a fertilizer, or nutrient, but, rather, as a stimulant.) Plans for a moon base don't exist yet, but a number of young scientists at the Space Center are thinking about such a base in their spare time, and, in a laboratory near Dr. Walkinshaw's, Dr. Gerald R. Taylor, another young biologist, is using moon dust as a culture medium for bacteria; part of his work is based on the notion that bacteria may someday form the beginning of an ecological food chain on the moon. Neither Dr. Taylor nor Dr. Walkinshaw has a great deal of time for this type of speculation. The primary aim of Dr. Taylor's research at the moment is to find out if the moon dust is *toxic* to the bacteria, in order to determine whether the moon



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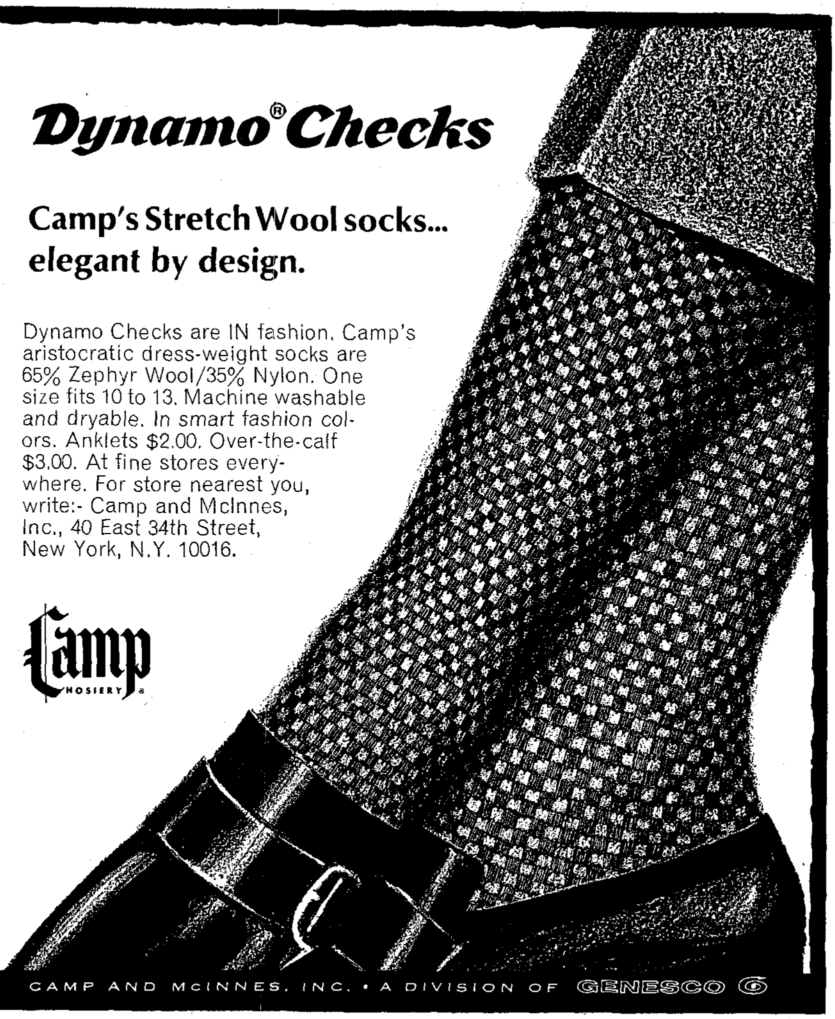

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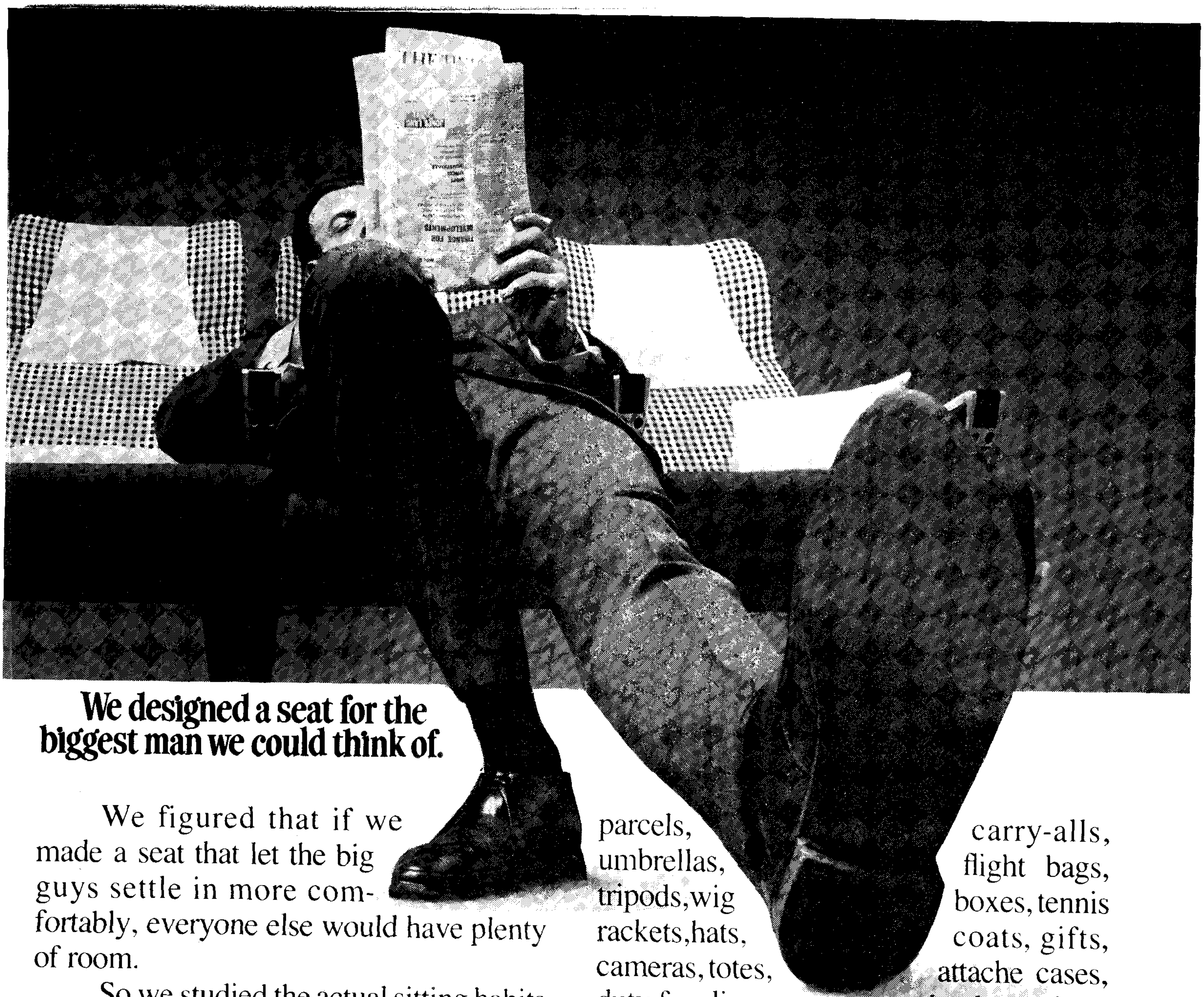
quarantine should be continued. Dr. Walkinshaw was about to throw out most of the liverworts, ferns, and tobacco he used the Apollo 11 dust on to make room in his laboratory for new plants, for experiments in the Apollo 12 program. Many of these plants are flats of pine seedlings, radishes, and cabbages, already flourishing under fluorescent light in a steel cabinet. However, he hopes to grow some other plants for the Apollo 12 experiments in an even poorer culture medium than before, so that the effects of the moon dust on their growth will be even more pronounced.

SOME of the geologists in the Space Center's Lunar Receiving Laboratory have been busy wrapping bits of rock and dust from the moon in aluminum foil and then sealing them in small containers for distribution to the next group of scientists who are to study them—a hundred and forty-two Principal Investigators, or P.I.s, at various places, who will be doing their own research on the samples. More than twenty-five of the P.I.s work outside the country. (There are no P.I.s in the Soviet Union, but the Soviet Academy of Science may receive a rock as a gift.) In the opinion of Dr. Daniel H. Anderson, who is in charge of distributing the bits of the moon to the P.I.s, the work that has been done on the samples up to now is nothing compared with what the P.I.s will do. Dr. Anderson, a tall, rangy man, is a member of both the PET and another group of scientists—the Lunar Sample Analysis Planning Team, or LSAPT, which, because it monitors the activities of the L.R.L., is rather pointedly called "Less Apt" by most PET members who are not on it. LSAPT also has the job of advising NASA about which P.I. gets how much of which sample, using the PET's findings as the basis for its decisions; if a P.I. wants to do work on the crystal structure of lunar feldspars, for instance, LSAPT will find the right rock for him. Dr. Anderson sees the P.I.s as members of a large orchestra playing a complicated fugue, the various sections concerning themselves with such different basic themes as chemical analysis, physical analysis, and radioactive analysis. The individuals in a section will sometimes play variations on the section's theme; for example, a physicist interested in radioactivity in the rocks and a geochemist interested in the gases they contain will both be estimating the ages of the rocks. (Naturally, the more types of evidence there are for the age of the



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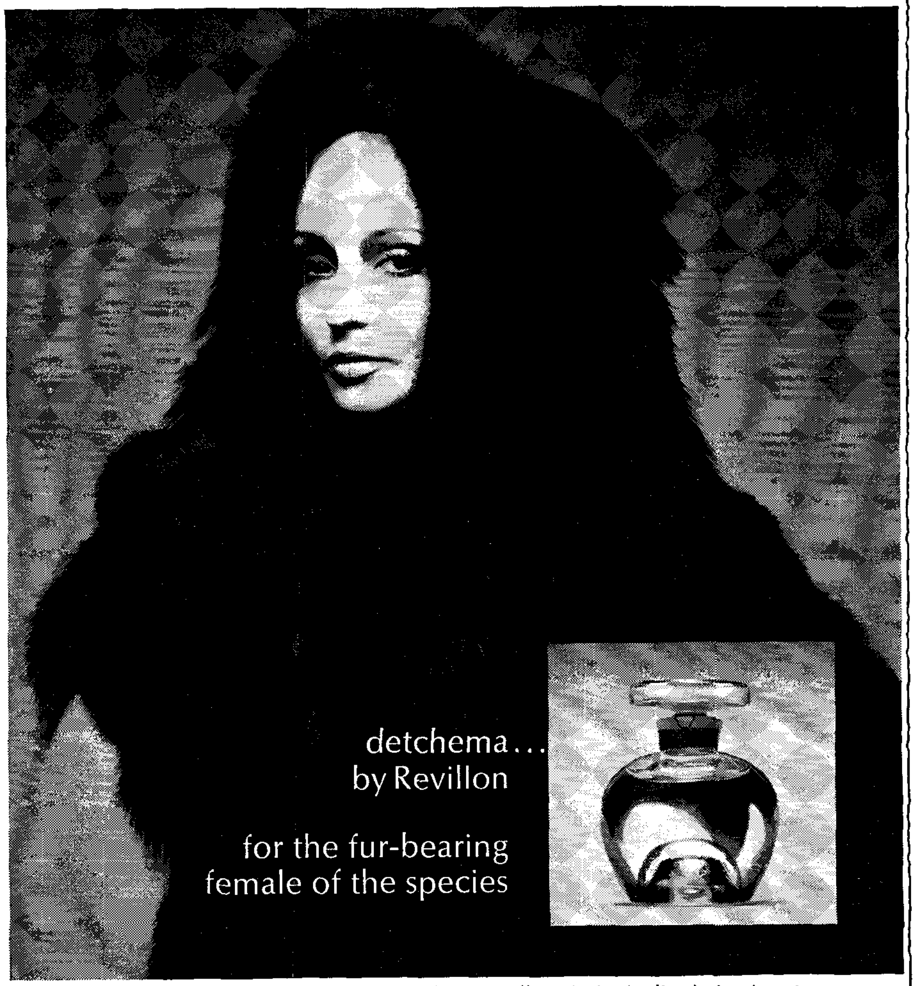

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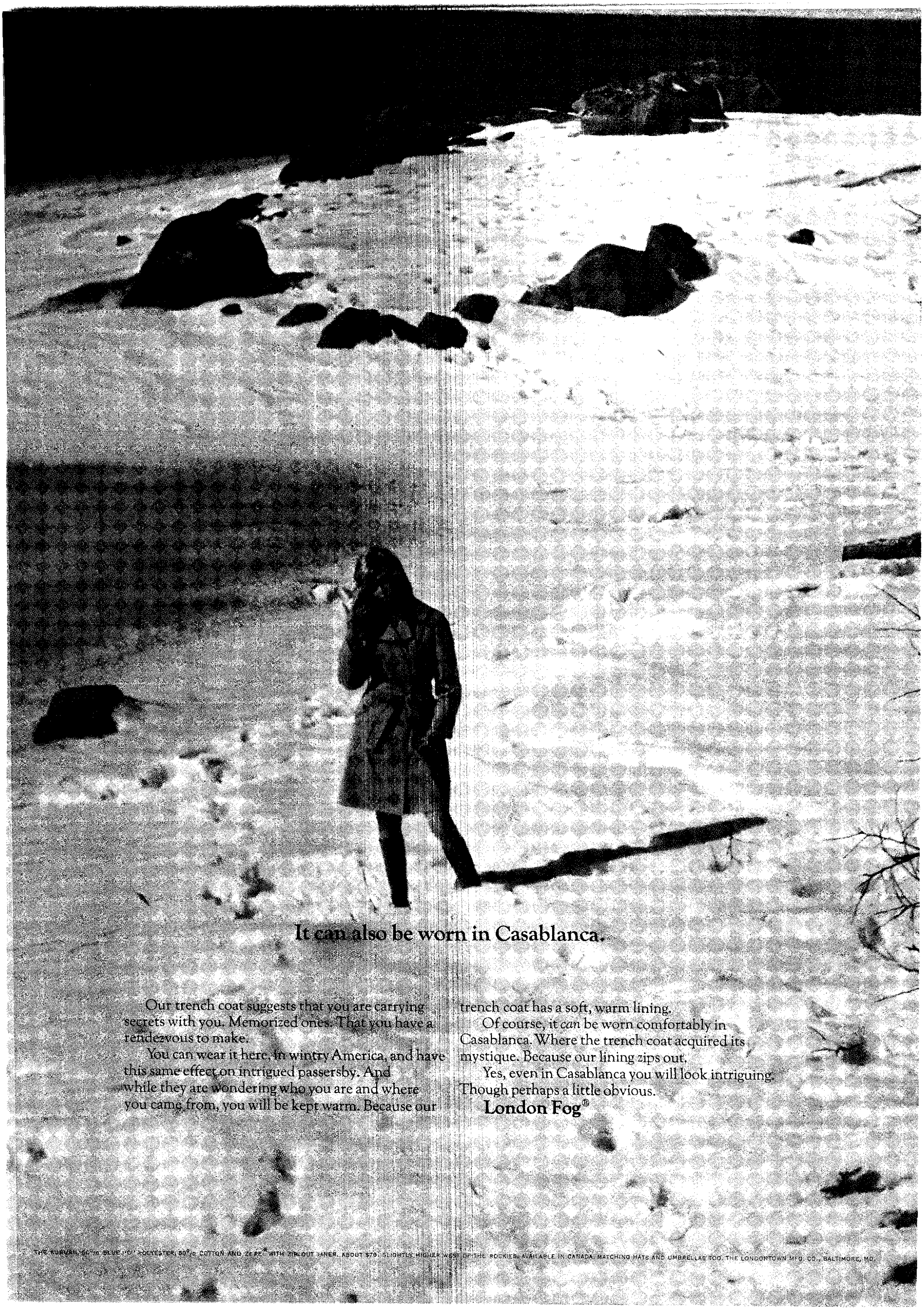
rocks, or for any other aspect of them, the more accurate the determinations will be.) There are a few seemingly unrelated lines of inquiry—which Dr. Anderson refers to as the *basso continuo* of the program—such as an attempt by one scientist to find magnetic monopoles in his sample. (A magnetic monopole is one magnetic pole by itself—a magnetic north pole unaccompanied by a south pole, say.) Some P.I.s may discover that they haven't much to go on—there is one who wants to look for living or fossil organisms in his sample—and these men may begin to feel like triangle players in the orchestra's rear chairs. The orchestra will perform in January, when all the P.I.s will gather at a conference to discuss their findings.

When I stopped in at Dr. Anderson's office, a room jammed with glass cabinets and filing cases, he was on the phone, explaining very politely to a scientist who had just asked him for a moon rock that it would be necessary to wait until Apollo 12 or 13. "Every day, we get two or three legitimate requests from reputable scientists who have just read in the newspapers about some new development concerning the moon rocks, which starts them speculating along some new line of their own," Dr. Anderson told me after he had hung up. "That's just the trouble—every time a discovery is made, it opens up five new lines of inquiry. We'll never have all the moon rocks we want; there are barely enough *earth* rocks for all the research that geologists want to do." Dr. Anderson also gets a good many non-scientific requests for moon materials; a pottery-maker in the West recently wrote to ask for some dust from the moon to mix with his clay, explaining that this would make his pots more "meaningful." The scientists who *are* getting lunar samples—the P.I.s, that is—are showing up at Dr. Anderson's office at the rate of five or six a day, though a few have arranged for the materials to be brought to them by trusted couriers. (Harry Winston, the New York jeweller, once consigned the Hope diamond to the United States mails, but NASA either puts a higher value on the moon rocks or has a lower opinion of the postal service. "Besides, getting a piece of the moon in the mail isn't as *satisfying* as picking it up yourself," Dr. Anderson says.) Before coming to Houston, the P.I.s have signed contracts with NASA promising that they won't give any of the samples to friends—importunate potters, for instance—and that any unused portions of rock will be returned. Before Dr.



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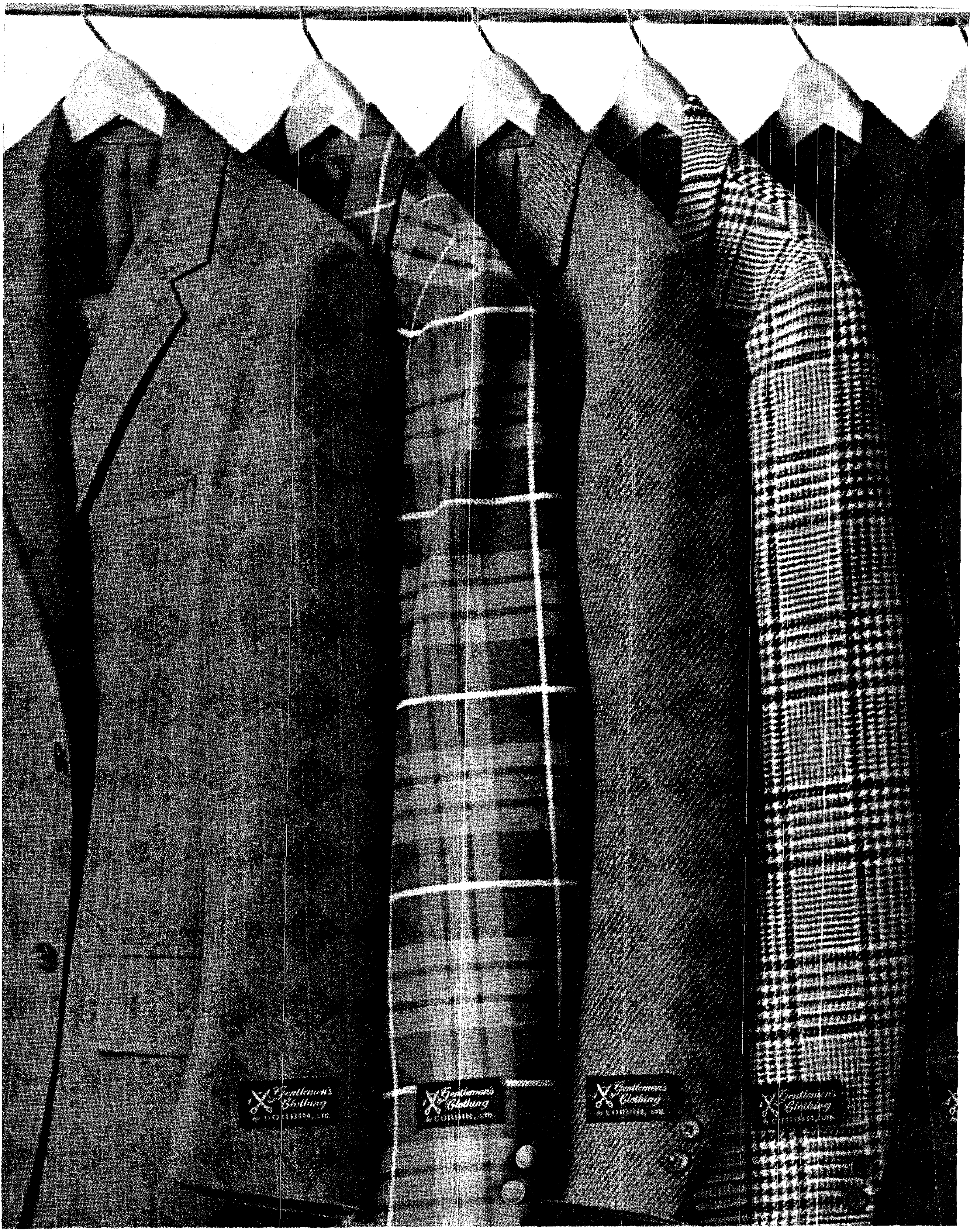
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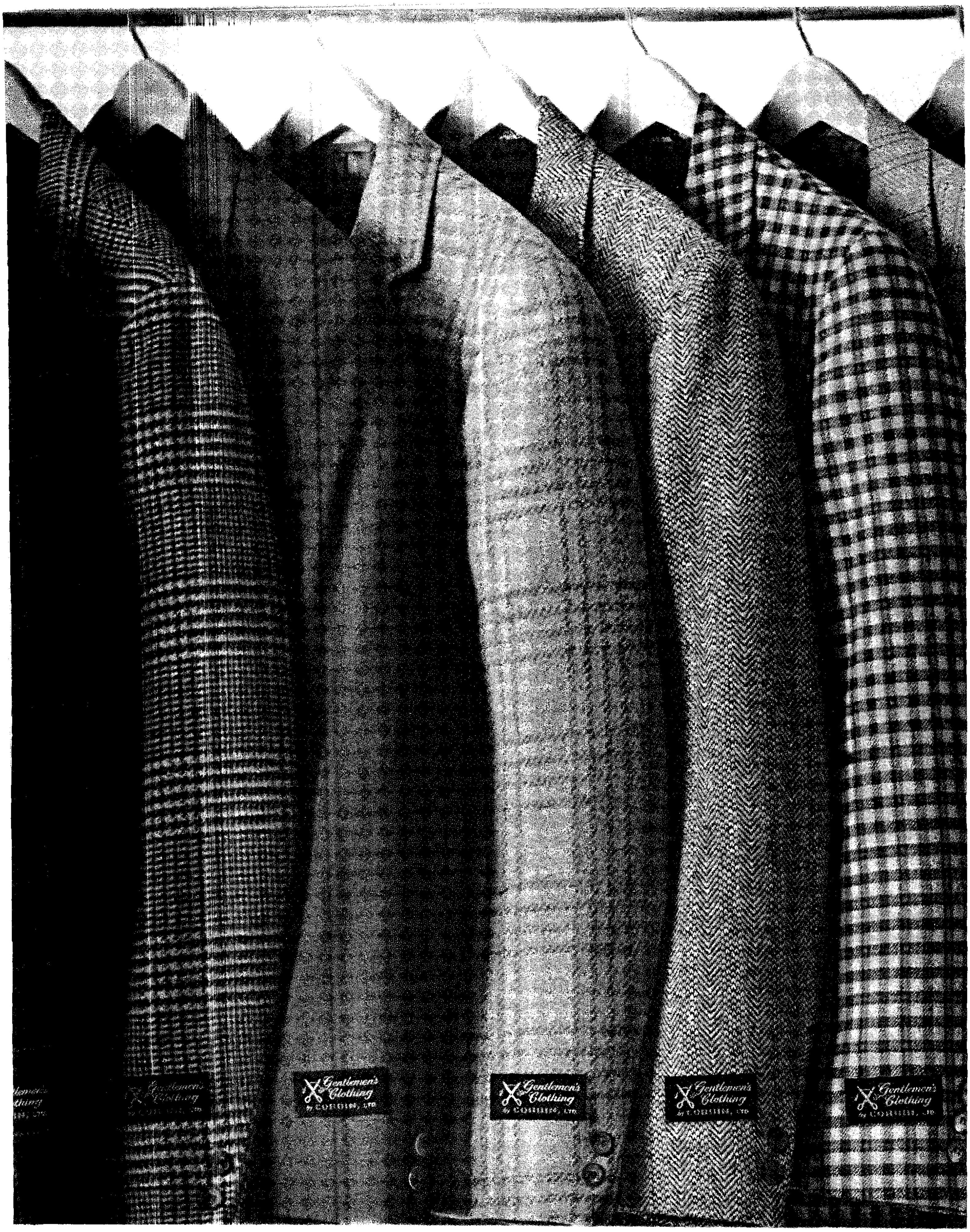

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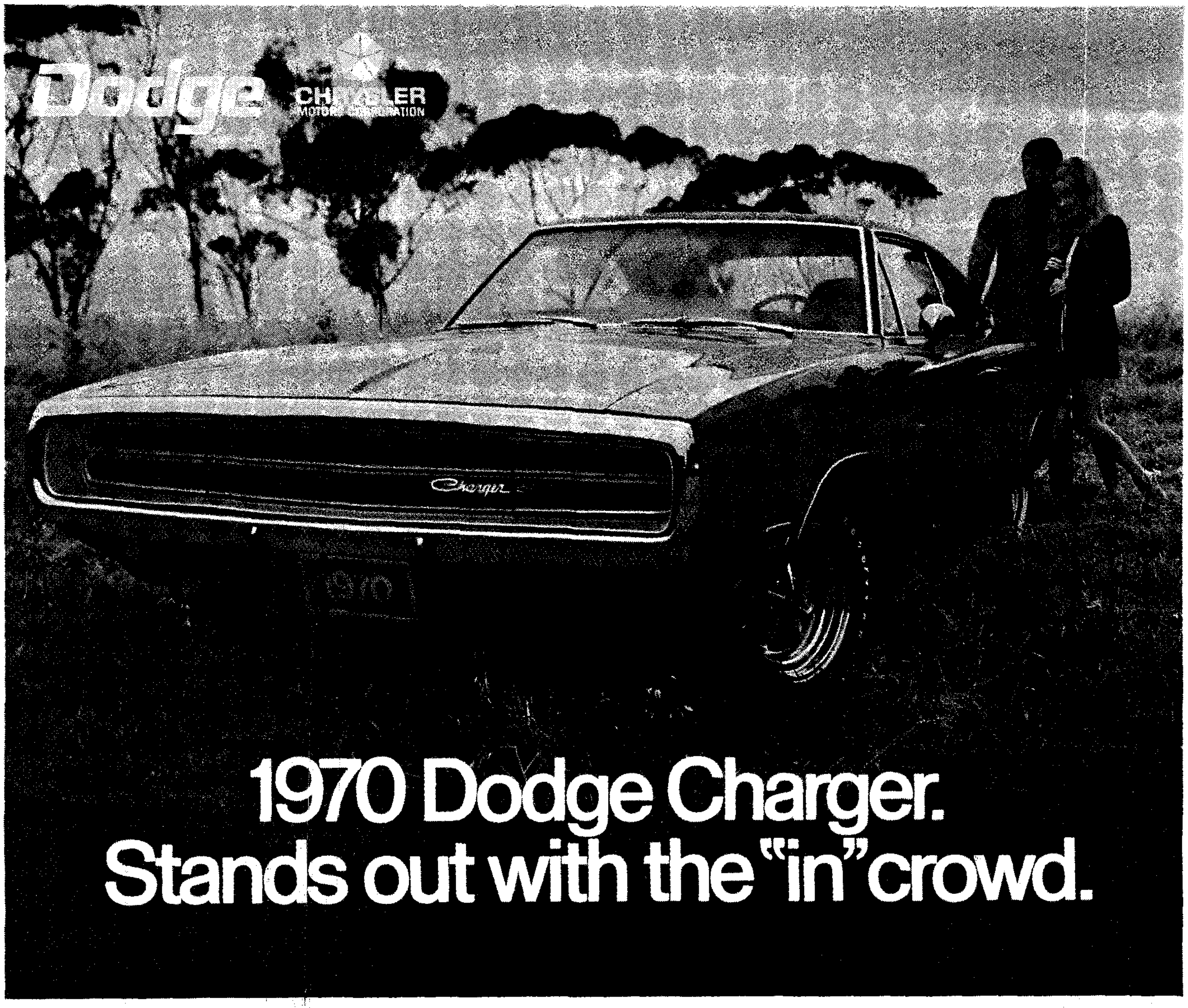

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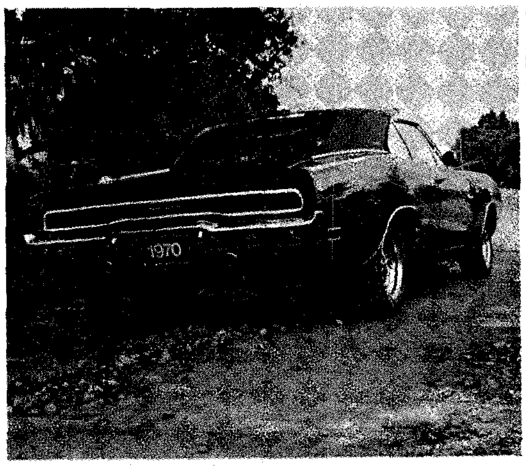

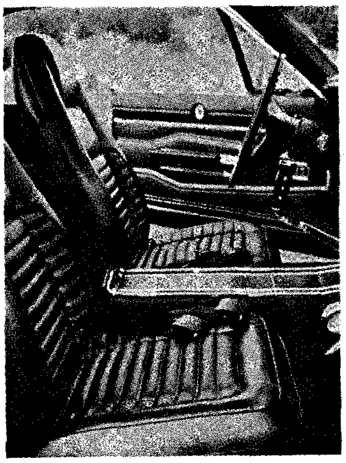

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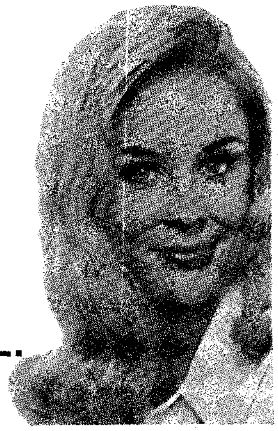
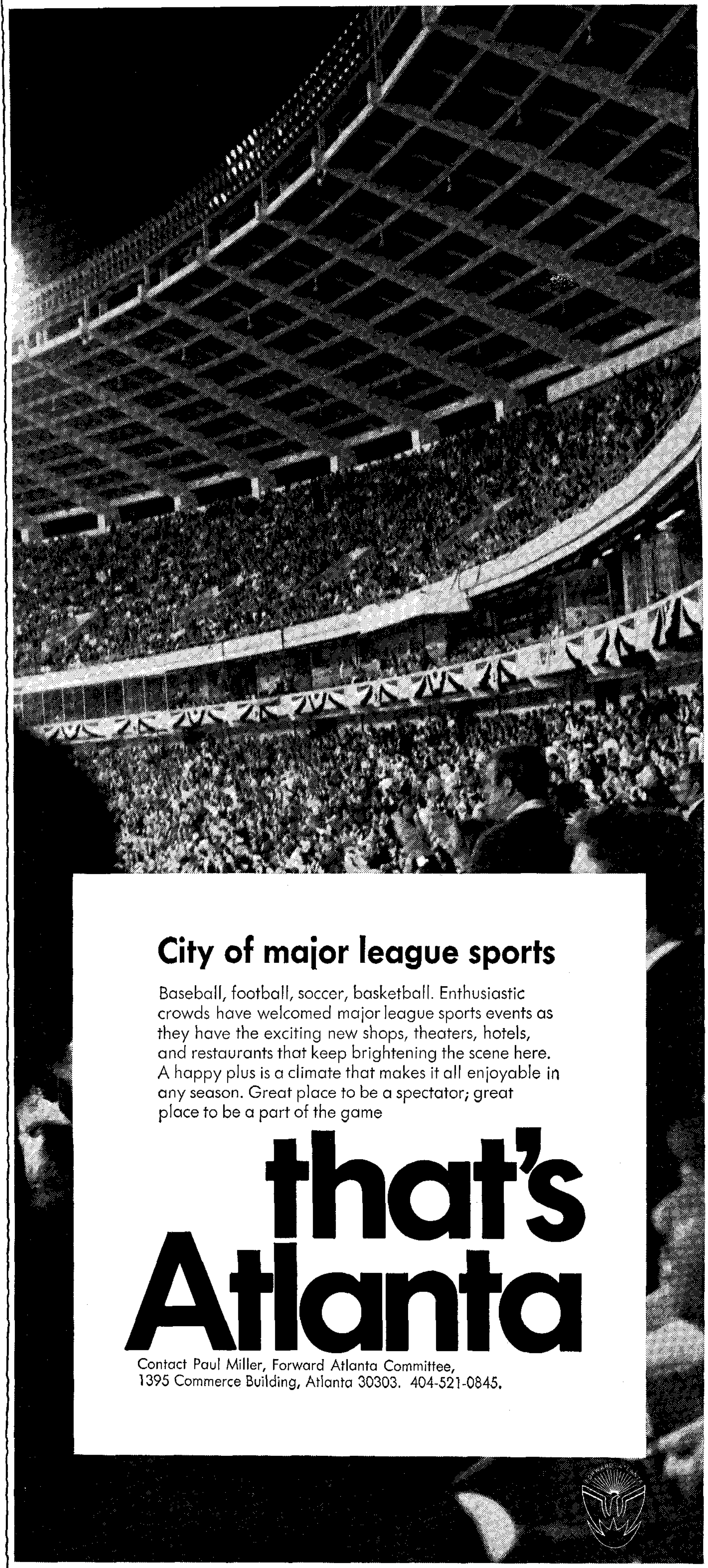


Anderson or an assistant hands out each parcel, a receipt must be signed. As yet, there is no black market in lunar samples, and even if there were, Dr. Anderson feels, a con man would have to get up very early in the morning to get ahead of a P.I. The P.I.s are usually on edge with excitement when they come for their samples; one of them almost drove off the road on his way back to the airport with his moon rock.

I talked with one P.I.—Dr. E. C. T. Chao, of the United States Geological Survey—just after he had picked up his allotment of moon rocks. Dr. Chao sat down on a couch in the lobby of the L.R.L., opened a bulging briefcase, and triumphantly brought forth two semi-transparent plastic jars (the kind that large pills come in) bearing labels that read "Apollo XI, Lunar Sample." The labels also gave the catalogue numbers of the samples, and their weights—a few grams. One jar contained fine dust and the other contained coarser chips, but all that was visible through the plastic was a wad of aluminum foil. Dr. Chao didn't want to open the jars; instead, he reached almost furtively into a jacket pocket and pulled out a small, flat metal box that looked like an aspirin tin. This he pried open, revealing a gray pebble, of which the lighter parts, he said, were a mineral called clinopyroxene and the darker parts ilmenite. He knew this because, having also been a member of the PET group, he had already identified the minerals in this stone; he had noted two other things as well: first, that the rock appeared to have been shocked by an impact, and, second, that its crystals were large, which would make it easy to study. In fact, he had especially requested the rock, and he thinks that one reason he got it was that he had indicated that he wouldn't destroy any of it in his research—NASA would get it all back. Dr. Chao's specialty is the study of rocks that have been shocked by meteorite impacts, and the big crystals would be especially valuable to him. "It's really priceless," he said, snapping the lid back on the box. He thinks he will be able to learn a good deal not only about the impact that shifted the crystals around but also about how the rock crystallized from a molten state in the first place. I mentioned a problem that another PET geologist, Dr. William R. Greenwood, had told me about last summer, which was that geologists were hard put to it to distinguish between rocks—even earth rocks—that had crystallized from volcanic lava and those that had been formed as a result of a melt made by a meteor, and Dr.



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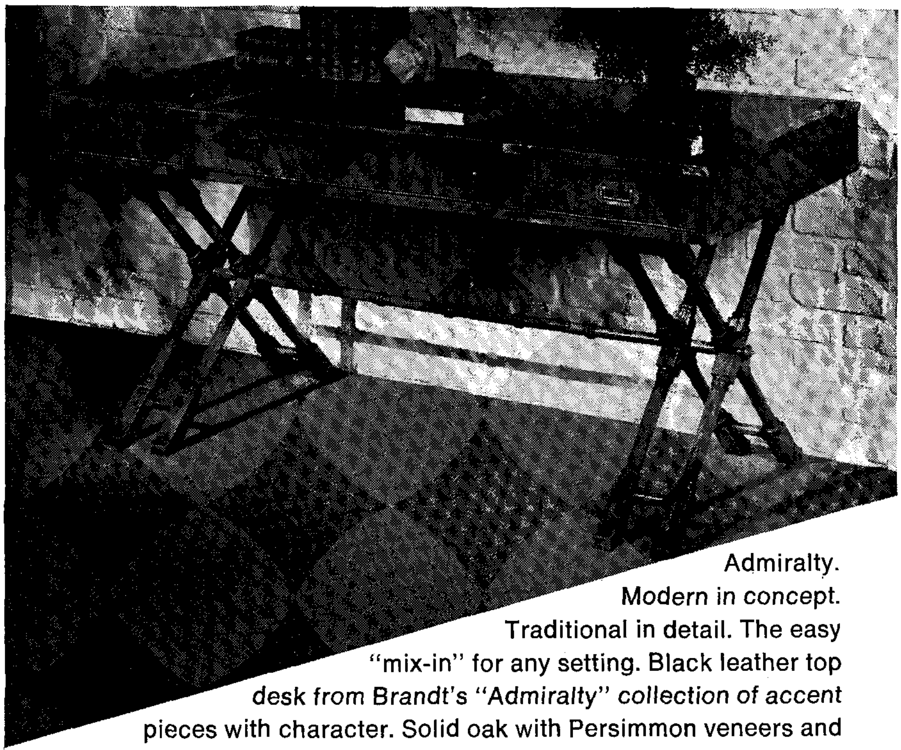

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Chao said he thought that he and his associates might be able to make the distinction. He also said that because such a determination would be relevant to the question of whether or not the moon had ever been hot, he thought the methods he intended to use would be scrutinized closely by other geologists. "If I announce that the rock crystallized out of a volcanic lava, all the cold-moon scientists will be after me," he said. He was anxious to get back to his laboratory, in Washington, and set to work. As he packed the samples in his briefcase, he said he wasn't afraid of being robbed on the way home, though he certainly wasn't going to tell anyone on the plane that he had moon rocks with him. "I'm not going to speak the word 'moon' or the word 'rock' until I'm back in Washington," he said.

SOME selenologists are saying that the meeting in January at which the P.I.s announce their results will be as important as the meeting of the Linnean Society at which Darwin's principles of evolution were outlined, but others feel that this is going a bit far. Dr. Chao says that, at the very least, he expects several new minerals to be identified, for he believes he already may have run into some himself, in the course of his PET investigations. He mentioned in particular a pretty yellow mineral that seemed new to him. Naming a new mineral will be the job of the P.I. who finds one in his sample. "I'm sure we'll have new minerals named Armstrongite, Collinsite, Aldrinite, and certainly Kennedyite—at least, those are the names I'd choose if I discovered any," Dr. Chao said.

While I was at the Space Center, I telephoned two P.I.s whom I had met there in the summer and who were now back at their universities—Dr. Harold C. Urey, now a professor of chemistry at the University of California, and Mr. Thomas Gold, a professor of astronomy at Cornell—to see if they had found any new substances, yellow or not, in their samples. They hadn't. Dr. Urey sounded cheerful; he said that the news of the antiquity of the lunar rocks had "rehabilitated and revived" him. (When he left the Space Center in August, he was worried that the moon might not be as cold, or its surface as ancient, as he had thought.) His sample had reached his laboratory, in San Diego, by courier. Although he had waited at least twenty years for the moment when he would have a piece of the moon in his hands, he told me, he had not dared to touch

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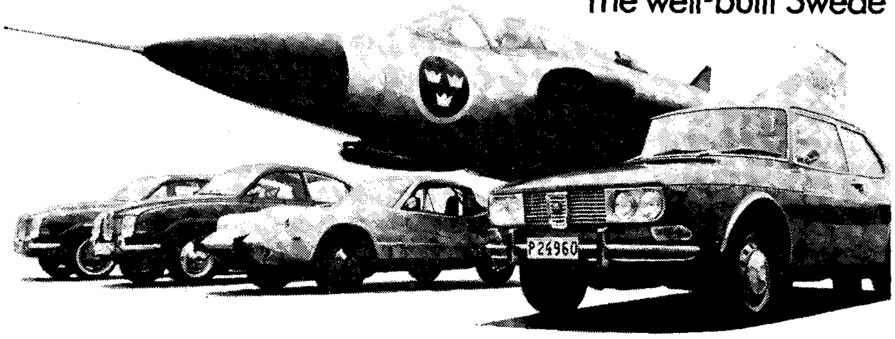

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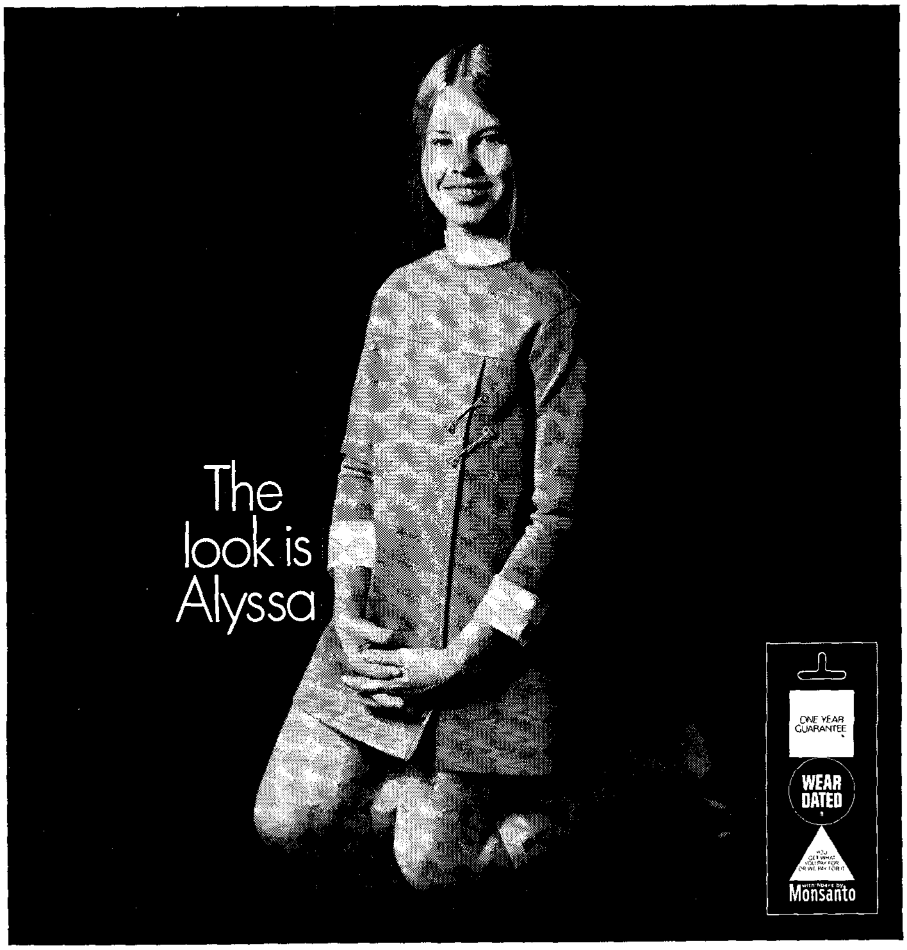

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his portion of lunar dust for fear of contaminating it. He and some associates were investigating the isotopic abundances of inert gases and other substances in the sample (which might provide new information on the solar wind—the stream of atomic particles from the sun that bombard the moon's surface), he said, and at that moment he was waiting for a report from a colleague who was running some tests on the dust with a mass spectrometer.

Mr. Gold's sample also reached him by courier, at his laboratory, at Cornell. Mr. Gold told me he had been quite busy recently, for a picture he had shown me at the Space Center in the summer—a closeup photograph of the moon's surface in which a bit of glass sparkled on a tiny stalk like a diamond on a stickpin—had set him to thinking that such splotches of glass had been melted by a flash of heat from the sun, so he had been unable to give his undivided attention to his portion of moon dust. The first thing he had done with it was to put it next to some imitation moon dust he had made several years ago. "The people here can't tell my imitation from the real stuff!" he told me joyfully. He had made his imitation dust after deducing the properties of dust on the moon from a telescopic analysis of the way light and radio waves were reflected from the lunar surface, and in the next few months he will be analyzing the moon dust itself to see how close he really came, and whether his telescopic methods can be extended with confidence to other parts of the moon. He also wants to see whether the specks of dust can float, in a vacuum, on an electrostatic charge—a project of special interest to him, because he has held for years that dust particles move about the moon in this manner. Initial reports from the Space Center had been discouraging on this score, Mr. Gold told me, for they implied that the particles were too big to be transported electrostatically, and he read me a letter from a scientist who had opposed this idea of his, and other ideas as well—Dr. John O'Keefe, of the Goddard Space Flight Center, at Greenbelt, Maryland. Dr. O'Keefe had written, with ill-concealed traces of satisfaction, that no doubt Mr. Gold had now given up his theory of electrostatic transportation. Mr. Gold had done nothing of the sort. Subsequent word came from the L.R.L. that the particles were finer than had originally been thought; Mr. Gold is sure the dust he received *can* move electrostatically; and he is now happily reading

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Dr. O'Keefe's letter to anyone who will listen.

EXCEPT in the L.R.L., where scientists are still tidying up after Apollo 11, the Space Center has shifted its attention to Apollo 12, which is scheduled to take off from Cape Kennedy on November 14th and to settle down some four and one-half days later on the Oceanus Procellarum, within a few hundred feet of Surveyor 3, which landed there in 1967. I paid a short visit to David Reed, the young Flight Dynamics Officer who will be in charge of the LM's trajectory next month as it moves from the command module down to the moon. For the astronauts to walk to the Surveyor—where they will remove parts to bring back to earth—the LM will have to land within three thousand feet of it, and the last time I saw Reed, in the middle of August, he had been examining the trajectory of Apollo 11 to find out what error, or combination of errors, had caused the LM to overshoot its assigned target area by twenty thousand feet. There was no big error, he said—just an accumulation of little ones. Reed says a spacecraft's trajectory is sensitive to a sneeze, and though this is an exaggeration, it isn't much of one. The sneeze he had in mind was the undocking of the lunar module from the command module, when air pressure in the tunnel connecting the two craft blew them apart, giving the LM a slight push that nobody had taken into account. On Apollo 12, separation will be gentler; after the two craft undock they will still be held together by some latches, and later these will disengage gently.

The Apollo 12 astronauts will be able to stay outside the LM a little longer (they will both be going out twice this time), because the Apollo 11 astronauts found being on the moon easier than had been expected. I visited a human-factors engineer named John Slight, who, with his colleagues, has been going into the most painstaking detail in order to make life on the moon easier for astronauts. When I arrived at Mr. Slight's office, he was saying to someone over the telephone, "You see, I'm a wheelbarrow man myself," and when he hung up he explained that he had been discussing various means by which future astronauts could carry equipment on the moon; the two main possibilities are pulling, with a sort of rickshaw, or pushing, with a sort of wheelbarrow. Mr. Slight is a pusher. Neither a rickshaw nor a wheelbarrow will be carried on Apollo 12, but some

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other gadgets that Mr. Slight and his associates have been working on will be. Armstrong complained that the pulley device by which he hoisted material up to Colonel Aldrin, inside the LM, was inefficient, so the pulley hoist has been abandoned in favor of a rope that the astronaut inside the LM will pull down on while the astronaut on the ground pulls back on it slightly, so the rock boxes won't bump against the LM on their way up. Both Armstrong and Aldrin complained that there was too much light inside the cabin when they were trying to sleep, so the windows on Apollo 12 are being fitted with opaque shades. When the Apollo 12 astronauts take their naps—which they will do between outings—they will take them in hammocks, for Aldrin (who propped himself up against a wall) and Armstrong (who curled up on the rocket cover) found the conditions uncomfortable for much sleeping. The hammock of Commander Alan L. Bean will be slung from side to side, and that of Commander Charles Conrad, Jr., will be slung above it, from fore to aft. If the astronauts don't sleep well this time, Mr. Slight says, it won't be the fault of the human-factors engineers. About the only totally new piece of equipment that the Apollo 12 astronauts will have is a big pair of clippers, to snip pieces off the Surveyor to discover what effect its two-year sojourn on the moon has had on it (if they land near enough to it). Because the decision to land near the Surveyor was not made until recently, there hasn't been much time for the human-factors engineers to do what they call "human-factoring" the clippers, and they therefore refer to them disparagingly as an "off-the-shelf item."

MANY people are confused because NASA named the flights to the moon after the god of the sun. Accordingly, I asked Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, the director of the Space Center and an old NASA hand, who was in charge of the Mercury project, how the slipup had happened. Dr. Gilruth, a trim man in his mid-fifties, looked surprised and said he didn't think Apollo *was* the god of the sun. Dr. Gilruth is a tenacious man, and he leaped from his place by the window to get a copy of Webster's New World Dictionary. "What are you—a Greek scholar or something?" he growled, settling down on a couch with the big book. He explained that the name had been selected in 1960 by Dr. Abe Silverstein, who was then chairman of the NASA committee that recommended landing men on the

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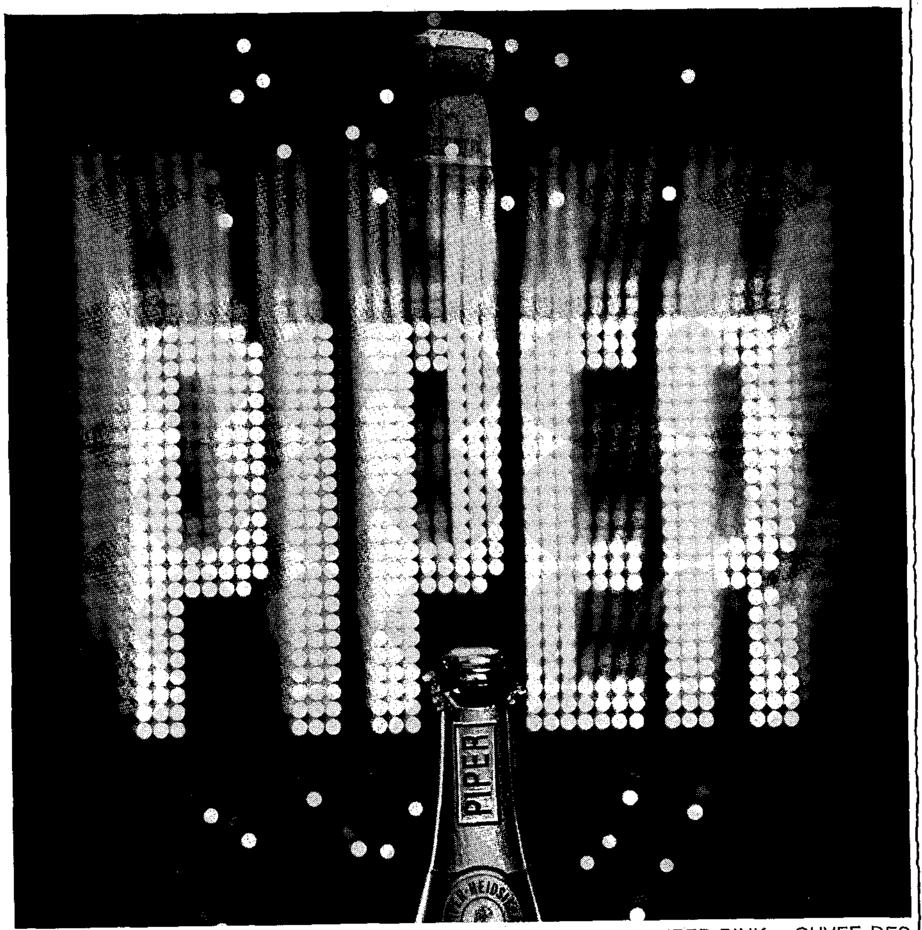

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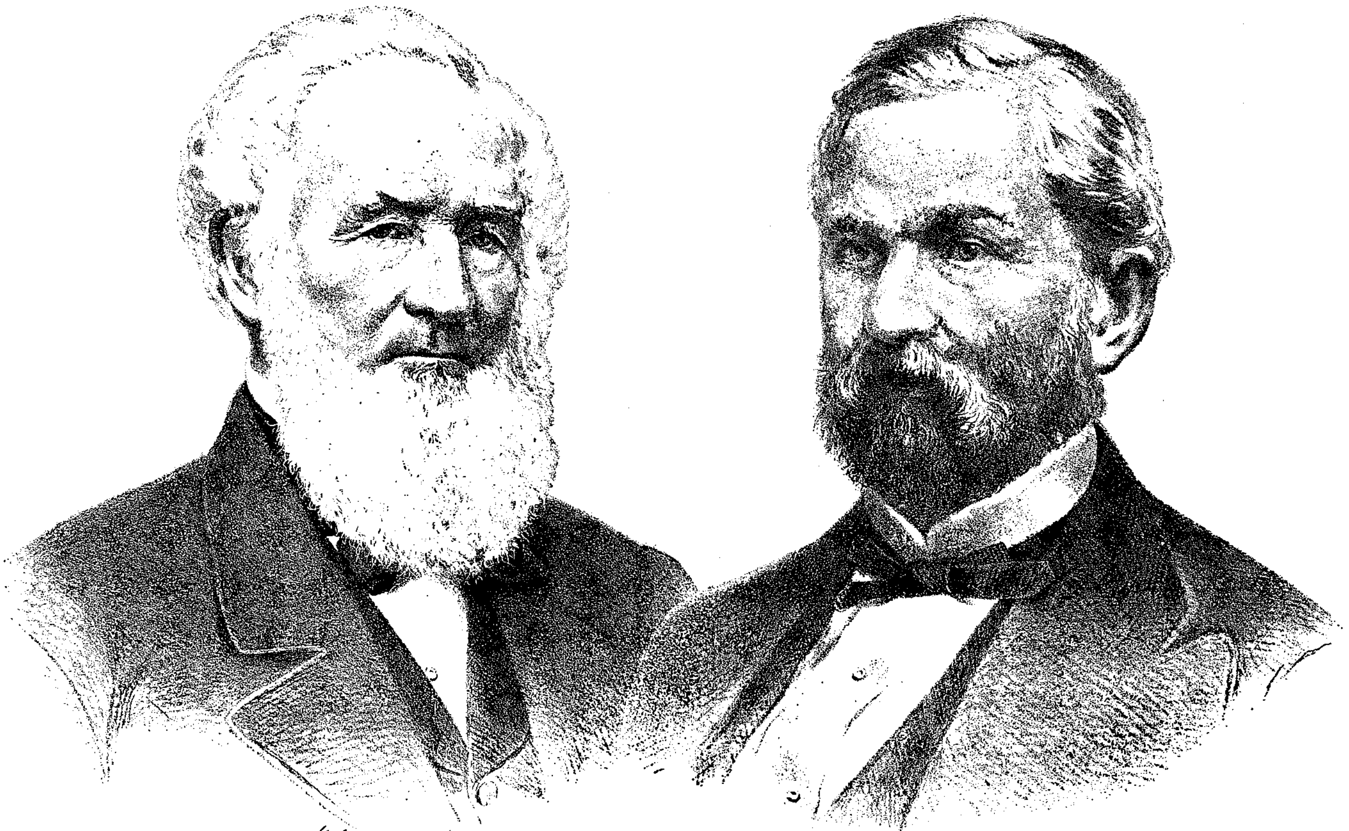

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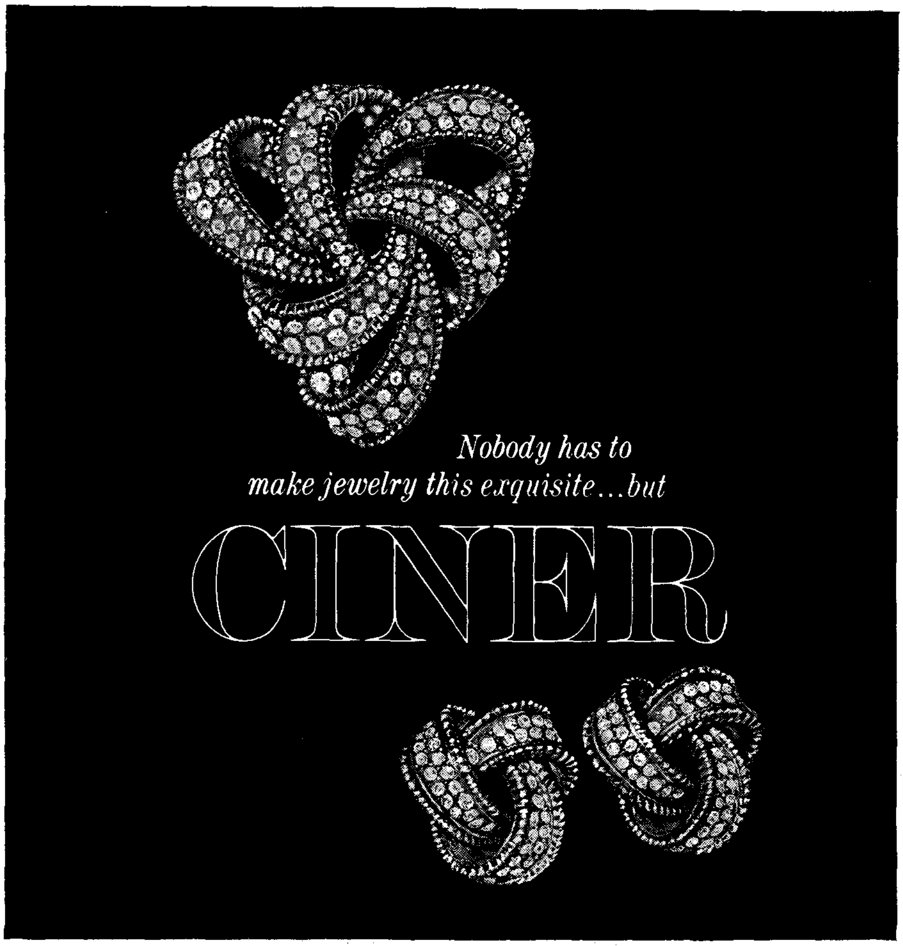

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moon, and who is now in charge of the Lewis Research Laboratory, a NASA installation in Cleveland. Dr. Gilruth flipped through the dictionary. " 'Apogee'—no, here we are, 'Apollo,' " he said, and read, " 'Apollo . . . the god of music, poetry, prophecy, and medicine, later identified with Helios, a sun god—' There!" he broke off triumphantly. "He isn't the sun god—he was only *later identified* with the sun god." Dr. Gilruth took another look at the definition, and, evidently deciding on a new tack, went on, "Obviously, Dr. Silverstein had the broader definition in mind." Then, apparently deciding that the Apollo project didn't have much to do with music, poetry, or prophecy, either, he grasped at a word he had seen a few entries higher up. " 'Apogee,' " he said. "Let's see if there's any connection with Apollo there." There wasn't. "I was never a Greek scholar," he said, closing the book. "Call Silverstein. He also named the Mercury project. That was an appropriate name, and I think Apollo is, too."

Dr. Silverstein is no Greek scholar, either, but he had taken a course in Greek mythology at school, and when I reached him he recalled that on the evening he picked the name Apollo he had come home, taken his old Greek-mythology text from the shelf, and considered a whole list of Olympian candidates. He dismissed Diana, the goddess of the moon, on the ground that the trip was a man's job and should have a man's name. (In doing so, he ignored the age-old tradition of naming ships after women.) He dismissed Selene, another moon goddess, and he didn't think Zeus would do, either. Then his eye happened to fall on a picture of a god racing through the sky in a flaming chariot—Apollo. I asked Dr. Silverstein whether he had thought of a god for the mission to Mars. He said, "Well, just plain Mars might be appropriate—except, of course, for the connotation of war."

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

●

> . . . . The manager
> can change, during the game,
> to another player as the desig-
> equivalent to the deadest dead-
> nated hitter, in which case the
> original special hitter is out of
> the game and the new one
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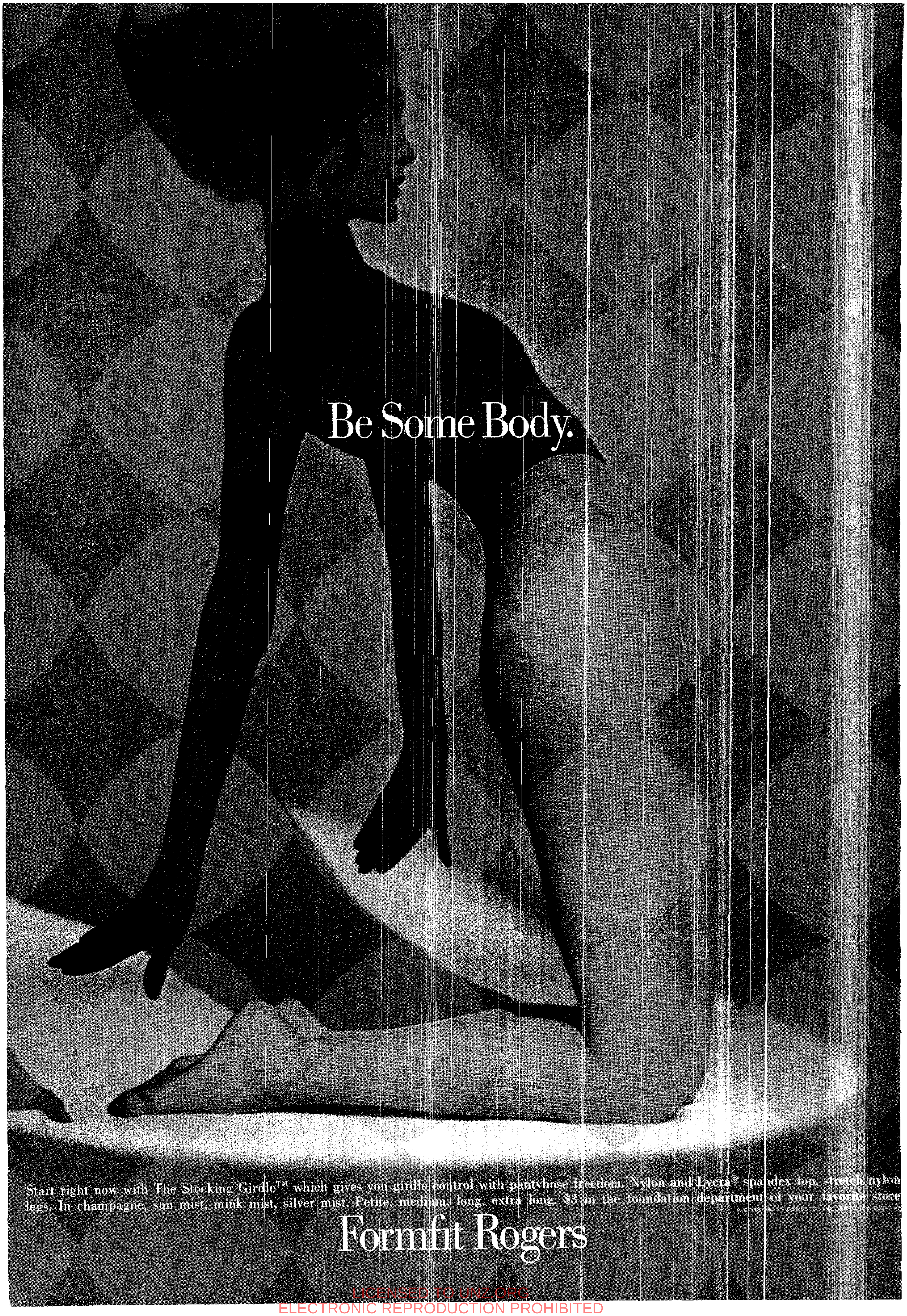

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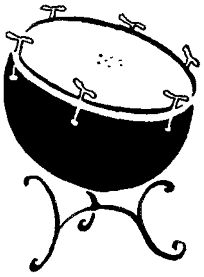
MUSICAL EVENTS

Off Orff



THANKS to Thomas Scherman and his Little Orchestra Society and to Julius Rudel and the New York City Opera, we are going to hear a fair amount this season of the music of Carl Orff. To my mind, this is an important development, for I have long considered Orff the most original, and probably the most important, composer to come to light since Stravinsky and Prokofieff. Not everybody likes him, or likes him to be played. In this category are most of the avant-garde composers, who have their own academy, or establishment, against which Orff has been in revolt. Their case against Orff is that he makes use of tonality, which was the basis of the great tradition that preceded them. But Orff does not use tonality in any traditional nineteenth-century manner. He seldom employs chromaticism or modulation from one key to another. He has his own highly individual style. And if he does not appeal to avant-garde composers, he certainly does appeal to audiences. Last Thursday night, the major part of Seiji Ozawa's program with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall was devoted to Orff's "Carmina Burana." There is nothing new about a "Carmina Burana" performance, but the work wears well. It has charm; it communicates something—in fact, a great deal—to its audience. Thursday night's audience was standing and shouting applause at the conclusion.

This acclaim was in spite of what seemed to me a perfectly wretched performance at the hands of Mr. Ozawa, who apparently thought he was conducting Brünnhilde's Immolation in "Götterdämmerung." Everything was pulled out of shape in order to create smashing climaxes, the orchestra several times drowned out the soloists, and no attention was paid to the firmly established traditions for the interpretation of the work. From the very start, the tempos of "O Fortuna," which should be as steady as clockwork, wavered impulsively, and tempos remained unsteady and impulsive throughout. The enunciation of the chorus (the Schola Cantorum of New York and boys' choirs from the Little Church Around the Corner and the Browning School) was often incomprehensible. The unevenness of rhythm continued through the "Cour d'Amour" episode, in which the passage "Oh, oh, oh" lost its slightly naughty insouciance because Mr. Ozawa exaggeratedly slowed down and thundered forth each "Oh." And, finally, Mr. Ozawa wound things up with a terrific hullabaloo. "Carmina Burana" is a strong enough composition to withstand even this kind of treatment. But most of the work's delightful delicacy was lost in coarse surges of orchestral tone. "Carmina Burana" is a series of fragile vignettes about the lusty life led by some not very monkish medieval monks. True, it contains some fortissimos, but it is not loud throughout, as Mr. Ozawa would have us believe. The soloists were Patricia Brooks, who sang the soprano solos with admirable purity of tone; Anastasios Vrenios, who undertook the extraordinarily high melodic line of the Roasted Swan expertly; and John Reardon, who was required to tackle a part that demands both falsetto and deep baritone notes, and who tackled them superbly when Mr. Ozawa was not drowning them out.

The remainder of the program included Jacques Ibert's "Divertissement," a bit of French musical farce, in which the waltz turned out to be such a hit that the audience interrupted the continuity of the work with its applause. Ibert's ear for the comic in popular music was unfailing, and his military marches, with those exaggerated countermelodies for the brass, along with his parodies of Offenbach, are a delight. This item was performed with *esprit* by Mr. Ozawa and the orchestra. The program's opening number, Wallingford Riegger's Study in Sonority, Opus 7, for violins, is a more or less completely atonal work that demonstrates how many different kinds of sound can be produced by violins, if that is worth demonstrating. I, for one, am getting very tired of studies in sonority. The idea that music consists of sonority is merely an aesthetic error that has been promoted by composers for more than half a century. It amounts to saying that music consists of noise, and nothing that has been written with this idea in mind has ever interested an audience sufficiently to make it want to listen twice. Music is

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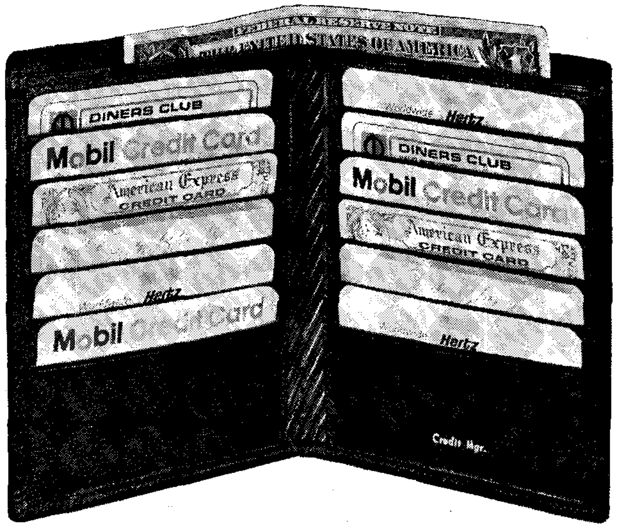

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not noise; it is a communally developed language expressing emotional states and notions that are beyond the power of words to express. To try to reduce it to its raw material, sonority, and pretend that it is nothing more is to degrade it.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra, under the baton of Eugene Ormandy, opened its season in Philharmonic Hall last Tuesday night, and Mr. Ormandy brought along two relative novelties—Vaughan Williams' Magnificat for Contralto, Women's Chorus, and Orchestra, and Max Reger's Requiem, Opus 144b, for Contralto, Mixed Chorus, and Orchestra. Mr. Ormandy is an avid excavator of unusual and worthwhile works, and both these compositions proved to be surprises. The Vaughan Williams work is typical of its composer in its structure of eccentric scale patterns; it is also Vaughan Williams at his best—eloquent, sincere, and moving. Max Reger was a prodigious technician, and he created a great deal of music that is mechanical and boring. But his best works—among which this Requiem stands—are very fine. The Requiem was written to commemorate the German dead of the First World War, and it is full of genuine feeling. Both the Vaughan Williams and the Reger works, however, are slightly clouded by the sort of mannerism that was beginning to be fashionable in twentieth-century music when they were written. Between them, Mr. Ormandy presented Brahms' Rhapsody, Opus 53, for Contralto, Men's Chorus, and Orchestra—a work dating from the peak of the Romantic movement, and, by contrast, a magnificent example of totally lovely, totally unself-conscious lyricism. Curiously, it is one of those works that music-appreciation teachers assure us do not exist—a profound expression of the grief the composer felt while actually composing it. It was written for the wedding, to somebody else, of a young girl Brahms had been in love with—the daughter of Clara Schumann. Shirley Verrett was the contralto in all three works. I have heard the Brahms item sung with greater fervor now and then, but I found her, on the whole, a stunning performer.

LAST Wednesday night, I went to the State Theatre, where the New York City Opera was presenting Massenet's "Manon," with Beverly Sills. I went just for my own enjoyment. I have written frequently about this production, and the only reasons for hear-

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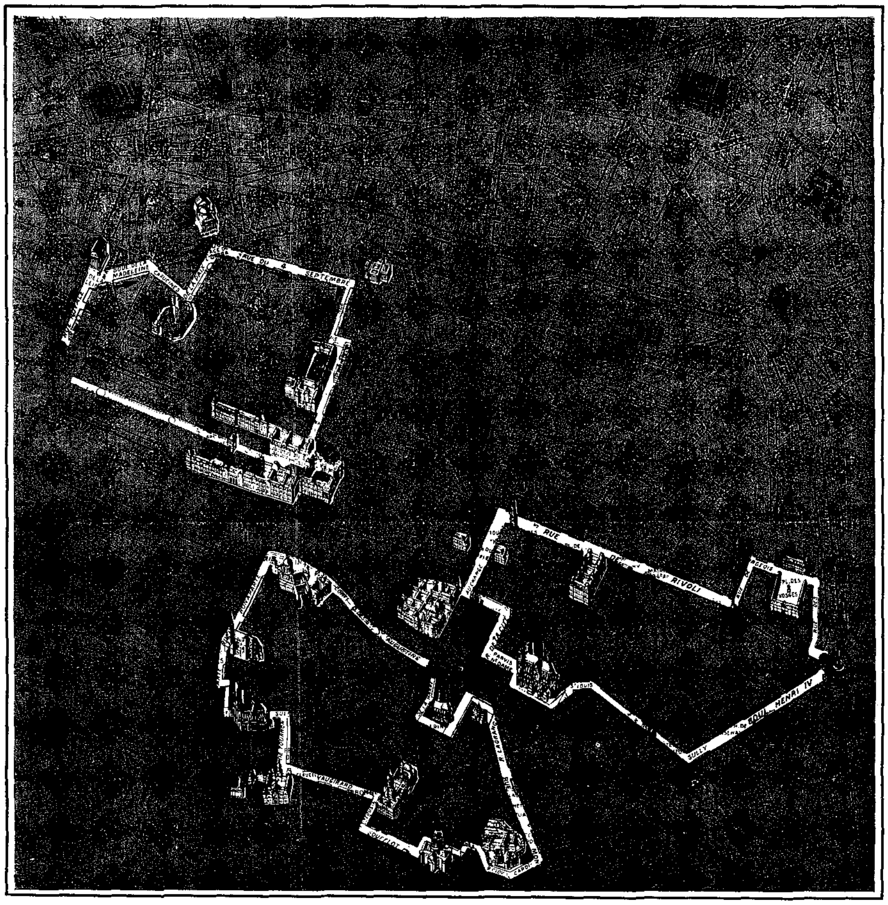

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l'Excursion au quartier latin

Walk on the wild side, along the Left Bank and through the Latin Quarter. Begin at the Place St. Michel. Walk by the Panthéon, the resting place of such notables as Voltaire and Rousseau. Take a right on the rue Victor Cousin and you're standing smack in the center of higher education: the Place de la Sorbonne. Rest your mind and your feet during lunch at one of the colorful student cafes along the boulevard St. Michel. In the afternoon saunter through the St. Germain des Prés area to pause in the peaceful and beautiful Place Furstenberg.

l'Excursion au vieux quartier

Step back in history as you walk through one of the oldest quarters in Paris, le Marais. Begin where others ended at the Place de la Bastille. Wind your way through the streets to the Carnavalet Museum on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. Once the home of Mme. de Sévigné, the noted chronicler, this splendid mansion is a house of history. Pass by the Hôtel de Ville or City Hall on your way to the Place du Châtelet. Cross over to the Ile de la Cité and visit the Palais de Justice, the exquisite Sainte-Chapelle and the Conciergerie. See the fabulous Notre-Dame de Paris. Take the winding stairway to the top of the cathedral and get a gargoyle's view of the city.

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BRUSSELS HILTON

ing it again were that I like "Manon" and that Miss Sills is my favorite among all the Manons I have ever heard. The performance, under Julius Rudel, was crisper than usual. The choruses in the first act were incisive, and even the three "actresses" giggled on the dot. Nico Castel as Guillot, Richard Fredricks as Lescaut, and Malcolm Smith as the elder des Grieux were all excellent. It seems to me that Michele Molese, the des Grieux, is overdoing his efforts to achieve a big sound, but he is certainly among the best tenors for French opera around. As for Miss Sills, she was, as always, the perfect Manon. Hers is a warm-blooded coloratura voice, and much of her Manon is the expression of a warm personality as well. I have heard her in a number of roles that are usually sung by cold-blooded coloraturas—the Queen of the Night, Zerbinetta in Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," roles in which I felt she was wasted. These are roles for merely athletic coloraturas. Miss Sills is more than that. Not that she can't sing them as well as anybody else, but the full range of her emotional powers is not called for in them. These emotional powers are used to the full as Manon, and undoubtedly will appear again in her Lucia, which will be presented for the first time here this week.

FOR the few who are able to appreciate Strauss's "Capriccio," I am glad to report that it is back in the New York City Opera's repertory after three years' absence. I heard it week before last, but I had so much else to write about that I didn't mention it. A number of people walked out during the performance I attended. "Capriccio" is not for everybody. One has to be sophisticated musically, and one has to have heard a great deal of Strauss, in order to like this little work, the creation of an elderly composer recalling the virtuosity and style of his earlier compositions. For those who do like it, it is a perfect jewel, and toward its ending Strauss wrote some of his greatest music. The cast was somewhat changed from that of previous performances. Among the newcomers were Helen Vanni (as the Countess), Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, William Metcalf, and Gabor Ötvös, the conductor.

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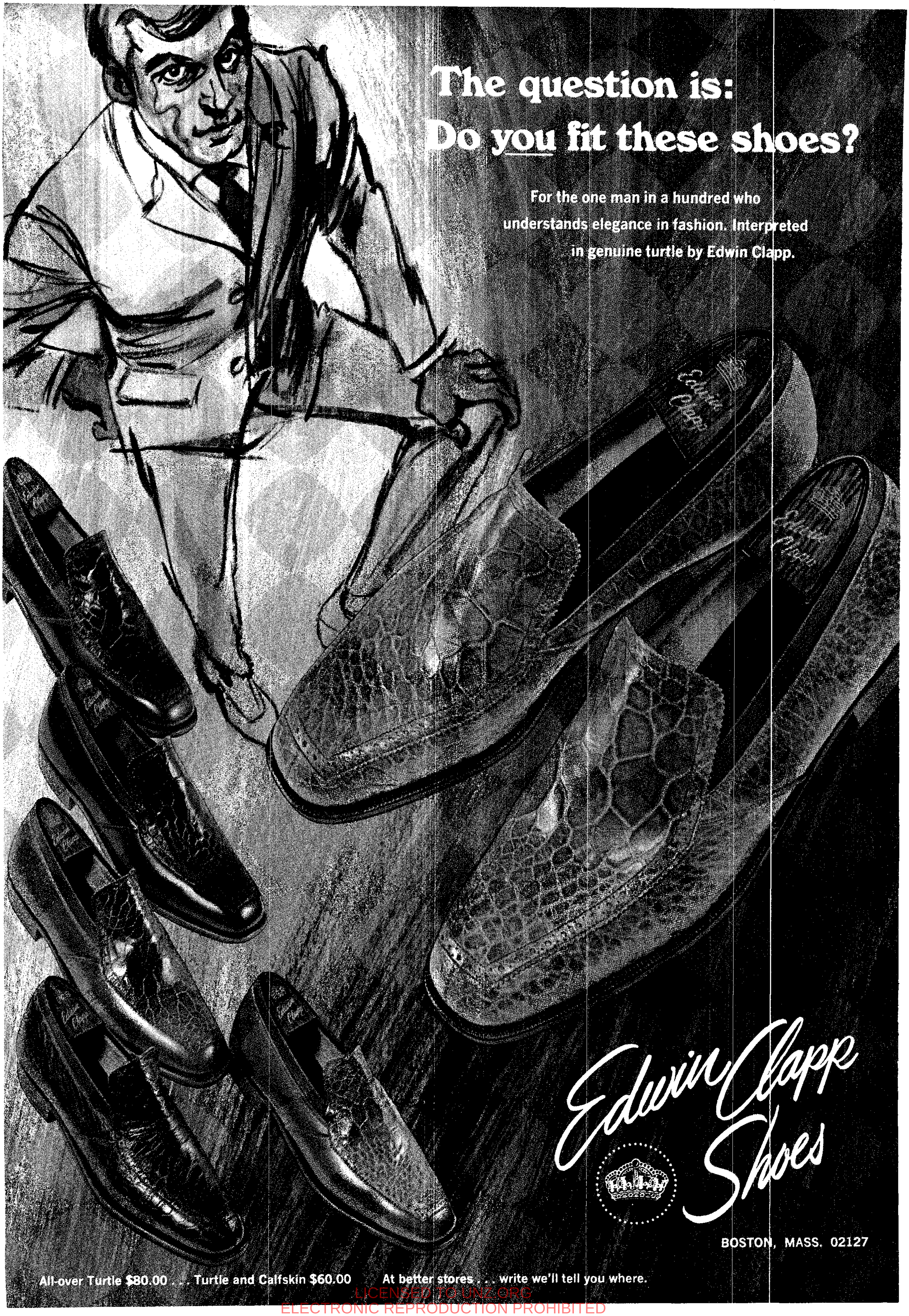

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE DEAD MOSQUITOES

DR. JOHN P. CONRAD, JR., a senior associate in a suburban pediatric group practice in Fresno, California, excused himself to the mother of the young patient in his consultation room and crossed the hall to take a telephone call in his office. The call was a request from a general practitioner on the other side of town named Robert Lanford to refer a patient to Dr. Conrad for immediate hospitalization and treatment. That morning—it was now around four o'clock in the afternoon (on October 4, 1961)—an eight-year-old boy whom I'll call Billy Cordoba had been brought to Dr. Lanford's office by his mother. Billy had been sent home sick from school. He was pale, his eyes had a glassy look, and his heart was a little fast. Dr. Lanford had examined him, found nothing significantly out of order, and sent him home to rest. But Billy was now back in his office, and there was no longer any doubt that he was sick. The manifestations of his illness now included a ghastlier pallor, a glassier look, a notably faster heart, rapid and irregular breathing, muscle twitches, diarrhea, nausea, vomiting, and abdominal pain. He was also confused in mind and almost comatose. Something about this inharmonious symphony of symptoms had prompted Dr. Lanford to make a urine-sugar test, and the results were strongly positive. That suggested a frightening possibility. He was afraid that Billy was a hitherto unsuspected diabetic on the brink of diabetic coma. In any event, he said, the boy was in urgent need of sophisticated help. Dr. Conrad agreed. He told Dr. Lanford that he shared his sense of urgency, and that he would arrange at once for Billy's admittance to Valley Children's Hospital.

Mrs. Cordoba drove her son to the hospital. Billy was admitted there at five o'clock. He was put to bed, and a sample of blood was taken for immediate laboratory analysis to confirm or deny the presence of diabetes. That had been ordered by Dr. Conrad when he made the admittance arrangements.

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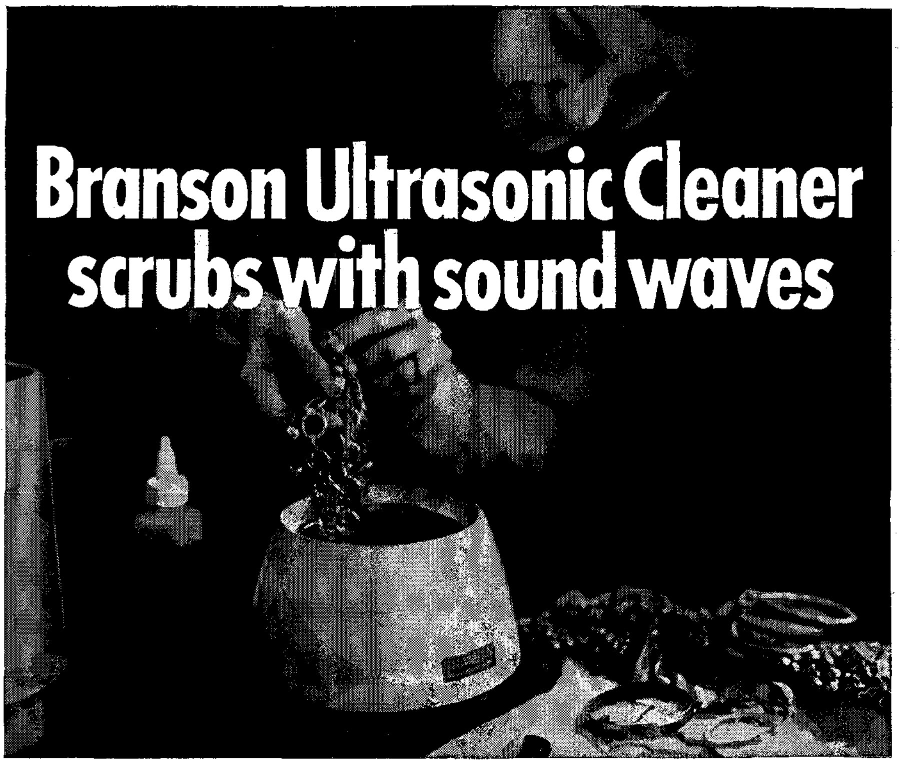
When he himself reached the hospital, at a little before six, the results of the blood studies had been noted on Billy's chart. Dr. Conrad read them with a momentary lift of spirit. The relevant values (blood glucose, blood carbon dioxide, blood sodium, blood potassium, blood pH) were close enough to normal to make it comfortably certain that despite the earlier positive urinalysis the boy was not a diabetic. But that was all. Or practically all; the studies did show a morbid elevation in the white-blood-cell count. Other than that, the studies had no positive diagnostic significance. Dr. Conrad replaced the chart and went into Billy's room to take his first look at his patient. It was anything but reassuring. The boy was clearly sicker than he had been two hours before. Dr. Conrad sat down and began with care the standard physical examination. His findings were even more discordant than those recorded by Dr. Lanford. Billy's pulse was fast, his breathing was fast, his temperature was 100 degrees, his skin was pale and clammy, the pupils of his glassy eyes had shrunk to pinpoints, his face and arms were twitching, he was drooling saliva, and he appeared to be in almost constant abdominal pain. Twice during the short examination the pain was so great that he screamed. He was still confused, still comatose, still nauseated, still diarrheic. Dr. Conrad finished the examination and sorted out his impressions. They led in two distinctly different directions. One possibility was shigellosis, or bacillary dysentery. The other was chemical poisoning.

"I didn't particularly favor the idea of shigellosis," Dr. Conrad says. "It was simply suggested by some of the clinical evidence—the high white-cell count and the gastro-intestinal symptoms. And I didn't favor it at all for very long. A shigella infection produces a rather distinctive kind of damage that can be detected by miscroscopic examination of a stool specimen. It isn't conclusive, but it's reliable enough to be useful. Well, I asked the laboratory for a report and the answer came back in a matter of minutes. Negative. I wasn't much surprised. Chemical poisoning had always been by far the stronger possibility. The very bizarreness of the symptoms was suggestive of poison. Certain particular symptoms were even more suggestive. Stupor. Abdominal pain. Salivation. But the real tipoff was those pinpoint pupils. What I had in mind was an insecticide—specifically, one containing an organic phosphate. That isn't as inspired as it may sound. Fresno County is a big agricultural county. It produces everything from cantaloupes to cotton, and it uses tons of highly toxic chemicals. Including organic phosphates. Then Mrs. Cordoba said something that seemed to make my hunch a certainty. I was asking her the usual questions for Billy's personal history, and she remembered a remark that Billy made when he came home sick from school. The Cordobas live on the edge of town, and there are cultivated fields all around the stop where Billy waits for the bus. That morning, Billy said, there was a spray rig working in one of the fields and a spray plane flying back and forth overhead. Organic phosphates can enter the body in various ways, but the commonest route is absorption through the skin. Also, they work very fast. Symptoms can begin within a couple of



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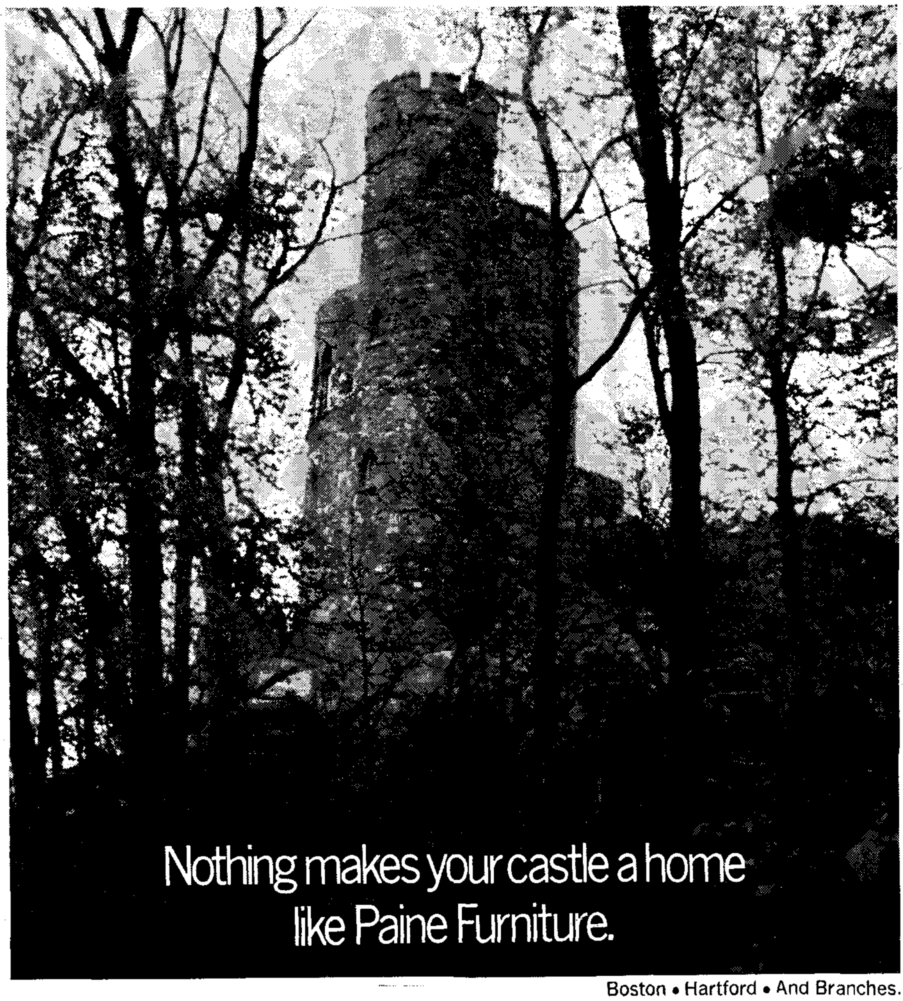

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hours of exposure. And it doesn't take much of the stuff to cause a lot of trouble. The fatal skin dose is only about five drops.

"I was practically certain that Billy had been poisoned by some organic-phosphate insecticide. I was sure enough to start treatment on that assumption. I followed the standard procedure. I ordered intravenous fluids to restore the loss of body fluids through sweating, salivation, and diarrhea, and a regimen of atropine—one milligram injected intramuscularly every two hours. Atropine is a lifesaving drug in organic-phosphate poisoning, because it relieves the threatening symptoms. It doesn't, however, get at the source. It doesn't eliminate the poison. The next step in the treatment involves a drug called PAM—pralidoxime chloride. But I couldn't take that step—not until I was absolutely certain. PAM is a little too specific to prescribe on mere suspicion. The definitive test for organic-phosphate poisoning is a blood test that measures the levels in the plasma and the red cells of an enzyme called cholinesterase. Cholinesterase is a kind of neural moderator. Its presence controls the accumulation of an ester that governs the transmission of impulses of the parasympathetic nervous system. Organic phosphates destroy cholinesterase, and the destruction of cholinesterase allows an excessive accumulation of the ester. The result is a powerful overstimulation of the parasympathetic nerves. The cholinesterase test is too elaborate for the average small hospital laboratory. The only laboratory equipped to do that kind of thing here is in the Poison Control Center at Fresno Community Hospital, down in the center of town. I drew a sample of blood and rounded up a messenger and got on the telephone to Dr. Bocian—Dr. J. J. Bocian, the director there. That was around seven o'clock. Dr. Bocian called me back around eight-thirty. He had the results of the test. Billy's plasma cholinesterase level was only forty per cent of normal, and his red-cell level was a scant seventeen. His illness was definitely organic-phosphate poisoning.

"It was gratifying to know that I'd made a good guess. And that I'd been able to make it in time. But the really gratifying thing was Billy's response to atropine. By the time I had Dr. Bocian's definite diagnosis, Billy was just as definitely out of danger. His vital signs were all good. Moreover, he was beginning to look more alert. His pupils were coming back to normal size. And he wasn't salivating the way he

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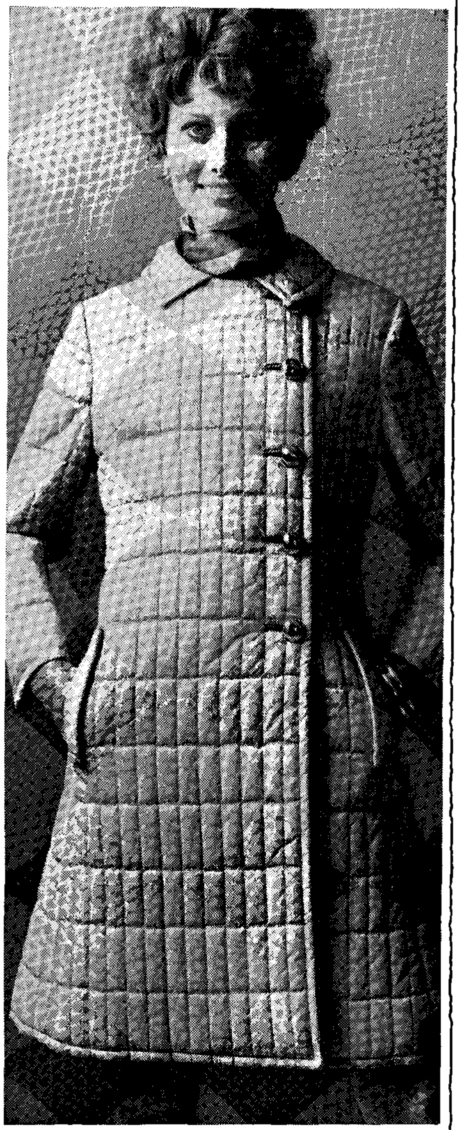

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had been. I was so satisfied that I decided to hold off on PAM. Atropine would continue to counteract the potentially dangerous neuromuscular symptoms, and time would do the rest. It would gradually bring the cholinesterase levels back to normal. I stayed at the hospital until about ten o'clock, and went home feeling pretty good. I had diagnosed the nature of Billy's illness, and he was responding well to treatment. And I thought I knew just how his illness had come about.

"But I was wrong about that. It wasn't the spray rig or the spray plane at the bus stop. It couldn't have been either of them. Mrs. Cordoba or her husband or somebody made some inquiries. Those rigs weren't spraying an organic phosphate. Or any kind of insecticide. The fields they were working were cotton fields, and they were spraying a defoliant to strip the plants for mechanical picking. But I wasn't mistaken about Billy. He continued to do just fine. I kept him on atropine and intravenous fluids for a total of forty-eight hours. His symptoms all subsided and his serum cholinesterase levels began to improve. At the end of the second hospital day, he showed a plasma level of forty-two per cent of normal and a red-cell level of almost thirty-two. By the sixth day, the plasma level had risen to ninety-two per cent of normal. The red-cell concentration is always slower to recover. It requires the formation of new cells. But it was up to forty per cent. There was no reason to keep him in the hospital any longer. I could follow him the rest of the way as an out-patient. So I ordered his discharge."

Billy was discharged from Valley Children's Hospital to convalesce at home on October 9th. That was a Monday. He remained at home, sleeping and eating and resting, until the following Monday, October 16th. That afternoon, by prearrangement, Mrs. Cordoba drove him back across town to Dr. Conrad's office for what was expected to be a final physical examination and dismissal. Their appointment was for four o'clock, and they were on time.

"Billy looked fine," Dr. Conrad says. "And he was fine. Blood count, blood pressure, chest, pupils—everything was completely normal. So that was the happy ending of that. I walked Billy and his mother out to the waiting room and said goodbye and went back to my office and closed the case and rang for my next patient. I saw that patient and then the next, and then the receptionist called. She sounded almost

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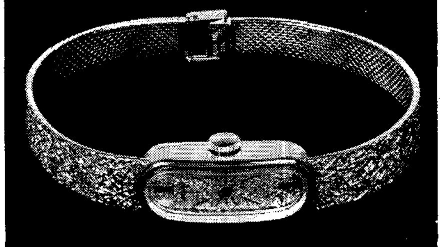

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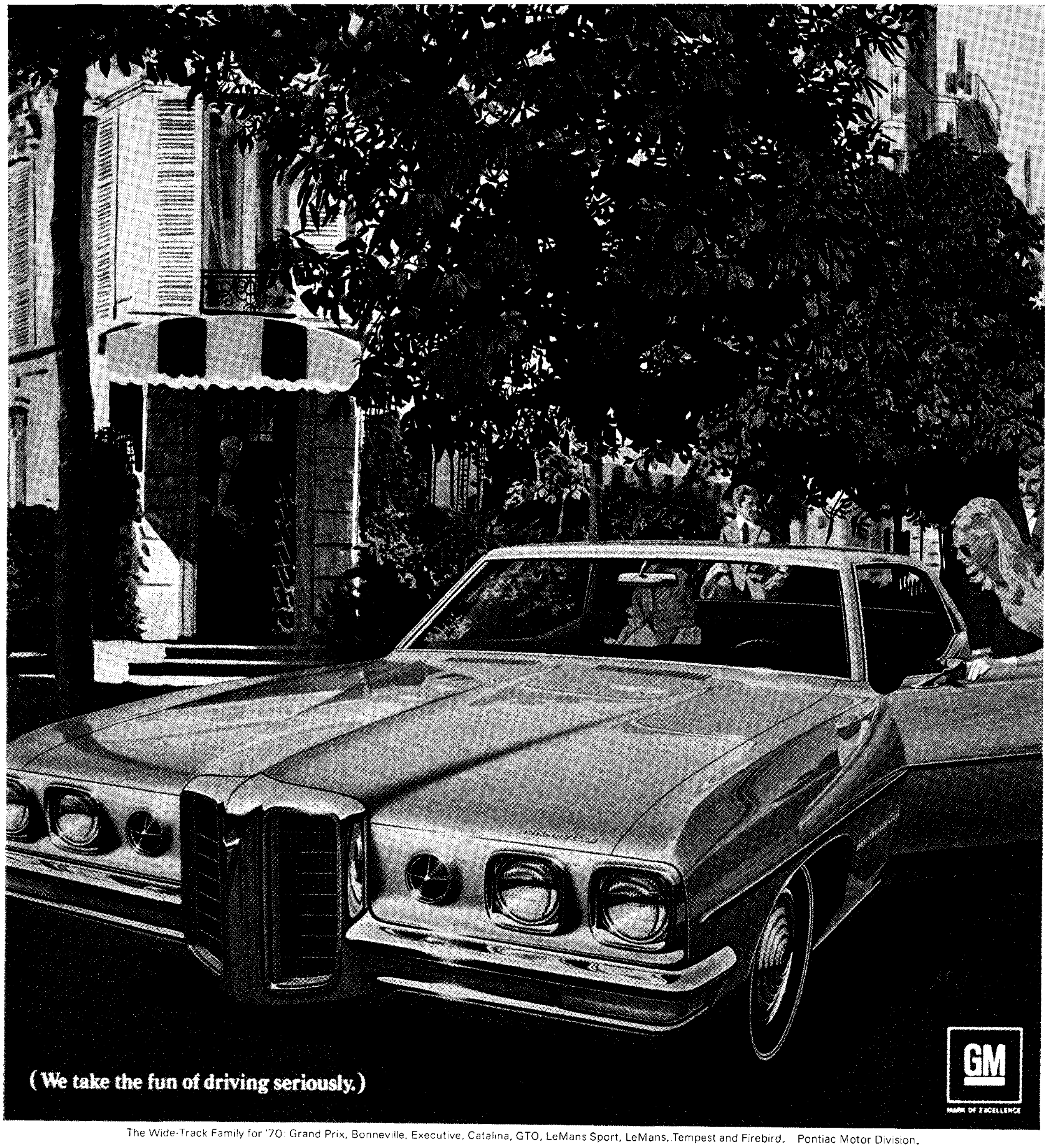

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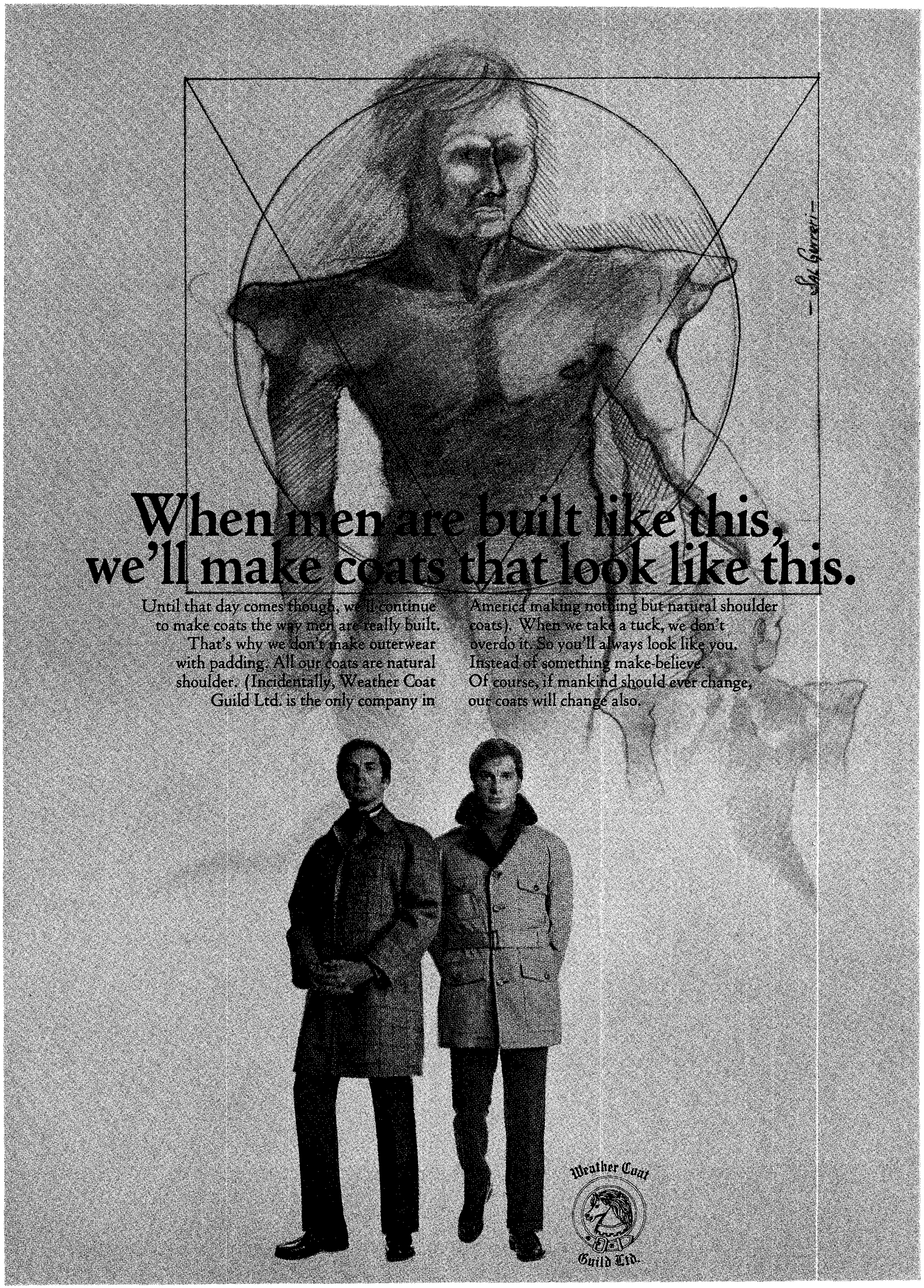
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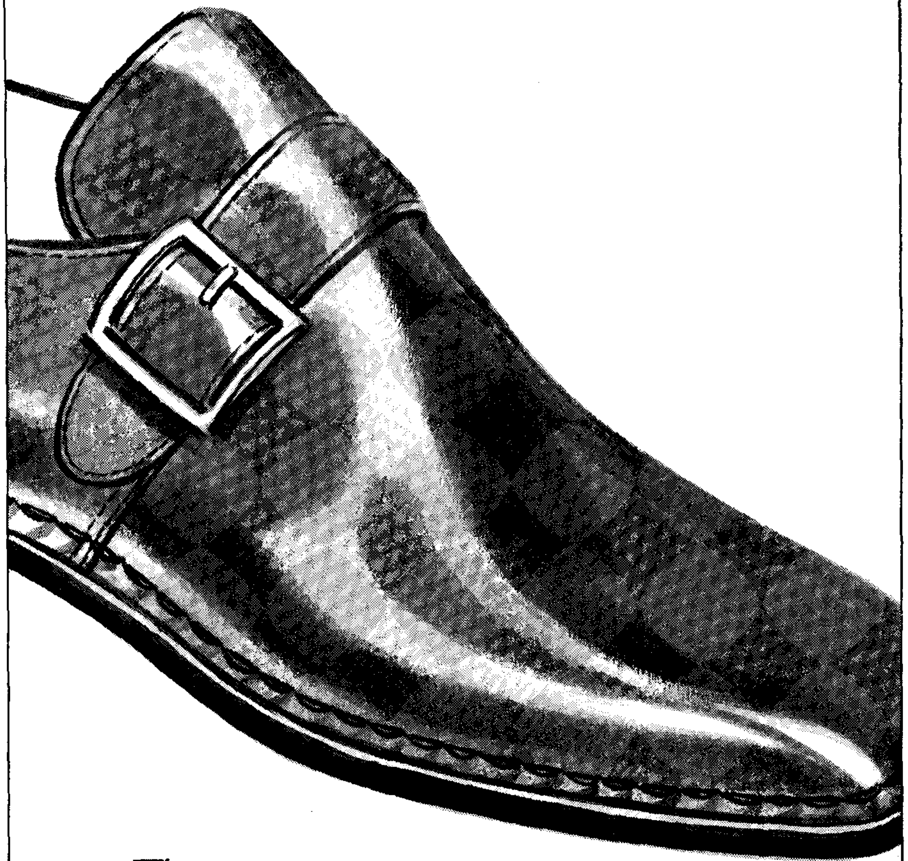
frightened. Mrs. Cordoba was in the waiting room and she was practically hysterical. Billy was sick again. He was out in the car—too sick to even walk.

"It was true. I found Mrs. Cordoba and we went out to the car, and there he was, and he looked terrible. He looked shocky. His skin was cold and clammy with sweat, and he was salivating and breathing very fast, and he didn't seem to be able to move his legs. I didn't even go back in the building to say I was leaving. I just slid in beside Billy and told Mrs. Cordoba to head for the hospital. The hospital was only a block up the street, but on the way she told me what had happened. There wasn't much to tell. They had started home from my office, and they were almost there when all of a sudden Billy said he was sick. That was all she knew. She had turned around and driven right back to see me. But it was perfectly plain that this was the same thing all over again. Only worse—much worse. Dr. Bocian confirmed it later on in the evening. The serum cholinesterase levels were very low. The plasma level was down to twenty-seven per cent of normal, and the red-cell level was only twenty. I got Billy started on atropine and intravenous fluids, but he didn't respond as he had before. Two hours after I got him into the hospital, he was seized with severe abdominal cramps and began to vomit. Then he developed diarrhea. It was time for PAM. I ordered an intravenous injection of five hundred milligrams. The next three hours were a little anxious, but then he began to improve. And the next morning he was very much better. He had had another five hundred milligrams of PAM, and his cholinesterase levels were up enough to show that he was improving.

"That gave me a chance to think. Organic-phosphate poisoning is not a notifiable disease in California, so there had been no reason for me to report Billy's case to the Fresno County Public Health Department, but now I thought perhaps I should. I thought I had a lead that they might want to follow up. The lead was this: For a week at home, Billy had been as good as well. Then he got up and drove over here to my office, and less than an hour later he was critically ill again with organic-phosphate poisoning. I'm not an epidemiologist, but it seemed to me that the probable source of his exposure wasn't far to look for. It almost had to be either something in the family car or something he was wearing. When



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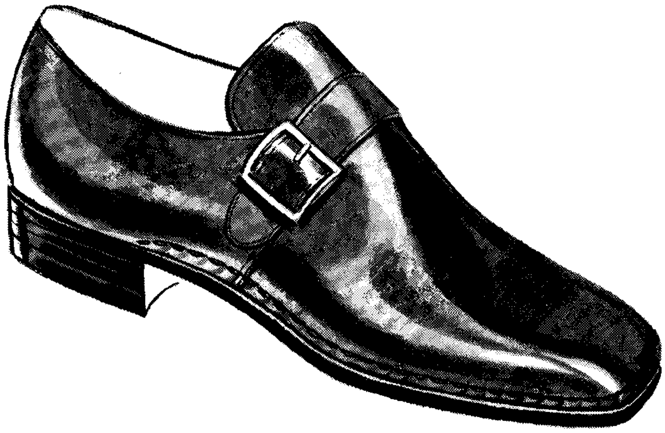

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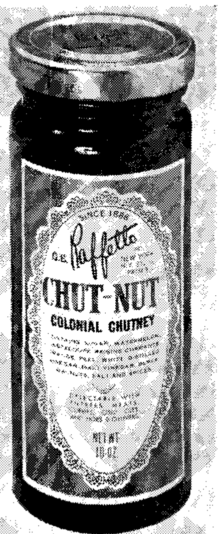
I got to my office on Wednesday morning, I called the Health Department and talked to Mary Hayes. Dr. Hayes has since left the Department but she was then the acting health officer, and she was very interested in my story. She said she would have somebody look into it. She called me back on Friday afternoon. They had the answer—or part of it, anyway. The source was Billy's clothes—his blue jeans. They were brand-new blue jeans that his mother had bought at a salvage store, and he had worn them only twice. He had worn them to school on the morning of October 4th and to my office on the afternoon of October 16th. The Department had had the jeans tested and had found them contaminated with some form of organic phosphate.

"By that time, of course, Billy was recovering very nicely, and I could relax and begin to think about him as a case. It fascinated me. I'd never had a more dramatic experience in all my years of practice. Well, I'm on the staff at Fresno General Hospital and I make teaching rounds there on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, and I was so fascinated by Billy and his poisoned blue jeans that I told the internes and residents about them on my next rounds. That was on Monday—Monday, October 23rd. The next day, I got a call from one of the residents, a doctor named Merritt C. Warren. He had a new patient on his service—an eight-year-old boy. We can call him Johnny Morales. Johnny had become sick at school that morning and had been admitted to the hospital by his family physician around noon. His initial symptoms were sweating, dizziness, and vomiting. He reached the hospital in a stumbling, mindless stupor. His pulse was fast, his respiration was weak and shallow, his face was contorted by muscular twitches, and the pupils of his eyes were contracted to pinpoints. He also had abdominal cramps. The family physician had tentatively diagnosed Johnny's trouble as acute rheumatic fever. Dr. Warren thought differently. He said he thought it was another case of poisoned pants. That was the way he put it. I thought he was probably right. And he was. Dr. Bocian confirmed it by a serum cholinesterase test a couple of hours later."

The inquiry by the Fresno County Public Health Department into the case of Billy Cordoba was conducted by an investigator in the Division of Environmental Health named R. E. Bergstrom. Mr. Bergstrom,



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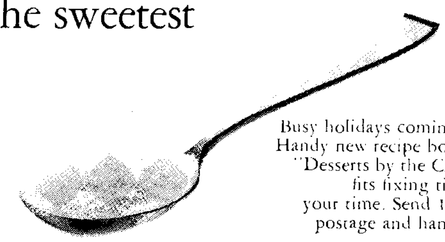

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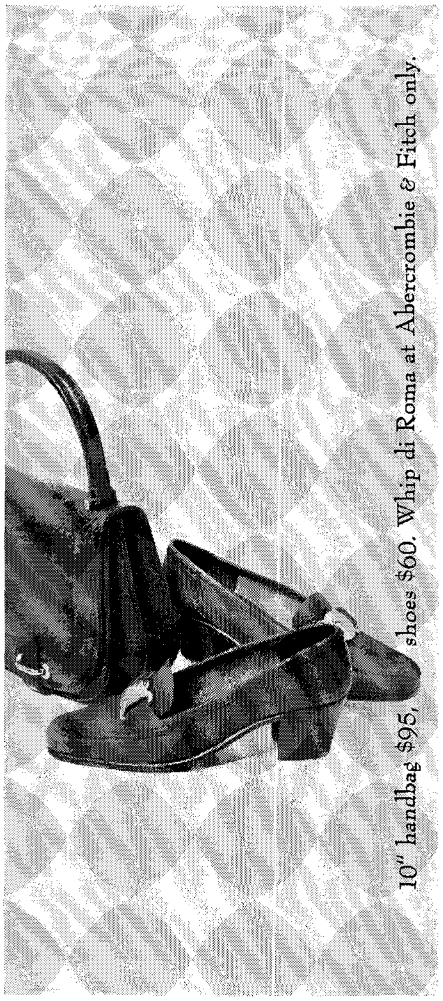
who was then senior sanitarian in the Division (he is now its director), received the assignment within an hour of Dr. Conrad's report to Dr. Hayes on the morning of October 18th. He and a colleague named Tiyo Yamaguchi were at the Cordoba house within an hour.

"We spent the rest of the day out there," Mr. Bergstrom says. "There and around the neighborhood. Mrs. Cordoba told us about the spraying operation near the bus stop. We followed that up and confirmed what she had learned herself. It was a standard cotton-defoliation spray—magnesium chloride and dinitrose. We went through the Cordoba house and the garage out back looking for anything in the way of a garden spray or insect bomb that might include an organic phosphate. Nothing. We examined the family car. Nothing. That left Billy's clothes, and Mrs. Cordoba showed us his blue jeans. She told us about them. They had been bought new about a month before at the salvage depot of the Valley Motor Lines. They were cheap, and she bought five pairs. But Billy had worn only one pair. And he had worn them only twice—to school that day and then to Dr. Conrad's office. I looked at Yamaguchi and he looked at me. We knew we had found what we were looking for. It had only to be proved. We wrapped up the jeans—all five pairs—for laboratory analysis. The Bureau of Vector Control of the California State Department of Public Health has a research station here, and we took the jeans over there the next morning. The first thing we wanted to know was whether they were contaminated. The Bureau had a quick and easy test for that. They breed mosquitoes at the station for experimental purposes, and they simply tossed the worn pair of jeans in with one of the colonies. I tell you, it was a sight to see. Those mosquitoes just curled up and died. It took only fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, every mosquito in the colony was dead. Not only that. There was another breeding colony about twenty feet away, and in about five more minutes all *those* mosquitoes were dead, too. The poison was that volatile.

"The next thing we wanted to know was the identity of the poison. We thought it was an organic phosphate, but was it? There is a color-reaction test that reveals the presence of phosphate. It takes a little longer than the mosquito test, but the Bureau had the chemistry to do it. We left the jeans with them to work on, and drove back in to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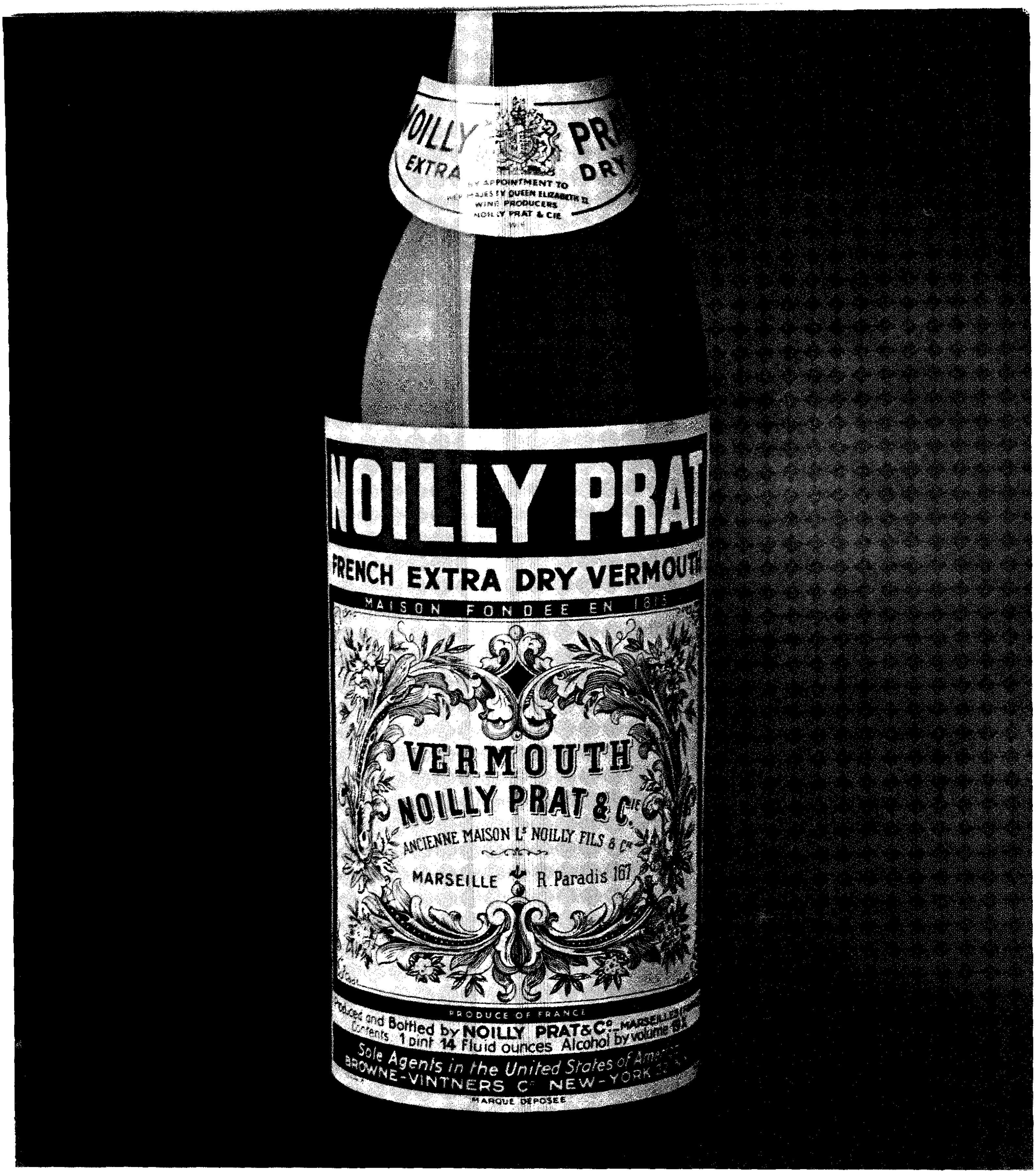
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town and down to the office of the Valley Motor Lines. It wasn't a very satisfactory visit. About all we learned was that there had been a sale of blue jeans at their salvage depot in September, and that all the jeans had been sold. They supposed the jeans had been damaged, but they didn't know in what way. They didn't know where the jeans had come from. They didn't know the number of jeans in the batch. All company records were stored at their main office, in Montebello, down in Los Angeles County. And, of course, they had no idea who had bought the jeans at the sale. We left them with the understanding that they would recover the relevant records. When we got back to the office, I called our friends at the Bureau of Vector Control. They were a lot more helpful. They had run the color-reaction test, and they had the result. It was positive for phosphate.

"That wasn't any great surprise, of course, but it was crucial. It established that Billy's blue jeans were in fact the source of his phosphate poisoning. All we needed to establish now was the source of the poison. And not just where it came from but also what it was. There are at least twenty-five commercial phosphate pesticides in common use. Like Parathion, for example. And Malathion. And Fenthion and Phosdrin and Diazinon and Dicapthon and Trithion and TEPP. And so on. So it might be easier to find out where it came from if we knew what particular phosphate pesticide we were looking for. Well, that kind of information can be got. It takes a little time, but it's possible by certain tests to identify an unknown phosphate pesticide. The Bureau couldn't do the analysis, but they knew who could—the Division of Chemistry of the California State Department of Agriculture, up in Sacramento. They said they would make the necessary arrangements. We should have a report in a week or ten days. The following day, we looked in at the Valley Motor Lines again. They still hadn't recovered the blue-jeans records. And the day after that it was the same. Apparently, it wasn't easy to get records out of Montebello. And then we heard about Johnny Morales. Dr. Conrad must have telephoned the news to Dr. Hayes. At any rate, we had the simple facts by the morning of October 25th. We went over to the hospital—it's just across the street—and talked to Dr. Warren and to Mrs. Morales, and finally to Johnny himself. Johnny was still pitifully sick, but he had been

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treated in time with atropine and PAM, and he was off the critical list. His story was Billy Cordoba's story all over again. There was a new pair of blue jeans. They came, like Billy's, from the Valley Motor Lines' salvage depot. They carried the J. C. Penney label. So did Billy's. And, as we very soon found out, they were also heavily contaminated with an organic phosphate. Johnny had worn the jeans for the first time on October 20th. He wore them to school that day and got sick around midmorning and was sent home. His mother put him to bed, and in a few days he was well. Then he put on his jeans again and went back to school, and ended up at Fresno General Hospital.

"Johnny's new jeans brought the total accounted for up to six. Mrs. Morales had bought only one pair. We still didn't know how many jeans had been sold in the sale, but it was certain that there were more than that. Dr. Hayes got in touch with all the local media. She called in the *Bee* and radio station KMJ and KMJ-TV, and it was all in the paper and on the air that evening, with a warning about the still unaccounted-for jeans and an appeal to the buyers to bring them in to the County Health Department for examination. The response was immediate, and good. As a matter of fact—although we didn't know it for a couple of weeks or more—it was one hundred per cent. We received a total of ten pairs of J. C. Penney jeans, from six different buyers. They represented five families and an institution for children. We checked them out for recent illness and found four cases with much the same clinical picture. Four boys, in four of the five families. They were all recovered now, and they had all been differently diagnosed. Brain tumor was one diagnosis. Another was bulbar polio. One of the others was encephalitis. In retrospect, however, the signs and symptoms were unmistakably those of organic-phosphate poisoning, and when their jeans were tested, that confirmed it. But it was also a little peculiar. Not because they all recovered without specific treatment. That could be explained by light contamination or brief exposure, or both. The peculiar thing was that only those four got sick. What about the fifth family and the institution? They had each bought two pairs of jeans, and the jeans had been worn, but none of the boys who wore them had been even mildly ill. As I say, it seemed a little peculiar—until it turned out that those jeans were not con-

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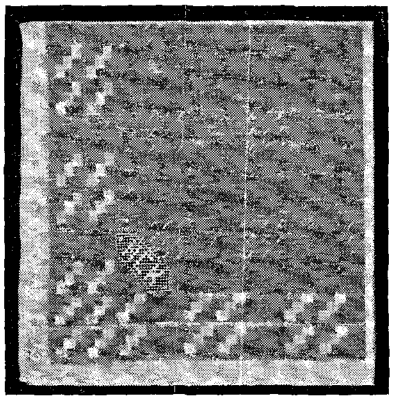

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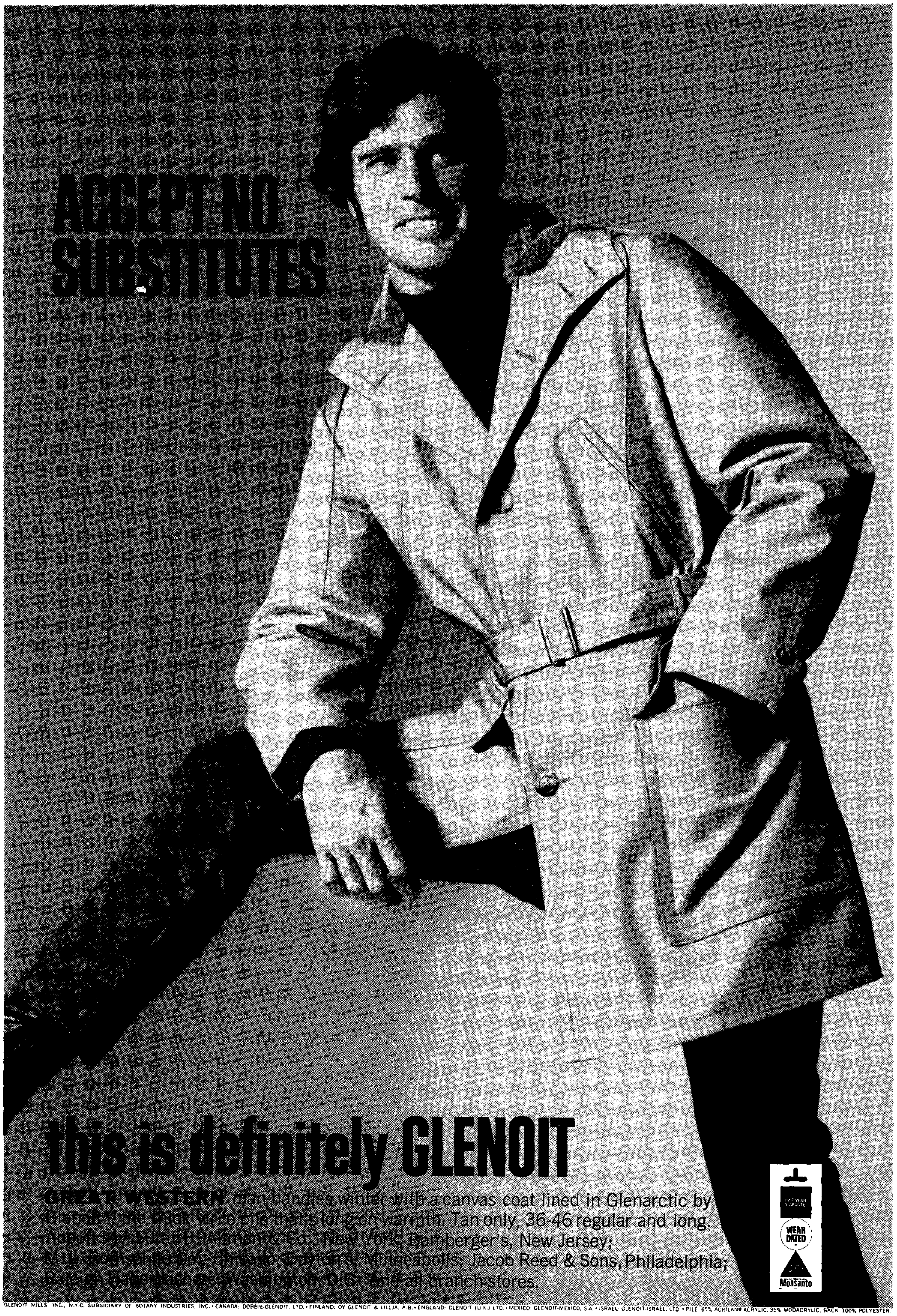
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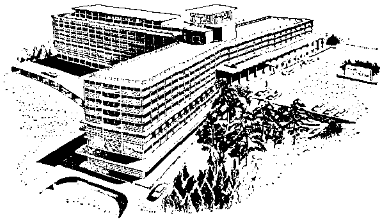

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taminated. And the reason they were not contaminated was that they had been washed. And the reason nobody got sick was that they had been washed before they were worn. Billy and Johnny and the four other boys had worn their jeans the way most kids do. Just as they came from the store."

THE transformation of Billy Cordoba's solitary seizure of organic-phosphate poisoning into a looming epidemic also changed the stature of the investigation. It was now imperative that the records of the Fresno blue-jeans sale be recovered from the Montebello office of the Valley Motor Lines, but doing so appeared to be beyond the strength of the Fresno County Public Health Department. Its exhortations did not carry across the state and into Los Angeles County. What was needed was the stronger voice of the California Department of Public Health. Accordingly, on October 26th Dr. Hayes invited that agency to take over the direction of the larger investigation, and her invitation was accepted. It was, however, immediately obvious to the Department of Public Health that in this instance the interrogational powers of a more specialized state agency would be even more compelling. That agency, whose assistance it sought and at once received, was the Public Utilities Commission, which at that time was charged with enforcing motor-carrier safety regulations.

The Public Utilities Commission's investigation was carried out by members of its Operations and Safety Section. They began their inquiry on October 27th. Six days later—on Thursday, November 2nd—they were pleased to receive from the Division of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture (by way of the Bureau of Vector Control of the Department of Public Health) the ultimate test report on Billy Cordoba's blue jeans. It read, "The stained portion of the jeans contained Phosdrin, 4.8% by weight. The contaminant was specifically identified as Phosdrin by its characteristic infra-red absorption curve. . . ." This was useful information. They now were looking for a particular pesticide. That would make a difference in their progress through the labyrinth of bills of lading, manifests, and invoices. It remained only to link the contaminated J. C. Penney jeans in time and place with a quantity of Phosdrin.

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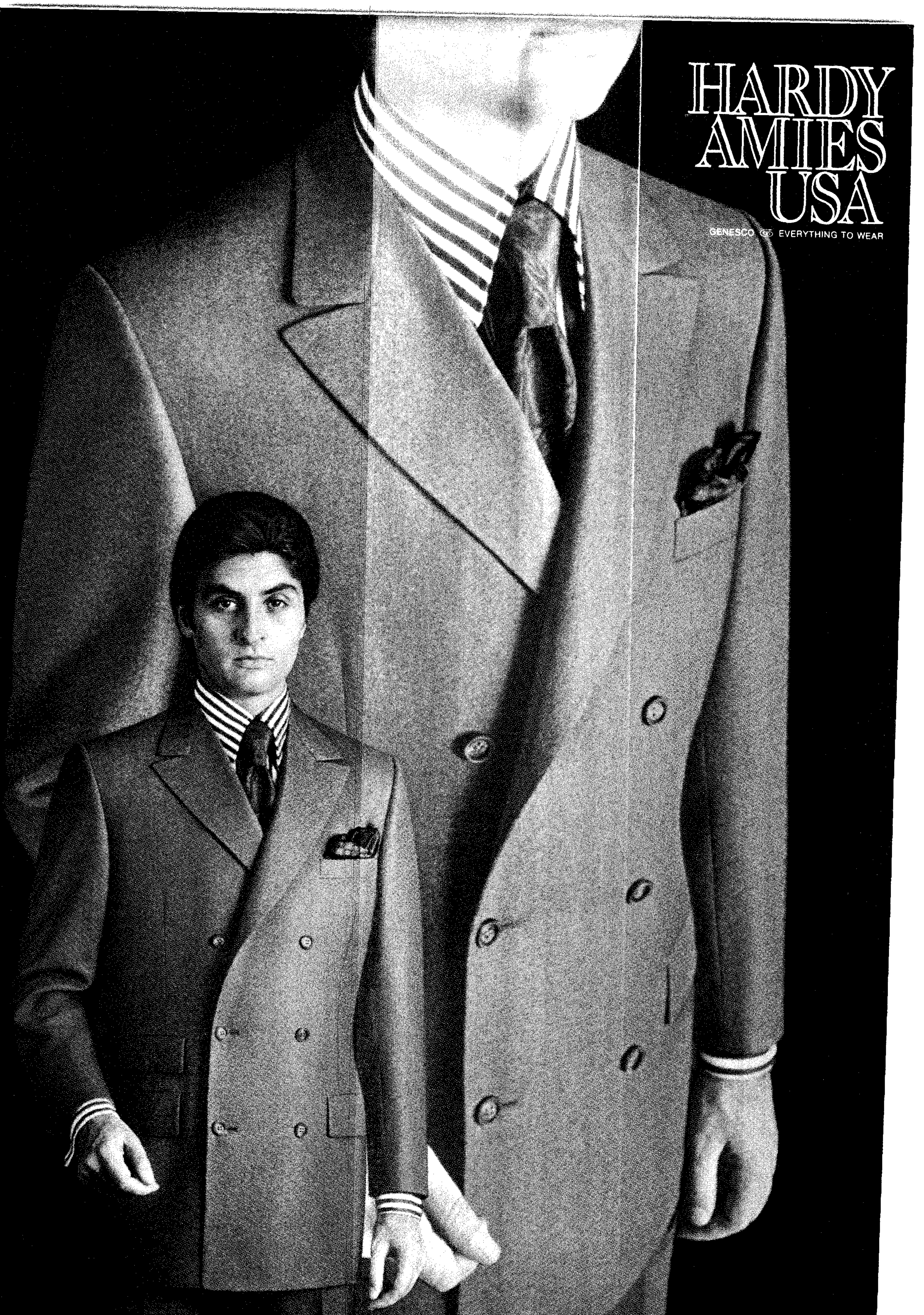
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others had had its innocent beginning some eight months before at the Bayly Manufacturing Company, in the nearby town of Sanger. On February 3, 1961, a shipment of Bayly blue jeans—two large bales and a carton—consigned to a J. C. Penney store in Los Angeles was picked up at the Bayly plant by the Triangle Transfer Company, a Sanger trucking firm, and taken to the Fresno terminal of the Valley Motor Lines for transshipment south. Within an hour or two of its arrival in Fresno, the shipment was loaded aboard a Valley Lines trailer with a conglomeration of other freight. This freight consisted of machinery, machine parts, metal pumps, and a hundred and twenty gallons of emulsifiable concentrate of Phosdrin, in one-gallon and five-gallon cans. The Phosdrin was the product of De Pester Western, Inc., a Fresno manufacturer, and was consigned to the Valley Chemical Company, at El Centro, down on the Mexican border.

The Valley Lines trailer left Fresno the following morning with this miscellaneous load, and that evening it reached the company terminal at Montebello, where the Phosdrin was unloaded for transshipment. Two days later, on February 6th, it was put on board a truck operated by the Imperial Truck Lines, a Los Angeles firm, for the final leg of its journey. The Imperial driver made the usual precautionary inspection of his load before signing the delivery receipt, and found that one of the Phosdrin cans had sprung a leak. He traced the leak to a little puncture about three inches below the top of a five-gallon can. After some discussion, he signed the delivery receipt, but noted a formal exception to the shipment on the ground that around a gallon of Phosdrin concentrate had been lost from the punctured can. (How the puncture occurred was never determined, but the loss was estimated in a subsequent claim by the Valley Chemical Company at one and one-eighth gallons, valued at twenty-four dollars and fifty cents.) Meanwhile, the shipment of blue jeans was delivered that same day by the original Valley Lines trailer to a J. C. Penney store in the Los Angeles suburb of Westchester. A shipping clerk there noticed a dark stain on the paper wrapping of one of the bales of jeans. He asked the driver about it, but the driver didn't know. He had never seen it before. The clerk went in and brought out the manager, and the manager told the Valley Lines driver that a damage claim would be

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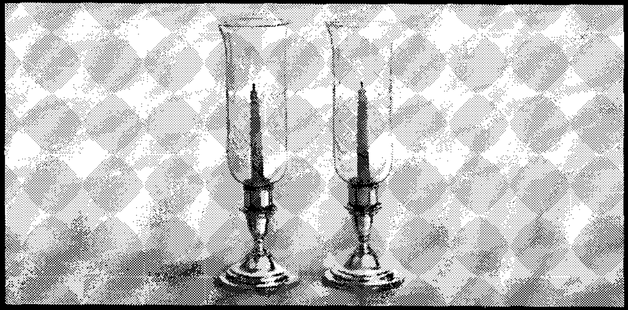

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filed if any of the jeans turned out to be soiled. Sixteen pairs of jeans were found to be stained with some unknown oily substance, and a claim for damages was filed on February 8th. The claim was acknowledged by the Valley Motor Lines, and the sixteen pairs of jeans were stored in the J. C. Penney warehouse for pickup by the Valley Lines. They remained there all spring and all summer—until September 6th. Then they were finally picked up and returned to Fresno. On September 19th, they were put on cut-rate sale at the company's salvage-depot store. The jeans by then apparently looked all right. They might also by then have been as safe as they looked. It is possible. Seven months of storage in a warehouse subject to swings of heat and cold and damp and dry might well have caused much of the Phosdrin to volatilize and vanish. But the J. C. Penney warehouse was a new and modern warehouse. It was air-conditioned.

The Public Utilities Commission's report of these findings to the State Department of Public Health ended on a reassuring note. It concluded, "The staff's investigation of the personnel records and waybills of the two carriers involved failed to disclose any evidence of employee illnesses on the days in question or subsequent thereto, and failed to disclose any evidence that foodstuffs or other personal effects, including clothing, had been contaminated."

THE Commission's report was not, however, the end of its interest in the matter. It at once instituted an investigation into the general operations, safety practices, equipment, and facilities of the Valley Motor Lines and the Imperial Truck Lines, and on February 14, 1962, a public hearing on the results of that investigation was held at Fresno. Both companies were found guilty of carelessness, and admonished and fined. The Valley Lines was fined five thousand dollars—the maximum penalty—and the Imperial Lines was fined twenty-five hundred dollars.

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A traveling zoomobile will appear at Law Memorial Park in Briarcliff next Monday at 10:30 a.m. The attraction is sponsored by the Briarcliff Recreation Department and is free to the squirrel.
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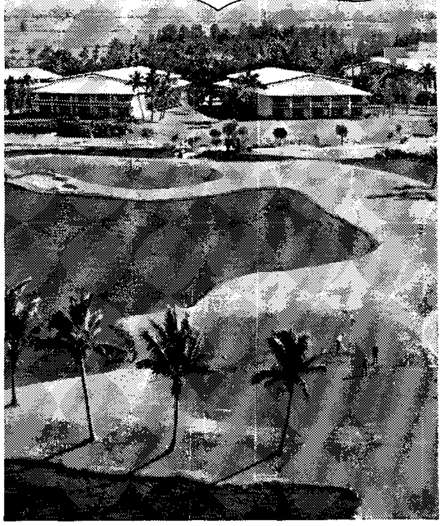

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Howbeit, whatever you do, don't make any other plans for Tuesday.

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U.S. JOURNAL: MONROE, N.C.

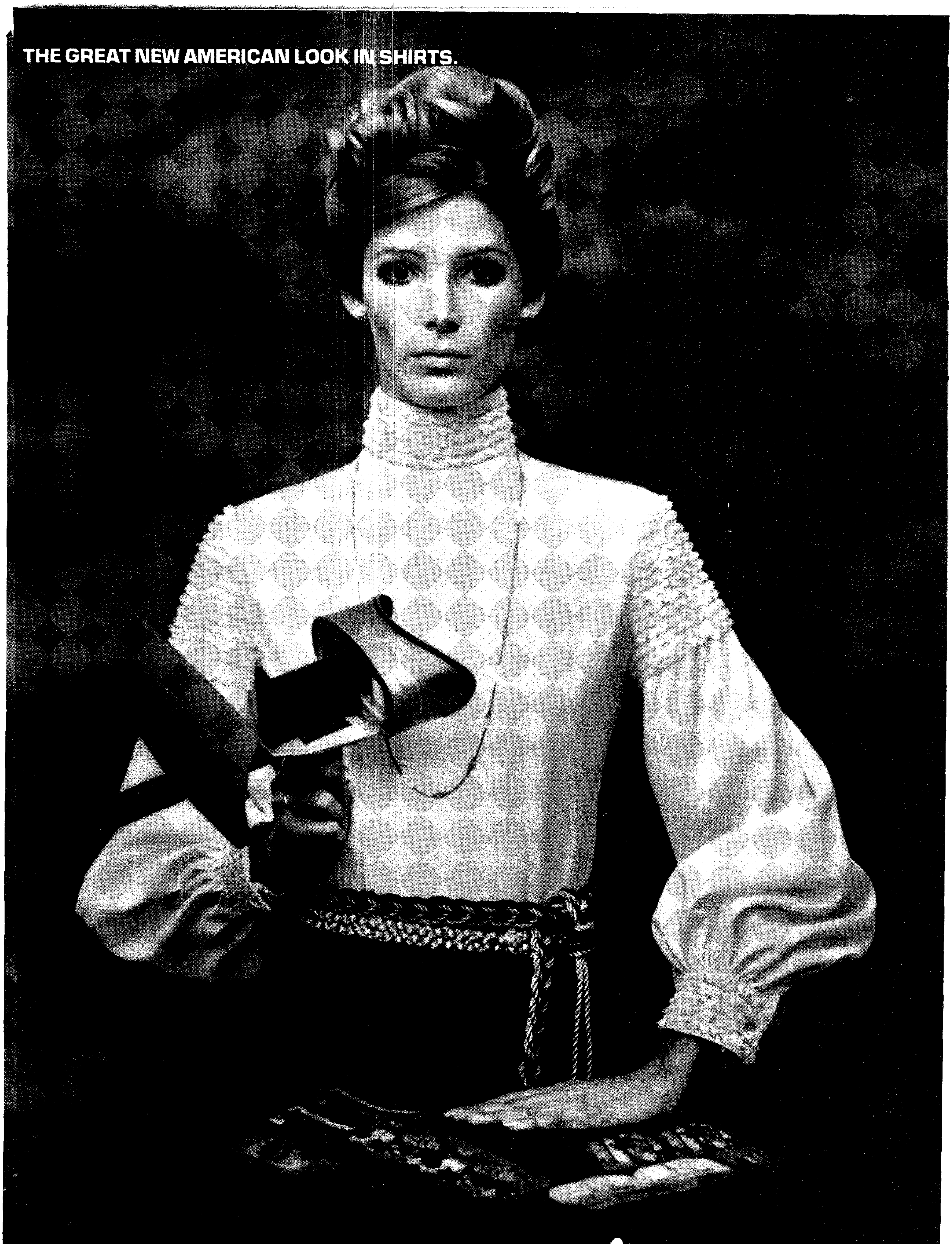
HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the two or three months of the Freedom Rides, in the spring of 1961, about two hundred people were arrested for disturbing the peace of the Trailways Bus Terminal in Jackson, Mississippi, by not observing the waiting-room segregation that Jackson authorities considered the equivalent of peacefulness. According to the terms of their bonds, all of them were required to return to Jackson that August for arraignment—creating a reunion of peace-disturbers that included, among others, national civil-rights leaders, Negro college students from the Southern sit-in movement, and some unkempt Northern white supporters who were usually referred to by white people in Mississippi as "beatnik types." Arrangements were made to transport some of the accused from New York and back on a chartered bus. On the way back North, seventeen of the Freedom Riders, most of them beatnik types, announced that they planned to stop off in Monroe, North Carolina, to help out a civil-rights movement led by a Monroe Negro named Robert F. Williams. They had been recruited in Jackson by an intense civil-rights activist named James Forman. A former schoolteacher in Chicago, Forman had worked for a while at Tent City, in Fayette County, Tennessee, a community formed by Negroes thrown off farms because of their efforts to vote; then, accompanied by a field worker for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, he had gone to look into the situation in Monroe, a town that pickets at the United Nations had called "America's Angola."

In the early sixties, there was a lot of concern in the civil-rights movement about the form protest took—a concern based largely on the premise then widely held that Negroes had to retain the support of Northern white liberals and Southern white moderates and any other white people who could qualify as what editorial writers in those days liked to call Men of Good Will. (In fact, the Freedom Ride itself was a form that had offended some Men of Good Will—partly on the ground that many of the Freedom Riders confirmed the segregationists' vision of civil-rights activists being outside agitators.) Non-violence was the strongest tenet of the movement at that time, and Williams, while serving as the president of the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P., had publicly renounced non-violence. In 1959, after two white men on trial for assaulting Negro women had been acquitted in Monroe, Williams was quoted as saying that Negroes might have to meet "violence with violence" and "lynching with lynching"—a remark that caused the N.A.A.C.P. national office to suspend him from his presidency. At the time of the fiftieth annual convention of the N.A.A.C.P., that summer, the national office published a pamphlet justifying its actions, and was supported in speeches from the convention floor by such luminaries of the movement as Daisy Bates, of Little Rock, and Martin Luther King, Jr. The convention upheld the suspension by a vote of seven hundred and sixty-four to fourteen. Williams continued to carry on what he often referred to as an arms race with the whites, and he continued to be something of an embarrassment in other ways. It was a policy of virtually all civil-rights leaders in those days, for instance, to avoid close association with anybody whose presence might lend weight to the routine Southern charge that the civil-rights movement was a ruse concocted by the Communists, and Williams had been associated with an assortment of Old Left radicals and Harlem black nationalists at least since he came to public attention, in 1958, with the "Kissing Case." (Two Negro boys, aged eight and nine, had been confined in the state reformatory for allegedly forcing a seven-year-old white girl to kiss one of them. The N.A.A.C.P. was slow to act, perhaps because of a reluctance to speak loudly about interracial sex, even of the pre-pubescent variety; Williams and a New York lawyer began a publicity campaign that caused more reaction in Europe than in the United States; and the boys were finally freed after Harry Golden, North Carolina's best-known white liberal, interceded with the governor.) A vocal supporter of Fidel Castro long after it had been decided that Cuba was in the Enemy Camp, Williams had used visits to Havana as occasions for denouncing American racism. It was said that he had flown a Cuban flag in his front yard until a Negro paratrooper on leave tore it down. At a time when the basic loyalty of American Negroes (and whites) to Cold War foreign policy was taken for granted, *The Crusader*, Williams's newsletter, said, "No Afro-American should be asked to fight in a white man's conflict of conquest cloaked in the phoney respectability of a crusade for freedom."

Williams's efforts in Monroe appeared to be totally unsystematic. He seemed to have lost interest in school integration after a mild pass at it, for instance, and most of his energy seemed to be taken up in protesting the kind of personal harassment that Negro civil-rights leaders, and even a number of Southern white liberals, accepted as an inevitable hazard of their activities. With Charlotte only about twenty-five miles away, Williams had access to active white liberals who would have been the natural allies of most Negro civil-rights leaders. But the Charlotte liberals believed that Williams's advocacy of violence played into the hands of the segregationists, that his handling of the Kissing Case had made it into a bad parody of the Scottsboro Case, and that his criticism of America while visiting a country considered its enemy amounted to disloyalty. (Attempting to illustrate just how extreme Williams's language had been, Golden told an out-of-town reporter in 1961 that the Cuban speeches had definitely included such phrases as "America is a prison.") James Farmer, who was then the national director of the Congress of Racial Equality and a leader of the Freedom Rides, advised the Freedom Riders on the bus to the North not to stop in Monroe. They decided to stop anyway.

Contrary to what a Northern reader of *The Crusader* might have gathered, there were many places in the South much more oppressive for Negroes than Monroe—although that distinction might have been lost on the Negroes who lived there. Monroe was not, as Williams later wrote, the site of "the south-eastern regional headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan," but the Klan had definitely surfaced in surrounding Union County during the fifties. A town of about eleven thousand people, not far from the South Carolina line, Monroe in 1961 was interested mainly in luring more industry to bolster an economy that was principally agricultural, and those who ran the city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were not anxious to have it identified with Angola, except to whatever extent Angola is anti-union. They were in the habit of explaining to visitors that Negroes had always voted in Union County—Williams, in fact, had once run for mayor of Monroe—and that Monroe had Negro policemen and some Negro representation on county boards. But Charlotte journalists familiar with Union County would have agreed with Williams's later statement that "its spirit is closer to that of South Carolina than to the liberal atmosphere of Chapel Hill which people tend to associate with North Carolina."

Monroe's vision of itself as a decent enough place that had the bad luck to have spawned Robert Williams was reinforced by the arrival of the Freedom Riders—a sudden invasion of beatnik types. Forming an organization called the Monroe Non-Violent Action Committee, the Freedom Riders and Williams's local followers, mostly Negro teen-agers, began to picket the Union County courthouse. The leaflets they handed out listed four issues: "1) Unfair protection under law for Afro-Americans and their property, 2) The policy of the tax-supported Industrial Development which invites industries to Union County and imposes discriminatory labor practices, 3) Arbitrary and cruel administration by the Welfare Department that has deprived destitute Afro-Americans of relief, 4) Separate and unequal recreational facilities." (Williams had originally asked for a separate pool for Negroes or, at least, use of the town pool on certain days. Finally, he marched to the town pool, and it was closed; the manager said the chlorinator was broken.) But the only issue that either side discussed seriously was the issue of Robert Williams himself. There was no chance that the whites in charge were going to discuss recreational facilities with a man who flew the Cuban flag, and *The Crusader* was much more concerned with whether Williams's house had been shot at and whether Castro had been unfairly treated than it was with the welfare situation.

In 1961, of course, issues such as job discrimination and welfare would have been beyond the scope of the discussion even in cities where the Negro leader was considered responsible and the whites in power were considered progressive. The national goal in civil rights, to the extent that a goal existed, seemed to be the token integration of public schools and certain public facilities in the large cities of the South and an increase of Negro voting

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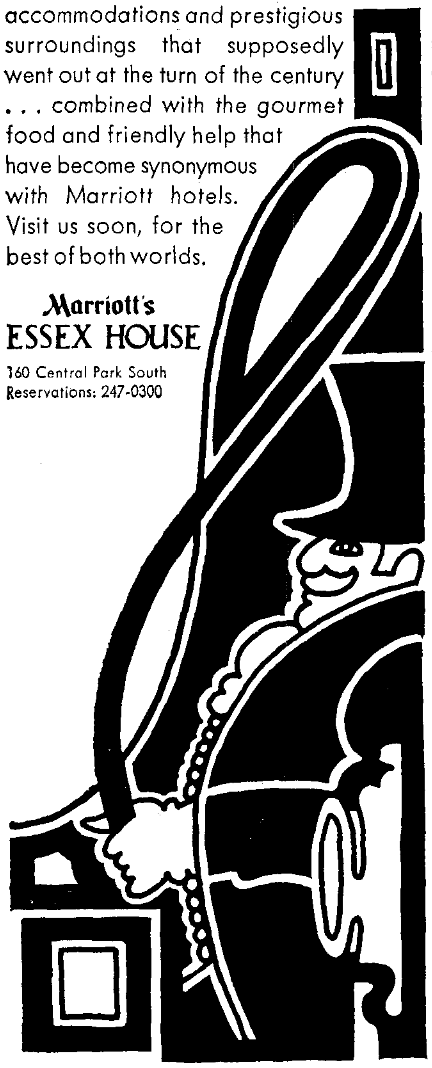

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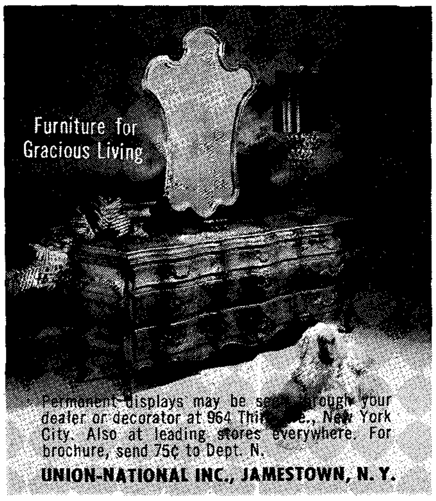

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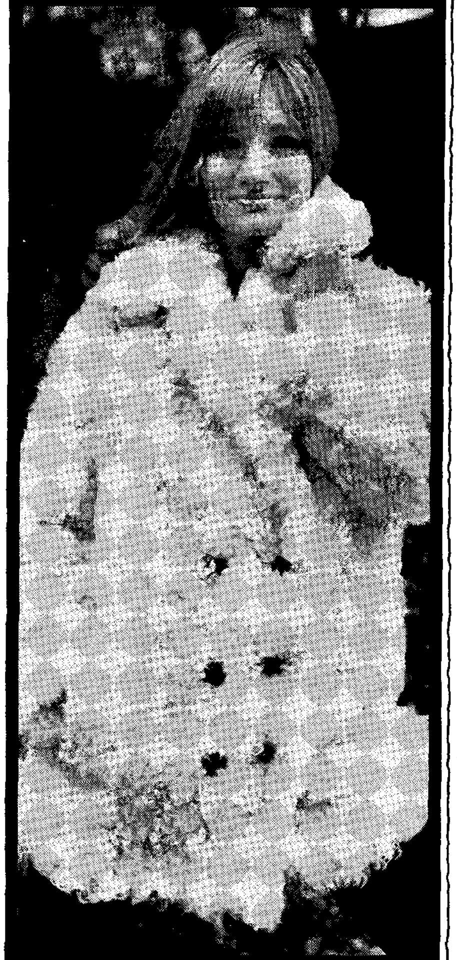

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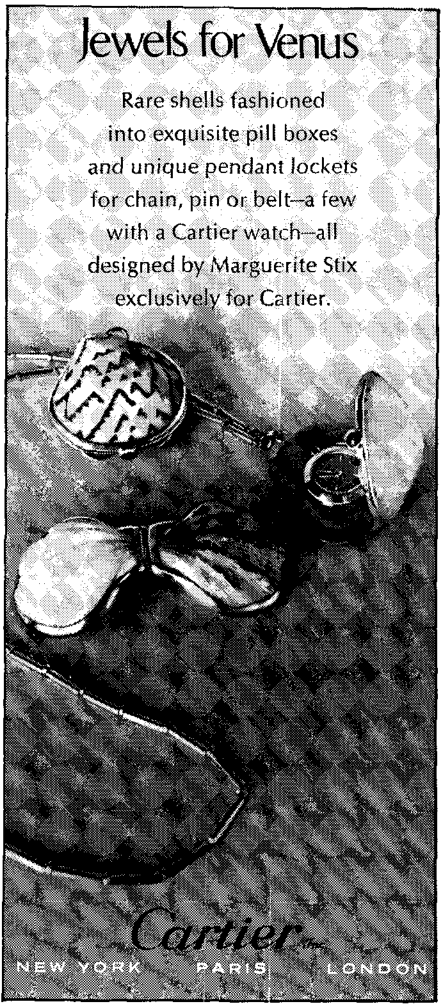
in those places where a Negro could register without risking his life. In the same week that the picketing of the Union County courthouse came to a climax, nine Negroes were enrolled in previously all-white high schools in Atlanta—seven years after the Supreme Court had ruled segregation in schools un-Constitutional. It was considered a triumph. In an editorial of unqualified congratulations, the *Times* said, "Atlanta has provided a new and shining example of what can be accomplished if the people of goodwill and intelligence, white and Negro, will cooperate to obey the law and to benefit the children, regardless of color." It was taken for granted by almost all white Americans that some of the injustices practiced against Negroes in the South (injustices in the North being virtually unacknowledged) were semi-permanent fixtures of American life—distressing but difficult to do anything about, like a three-and-a-half-per-cent minimum rate of unemployment. For half a dozen years before 1960, General Eisenhower had assured the citizenry that morality could not be legislated—an assurance that state politicians took not as a signal to repeal the laws governing divorce and drinking and gambling but as a signal that the federal government wouldn't bother them about segregation. The Kennedy Administration had made it known that it considered further civil-rights legislation unnecessary, and had appointed a number of openly white-supremacist federal judges in the South to preside over the efforts to bring change through the courts. A suggestion made around that time by the federal Civil Rights Commission that the lever of withholding federal funds be used to stop illegal discrimination was not taken seriously by the Administration or Congress. In theory, the nation was in favor of change—but not strongly *enough to accept any measures that* might bring it about right away.

On a Sunday, a week after the picketing of the Union County courthouse had started, a crowd of about a thousand hostile whites gathered in the courthouse square to jeer. One car circled the courthouse carrying a sign that said "Open Season on Coons." About the time the pickets broke up for the day, part of the crowd surged toward some of them. Before order was finally restored in Monroe by the state police, several hours later, there had been dozens of pitched battles, some of them with guns, a number of the Freedom Riders had been arrested, and a policeman had been wounded. When a white



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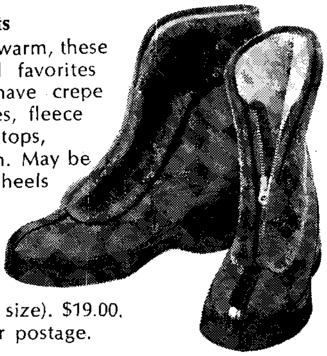

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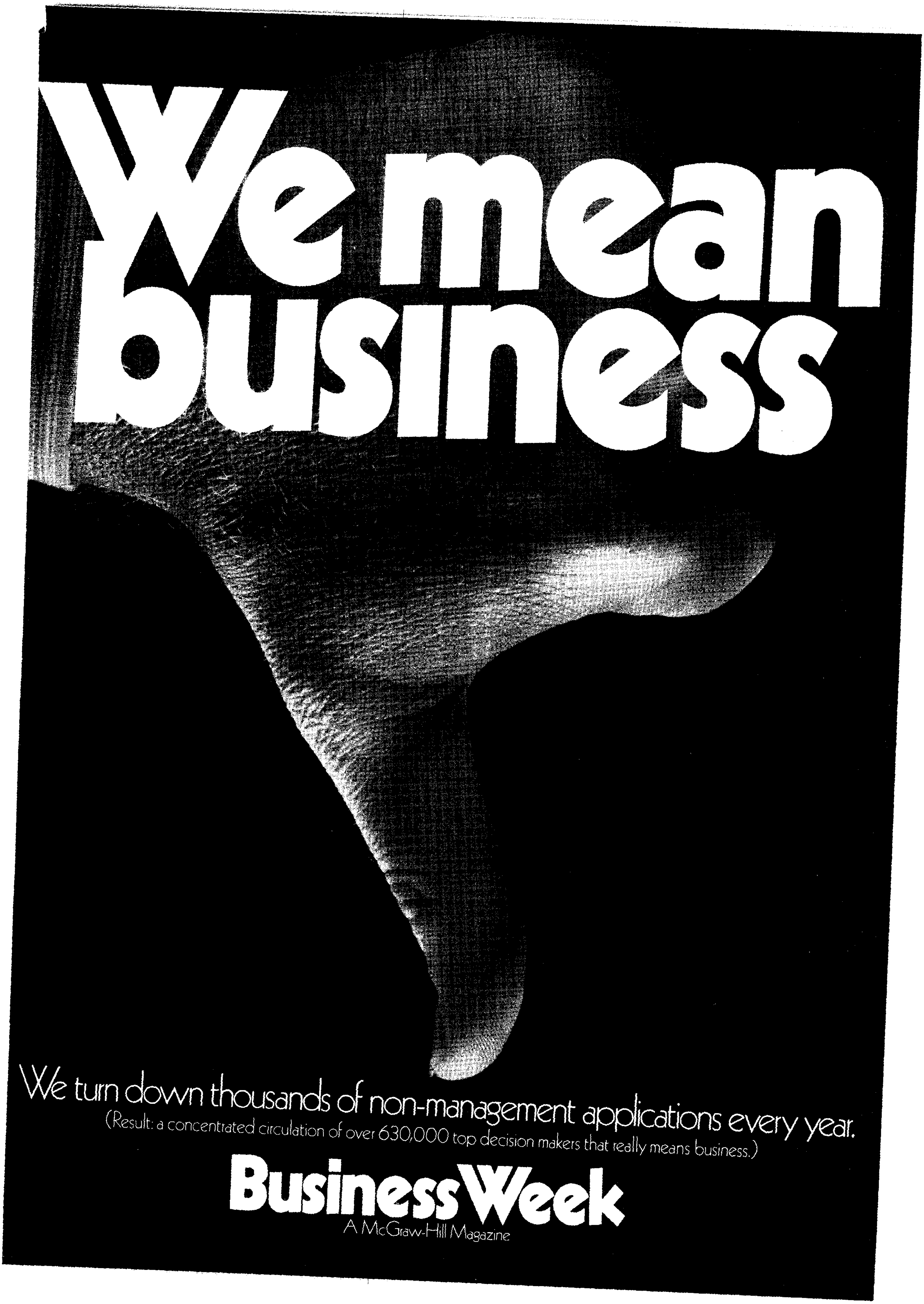

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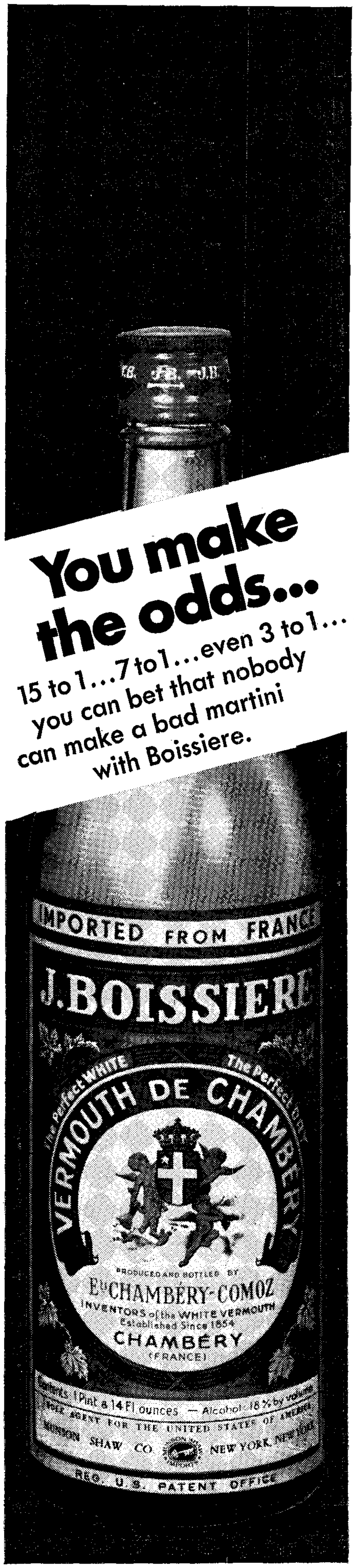
couple from rural Union County drove into the Negro neighborhood during the disturbance, they were taken from their car into Robert Williams's house and held for a few hours. By the next morning, Williams had disappeared. Kidnapping charges were brought against him and two local followers, one of the Freedom Riders, and a Negro woman from Harlem. Whatever capital Williams had retained in the civil-rights movement was dissolved by the kidnapping charge. A day or so after Williams had disappeared, the Reverend Wyatt Tee Walker, then the executive director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, arrived in Monroe to see what could be done about the legal charges against the Freedom Riders who had been arrested during the Sunday disturbances; they had, after all, been picketing partly at the instigation of an S.C.L.C. field worker. But, despite the arguments of Forman and others that Monroe should be turned into what people then called "another Jackson," Walker made it clear that the S.C.L.C. would become involved only to the extent of providing legal aid for those already arrested. Walker was not completely unsympathetic to Williams—"Whatever Williams is Union County has made him," he said—but before he left town he told reporters that he, too, had advised the Freedom Riders to stay away from Monroe.

A few weeks later, Williams showed up in Havana, and from there he eventually moved to Peking and then to East Africa, publishing a somewhat more extreme form of *The Crusader* as he went. Forman became the executive director of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, but S.N.C.C. also decided not to become involved in Monroe. There was not much written about Monroe in the years that followed. In fact, for long periods during the next two years—the periods between some trouble during an attempt to register voters in McComb, Mississippi, and the S.C.L.C.'s unsuccessful desegregation campaign in Albany, Georgia, and James Meredith's enrollment at the University of Mississippi—there was not much written about race. Just before the forces of Martin Luther King, Jr., met the forces of Bull Connor in Birmingham in the spring of 1963, the country seemed to have almost forgotten about Negroes and civil rights. In those years, of course, most white people had never heard of Robert Williams or Monroe. (The organization formed in New York for the Mon-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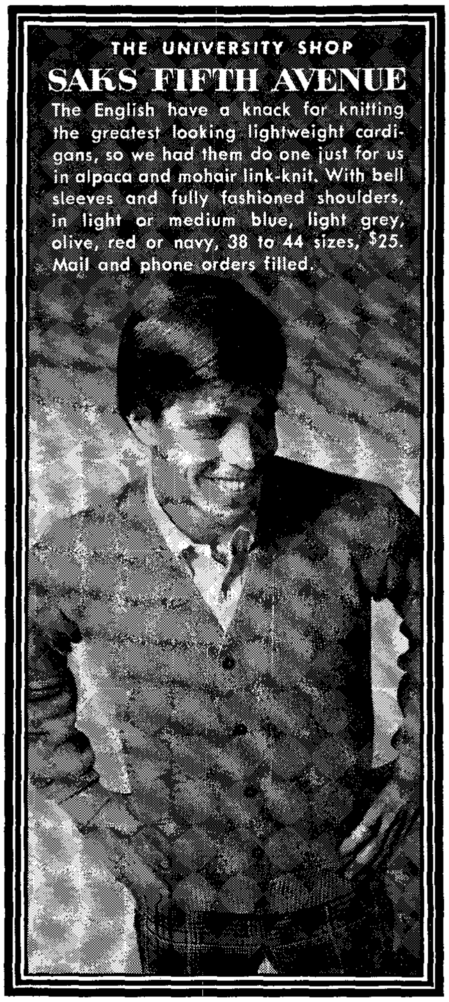
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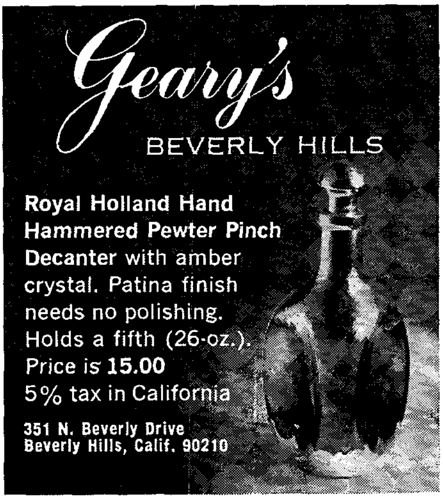
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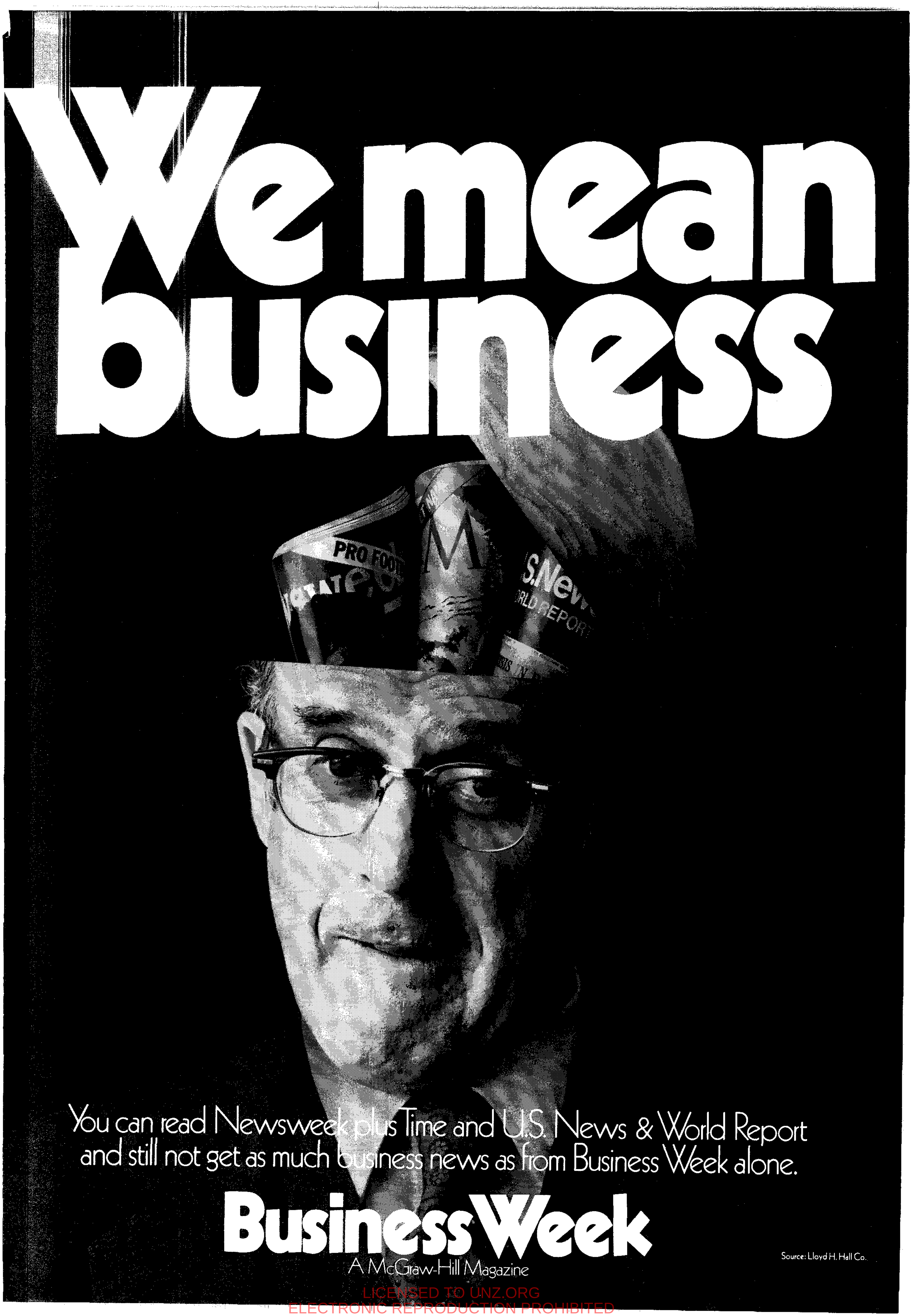
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roe defendants, a small operation dominated by white radicals of the Old Left, had the tone but not the volume of the old Scottsboro committees.) But Williams continued to be something of a hero to black nationalists and black revolutionaries—although Harold Cruse, in his book "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," points out that Williams's actions in Monroe were neither nationalistic nor revolutionary, since his announced goal was integration and the force he advocated was to be used not against established authority but against white vigilantes. In February of 1964, the defendants other than Williams were finally brought to trial and convicted. (Their conviction was set aside by an appeals court.) The trial took place at a time when the civil-rights movement was still confident of making progress in a non-violent and biracial way, and the *Times* reporter who covered it wrote that it demonstrated "that the Monroe situation was an aberration in the civil-rights movement."

In a town like Monroe, a chlorinator that breaks down as the swimming pool is approached by Negroes is not easily repaired. Now, eight years after Williams's swimming-pool demonstration, the town pool remains closed. Whites swim at a place called Bundy's Private Swimming Pool, behind a used-car lot on the double-lane that goes to Charlotte. The federal courts have ruled that places like Bundy's Private Swimming Pool are public accommodations, which, under the Civil Rights Act passed after Birmingham, can be compelled to end racial discrimination, but nobody in Monroe has ever filed a suit. Negroes in Monroe are somewhat better off economically than they were in Williams's day. The industrial-development commission eventually attracted enough plants to soak up most of the available white labor, and in the last few years the textile plants in particular are, in the words of the man at the industrial-development commission, "having to go to women and colored more." The white people in Monroe are quick to tell Northern visitors that the plants are integrated and that the schools are so thoroughly integrated that the former Negro high school has been closed. (Its closing and the pace of integration were helped along by a mysterious fire.) There is still no swimming pool for Negroes, but some people talk about including one in a recreation center that may someday be built at the site of the old Negro

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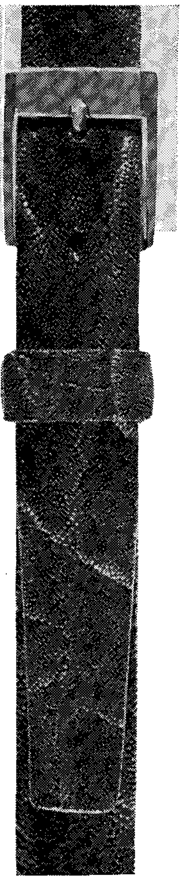

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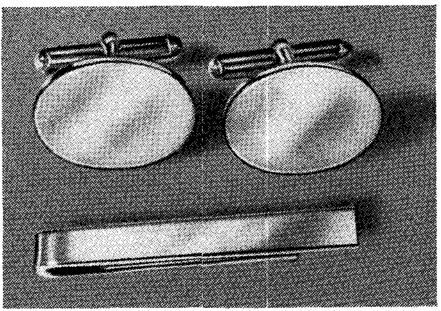

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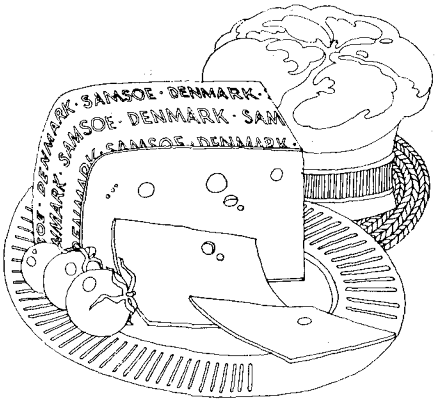

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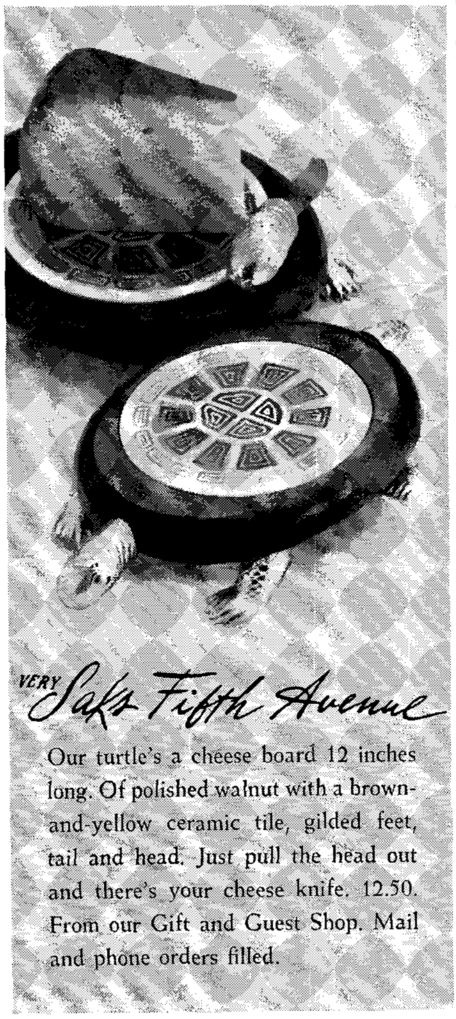
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school. White people in Monroe still blame Williams for bringing the town a bad name, but—hating a bad name worse than they hate Williams—they wouldn't welcome having him back for a trial.

Williams, of course, returned to the United States last month, as president of a separatist group called the Republic of New Africa. Upon landing in Detroit, he was arrested on a fugitive warrant stemming from the kidnapping charge, and released on bond. James Farmer, who didn't want the Freedom Riders to go to Monroe, is now in the Nixon Administration, an Assistant Secretary in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Wyatt Tee Walker has a large church in Harlem and is an adviser to Governor Rockefeller on urban affairs. Harry Golden still lives in Charlotte and supports what remains of the integration movement; he resigned from S.N.C.C. when it issued what he considered anti-Semitic statements during the time of the Arab-Israeli war, in 1967. James Forman is now a spokesman for a group demanding that American churches pay black people half a billion dollars in reparations. The same people still run the national office of the N.A.A.C.P., and they say that their policy on violence has not changed. If they were again to read in the *Times* of a branch president calling for Negroes to meet "violence with violence" and "lynching with lynching," they would suspend him. Of course, it is unlikely that a statement so commonplace would make the *Times*.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

●

Four big, brawny, brave (?) brainless slobs in a boat caught a timber wolf swimming in a Minnesota lake and beat its brains out with an oar.

Now they want to be called heroes.

This is a new age, friends. Let's call it as it is.

One good five-letter word would be STUPID. There are some dandy longer and shorter words I could use.—*Lou Gale in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Stick to the five-letter ones. That's where your talent lies.

●

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Miami News*]

TURIN, Italy—The thermometer hit 104 in Turin yesterday and people expected the asphalt in the streets to melt. But they didn't expect to see flames erupt between the cobblestones on the sidewalks.

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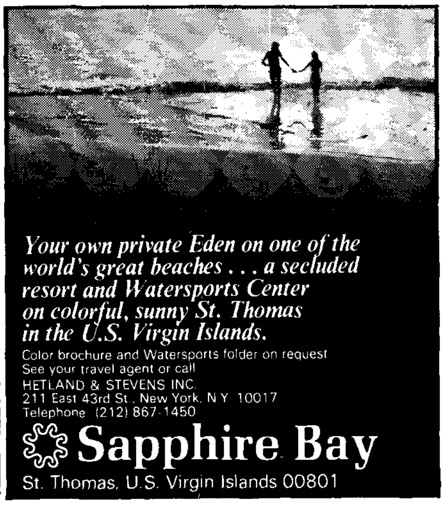
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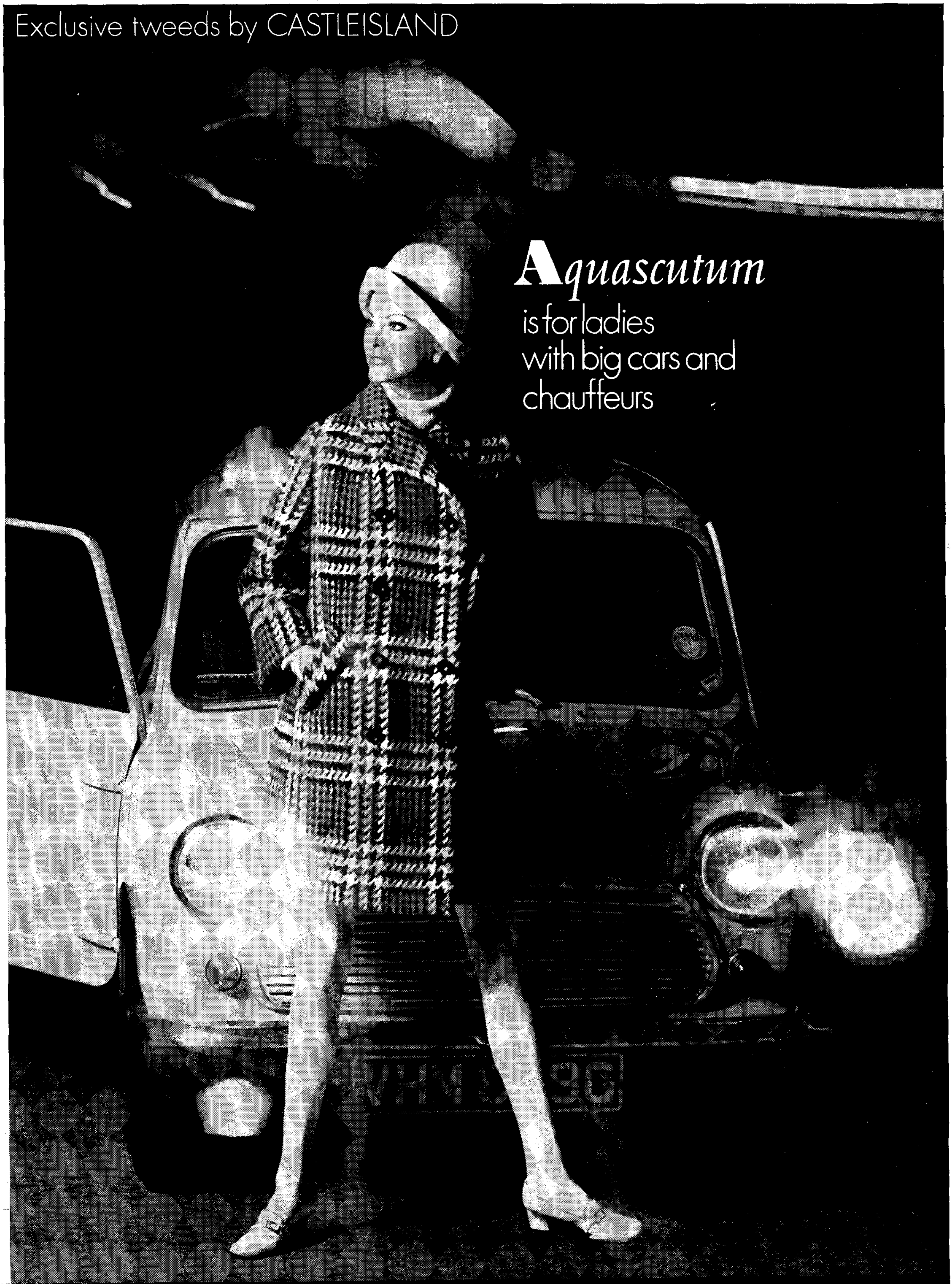
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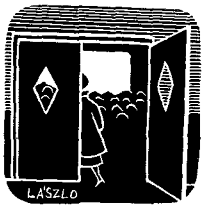

"Oh! What a Lovely War" has a great deal of good will going for it. It's the kind of movie that is said to "make a statement," and some people will no doubt take it as a statement about Vietnam. Many of the great knights and ladies of the English theatre who appear in it brought their children along and worked at minimum scale. It was nevertheless very expensive, and an antiwar musical that must take in roughly eight million dollars just to break even is the kind of picture that needs critical help. Though I found the movie lethal, I hate to say so, because it gives comfort to the enemy: it encourages a policy of not taking chances like this again. The picture is a hit in England, and maybe it will be a hit here, too, so I won't have to feel guilty. Although it may seem unkind and snobbish to say it's *too* big, when one suspects that it probably couldn't have been financed if it were smaller—that it had to be big to get done at all—still, the scale is too impersonally large, and doesn't add anything, except perhaps the divertissement of detecting the famous actors and actresses under the makeup (as in "Around the World in 80 Days"). The conception is a music-hall revue in which the songs of the First World War are counterpointed with the battle statistics, to evoke the myths and facts of war. One guesses that the picture should have pathos and nostalgia, that it should be a mixture of jolliness and horrors, and that the music should be irresistible. We sit waiting to be affected, to be stabbed and be scalded by tears; as each song starts, we expect to be overwhelmed, but the music is all too resistible, and the emotions don't come. There's a suggestion of how things should go in an early music-hall number; the naïve young chorus girls luring the boys to do their patriotic duty have an authentic innocence—the purity of ignorance—and when Maggie Smith delivers a raucous patriotic song, she's startling and vivifying. But the movie lapses back into blandness and that brand of satire which has become the new convention in English movies.

"Oh! What a Lovely War" repeats the satirical forms already exhausted in Richard Lester's "How I Won the War" and Tony Richardson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Although all three of these movies are presented as antiwar movies, their specific target is the follies of the upper classes, and their explanation of war is the British equivalent of the adolescent *Mad*-magazine approach: wars are made by the officers, who are homicidal imbeciles interested only in personal position and indifferent to the death of their men. At times, when these movies positively exult in imbecility (Gielgud in "Light Brigade," Olivier harrumphing around in "Oh! What a Lovely War"), the satire is effective, because the actors can give these monster-ninnies such a glow that their stupidity has a real, Marx Brothers madness to it. But most of the time, particularly in "How I Won the War" and "Oh! What a Lovely War," this tedious class stuff about dupes and dupers is so single-minded it has nowhere to go, no way of developing; it just keeps demonstrating the same proposition as outrageously as possible. The ritual exhumations of historical figures become as elaborate as their funerals once were. The satire becomes baroque. It's really just sport for a dispirited culture, and rather ugly sport. The English rouse themselves every few months to pick at their old dead leaders once more, pounding and jabbing—toreros trying to draw blood from stuffed toy bulls. After a few movies, we're connoisseurs; we observe that the capework was fancier in "Light Brigade." Baroque satire is satire that has lost its purpose: the wit and the mockery become ends in themselves and serve to cut the movies off from their avowed targets. And when they're cut off, there's no life in the satire, just capework.

To an American, these movies with the upper class as enemy may seem horribly arch and upper-class-made. These movies like the *idea* of loving the common man, but moviemakers show their feelings in how they create their characters, and even the upper-class caricatures are more animate than the "good" common-soldier victims. This show-business Marxism, with its condescension toward the heroic, gullible working classes, becomes claustrophobic. "Oh! What a Lovely War" comes up with five boys named Smith, just like those Hollywood callow youths circa 1944—the kind that made American soldiers shoot up the screens. For the beauty of the songs to pierce us, the movie needs to be, at *some* level,

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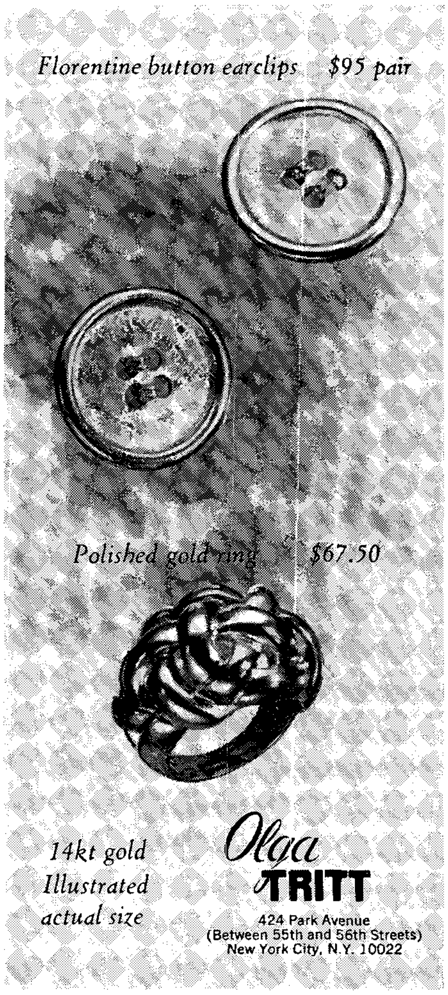
generous to the rich and the poor, the officers and the enlisted men—to all those who died believing in their country, or perhaps in their comrades, or in nothing. The small-mindedness of the approach destroys feeling, but the movie keeps trying different ways of moving us, from the leapfrogging, cavorting officers, who might have stepped out of "Duck Soup," to the poppies and miseries of "All Quiet on the Western Front." There's a stoical nurse (who is meant to be admirable, though she's even more prim than Anna Neagle used to be in those cool nursy roles), and there's much solemnity in the staging, especially in the exchange of Christmas presents between Huns and Tommies at the front. You watch this sequence knowing perfectly well it's supposed to get you *here*, in the chest, like Lassie making it home. And it's in Panavision, and overpoweringly *clean*.

Directing for the first time, Richard Attenborough is very careful. "Oh! What a Lovely War" is stately and measured—tightly *staged*—in the tradition of other "important" English pictures, like "Colonel Blimp," "Stairway to Heaven," "The Magic Box," and "Gilbert and Sullivan," and I longed to sneak away. This picture is almost an exact contemporary equivalent of the 1933 movie of Noël Coward's celebratory don't-the-English-break-your-heart "Cavalcade." "Oh! What a Lovely War" is a blasphemous "Cavalcade," with the old stiff-upper-lip attitudes now burlesqued, but it's still preoccupied with them, and the knights of the theatre are paraded in full twilight-of-empire style. This swollen, hollow anti-"Cavalcade" may seem to us much closer to the old model than it may seem to the English. They're still trying to break our hearts, and the style of their pathos is much the same. And, though the fight has gone out of them, they still enunciate to the death.

THERE must surely be a connection between the English tradition in painting and their moviemaking, which, visually, is weak and illustrative. The points are almost always made verbally, and the war satires, which are meant to be surreal and absurdist, are verbal-joke-crazy, chattering away like a radio that can't be turned off. Charles Wood, the Céline of gagwriters, had a hand in "How I Won the War" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," piling puns on atrocities, and though no writing credits are given for "Oh! What a Lovely War," one may suspect his unsettled, joky hand (or influence) there, too.



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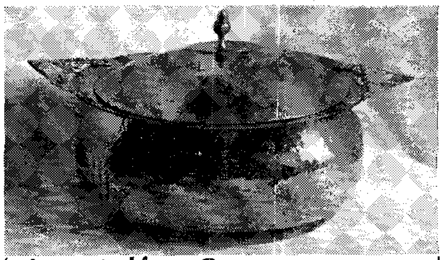

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He is definitely present in Richard Lester's new "The Bed Sitting Room," from the Spike Milligan-John Antrobus play, an apocalyptic farce. The time is after the Third World War; the twenty-odd straggling survivors in London wander in and out of blackout sketches, with Rita Tushingham giving birth to something unspecified and Ralph Richardson mutating into a bed-sitting room. In style, it's like "The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film" extended to feature length, and the chaos becomes numbing. One laughs from time to time, but, as in so much modern English far-out satire, there's no spirit, no rage, nothing left but ghastly, incessant sinking-island humor. We end up blank, and in need of something we can connect with, to restore perspective, because this perpetual giggle almost seems to require a bomb. What this movie lacks is the simplicity of *feeling* that makes "Shame" so powerful, that made "All Quiet on the Western Front" effective despite its crudeness and naïveté. That simplicity is something that can't be faked, and without it this movie isn't a cautionary reminder of horror, it *is* a horror.

I WISH John Huston had not moved to Ireland back in the early fifties, because, although he has gone on making "American" movies, they're not vital anymore, even when they're good. It doesn't matter if you miss them, the way it would once have mattered. It's a little like Mailer's trip to the moon: we wait for him to come back. But Huston's been gone a long time, and I suppose he's not coming back. "A Walk with Love and Death" isn't a bad movie; I rather like it. (But then perhaps I am by temperament drawn to much of Huston's work; I liked "Reflections in a Golden Eye" much better than most critics did.) Yet one feels that Huston is no longer doing what's close to him—that he's *looking for subjects*. "A Walk with Love and Death," from the Hans Koningsberger novel, is a romantic, emotional story set in France in the Middle Ages, a tale of chivalry which is at times as brutal as "The Seventh Seal." Though it's not so explicit, it's a much stronger antiwar movie than "Oh! What a Lovely War" or "The Bed Sitting Room." It is set, specifically, during the Hundred Years' War (a name that no longer sounds as preposterous as it did when we were schoolchildren), and an almost unbearable touch is that this fable of two young lovers eager to live should be set *early* in that war—at the

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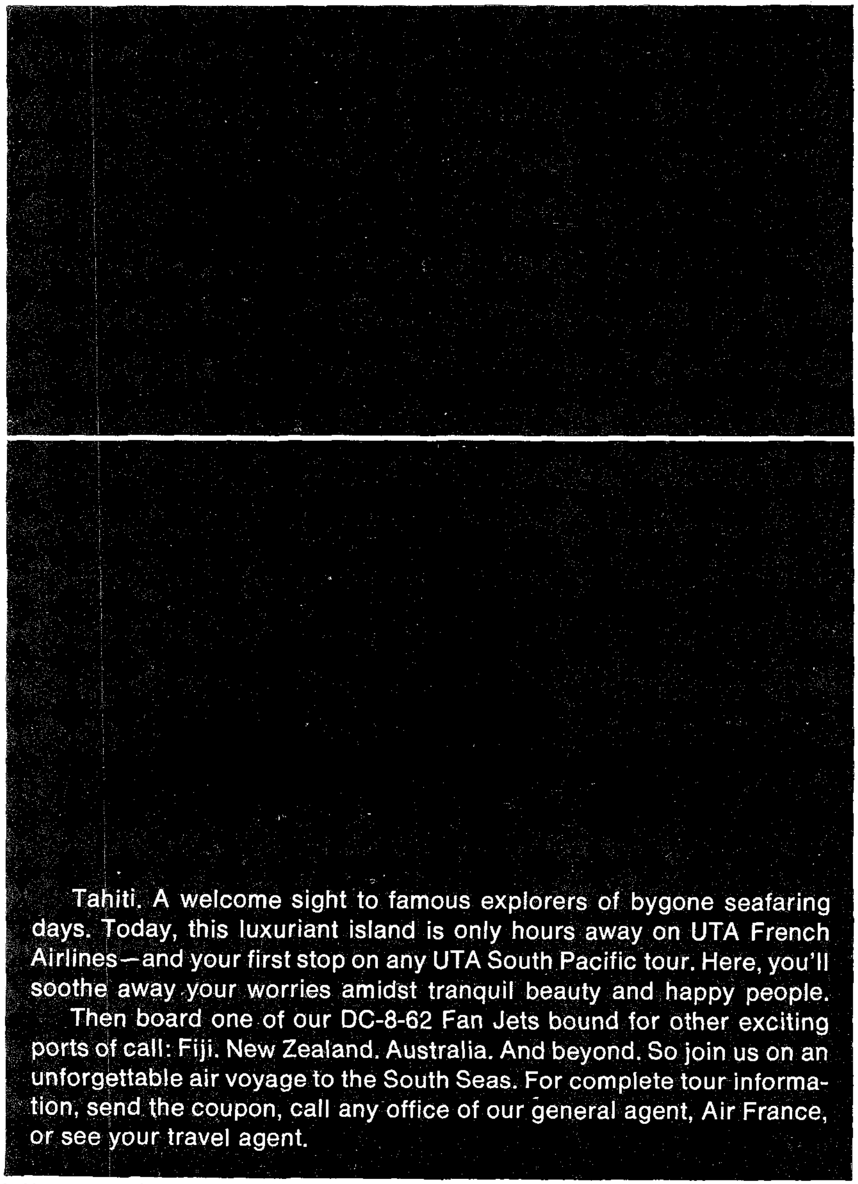

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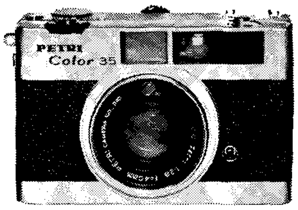

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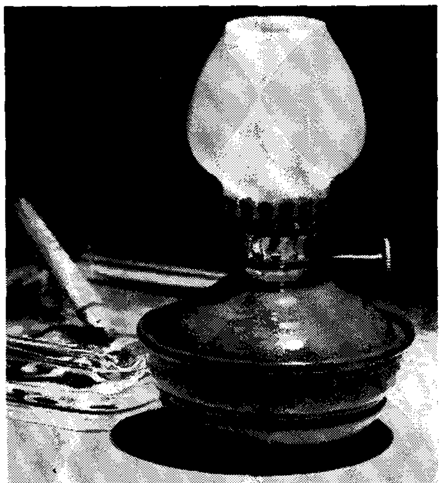

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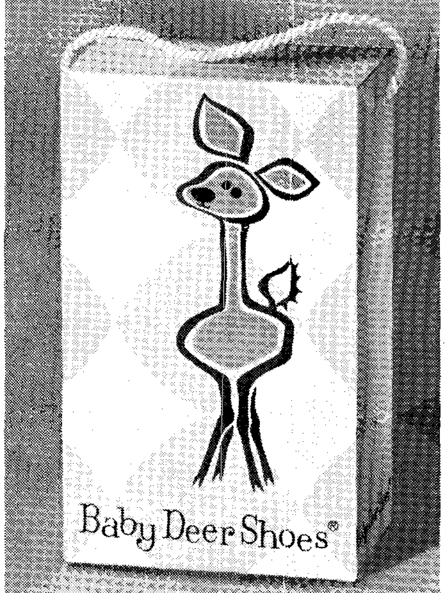
end of the second decade, when survival was even less possible than it seems to be now. Yet the movie lacks urgency. One fears it will be pretentious, but it isn't, and it's continually compelling. But it's too remote, and, maybe because it's so restrained—almost reserved—it never fully releases the lyricism of the conception. The lovers (Anjelica Huston and Assaf Dayan) aren't ludicrous like the ones in the recent "Romeo and Juliet," except for one ridiculous high overhead shot of them making love. Dayan's hero has a good, sane quality, like a younger version of Gunnar Björnstrand's squire in "The Seventh Seal," and Miss Huston, though her face doesn't open up to the camera and she might be more effective on stage than on screen, has unusual intelligence both in her face and in her readings. The script is rather literary—in a way I enjoyed, because Huston is one of the few directors who know that poetry needs to be tough-minded. But some of the casting is poor, and, like many directors as they get older, Huston seems to have lost interest in montage; the uprising of the peasants against the knights is shot too close in and is rather poorly edited. But the movie has at least one superb image—a great, clumping white horse, a dream horse, like the one in "The Sundowners"—and when this fairy-tale beast is slaughtered war becomes obscene the way it is meant to in those British films. "A Walk with Love and Death" has a feeling to it, and though the film doesn't quite come to enough, it has an unusual integrity of vision.

SEX on the screen puts critics in an even worse bind than inept antiwar satires. The whole legalistic "redeeming-artistic-merit" principle is asinine. (Should men be put in jail because they have no talent?) The only good part of "I Am Curious (Yellow)" is the rather amusing sex scenes, and it's a bad joke that in order to make a legal case for the film one should have to pretend that what's fun in it is redeemed by what's a bore—all that poorly done sociological stuff. It may be one of the last vestiges of American puritanism that entertaining sex is, in the courts, redeemed by poor sociology. The new American International Pictures' "de Sade" has no "redeeming" merits—and even the orgies aren't entertaining—yet I don't think it will corrupt and deprave, any more than I think other rotten movies corrupt and deprave. It sure is a rotten movie, though.

It took me many dutiful bursts of

One of the privileges of being a baby.



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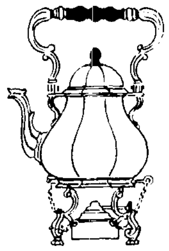

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effort over a two-week period to get through Susan Sontag's essay on pornography, and when I finally thought I'd grasped it, it evaporated. I don't have any great thing for pornography. So I can't say how de Sade's life should have been done, but I'm pretty sure de Sade shouldn't have been played by Keir Dullea, and Dullea looks as if he knew it—at times the planes of his face collapse in utter misery. At best, he hardly has the face of a voluptuary, which is what de Sade is in this version, and Dullea licking jam off a girl's breast looks as if he'd rather be beaten. Poor Dullea did take rather a beating at the première. He had just come into the theatre and sat down when the lights went out and the picture started. There he was in the first shot, de Sade riding a horse, and as the next shot was a cut to his face in closeup the audience gave him a round of applause. But the very next cut was a closeup of the horse's face, and it was inevitable: the horse got a round of applause, too. Then the credits came on, with such names as Billy Strange (music), Richard Angst (cinematography), Alexander Ebermayer V. Richthofen (assistant director), and the whole picture began to seem a put-on. I wish it had been—and some in the audience chose to take it that way. At the end, there were satirical shouts of "bravo."

This porny swashbuckler has been staged like a high-school pageant, and it doesn't have a spark of real perversity, yet it dabbles in dangerous areas. There's a sequence in which three adults take their pleasure from the beating of a child, and there's a sequence in which de Sade uses a rapier to beat and disfigure a prostitute, and the movie treats her contemptuously. Her being a prostitute apparently justifies his cutting her up; somebody at A.I.P. seems to think like Jack the Ripper. —PAULINE KAEL

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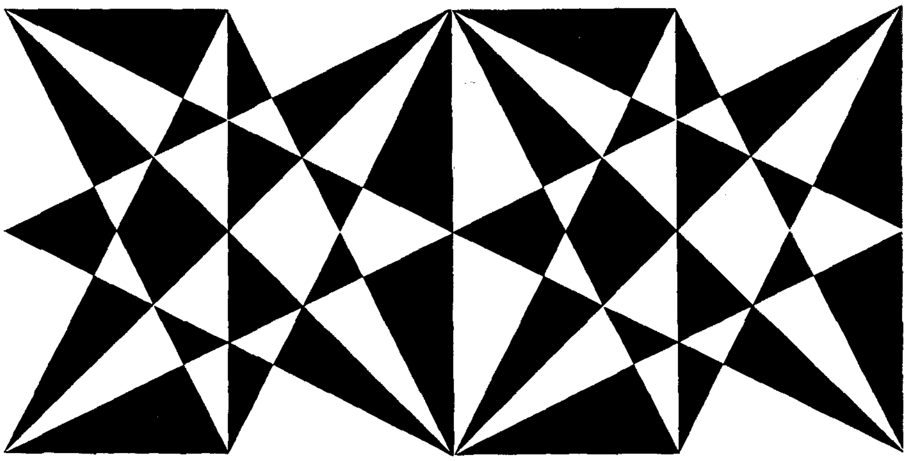

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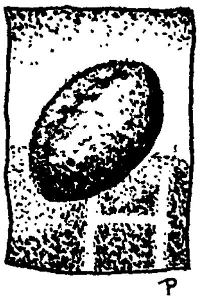
FOOTBALL

Lone Stars

OUR great sister democracy, the Republic of Texas, is the home of two spectacles rarely seen in these parts—the Dallas Cowboys and Texas A. & M. The Cowboys have this year acquired Roger Staubach, who has at last finished his tour of duty in the Navy after graduating from Annapolis, and also Calvin Hill, much more recently of Yale—picturesque additions to an already doughty sporting effort (Cowboys 38, Eagles 7 last Sunday). Texas A. & M. has acquired a set of performers whose faith in themselves can move mountains. Texas arrived, for the first time ever, at West Point last weekend under a sizable cloud of doubt—two resounding defeats by L.S.U. and Nebraska—but it was not generally known that Larry Stegent, A. & M.'s principal piston, had been missing from action in the first of the encounters and had appeared in just sixteen maneuvers in the second. The scout the Buffalo Bills sent to study Stegent spoke warmly of his skill at slipping from the arms of tacklers and carrying on for extra yards. And then there was Sheffield, whose punts for A. & M. were averaging forty-six yards—tall, slow-motion affairs that allowed his playmates plenty of time to get in touch with anyone foolhardy enough to field one of them. Army's insufficient passing and punting finally began to work against it; then came collapse, 20–13. Moore and Andrzejczak must be able to run if Army is to win; Moore did fairly well, but Andrzejczak got away for almost nothing, so Army's main offense was Arden Jensen, defiantly kicking the fourteenth and fifteenth field goals of his two-year career. If Stegent does end up in the pros, no one will be amazed; nine of his last year's teammates are already there. Vote Republic.

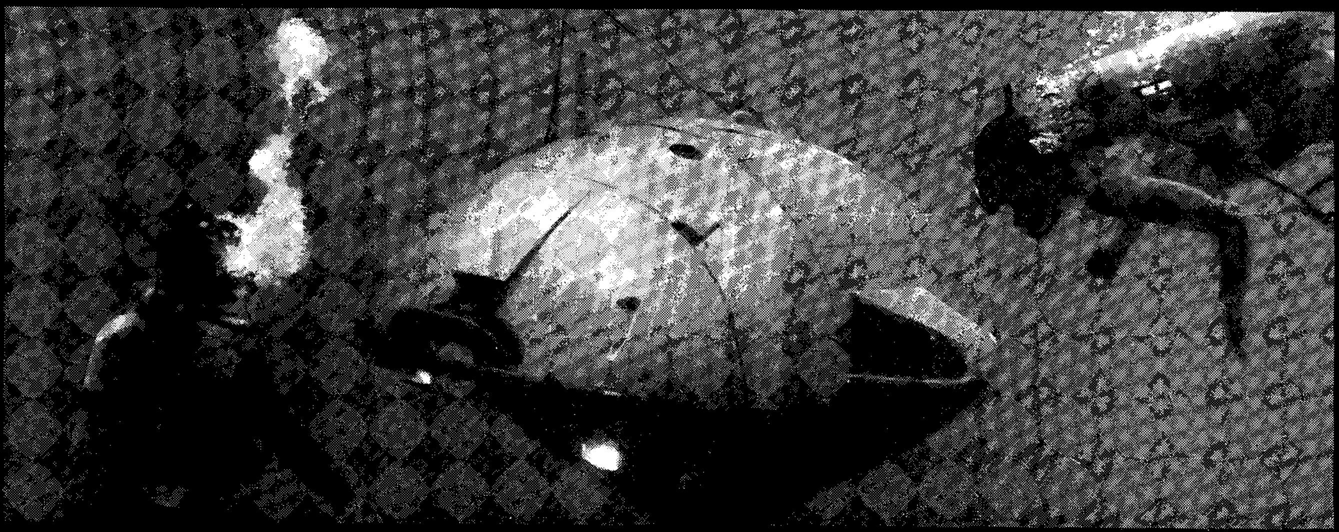


THE law of *diminishing returns* that governs some of the Ivy League squads has set in, and only twelve thousand viewers turned out for a remarkably even match between Columbia and Princeton, performed in the truest amateur spirit—moments of gallantry commingled with miscues that were both comic and tragic in their effects. It would not be at all difficult to reconstruct, without discarding a single ingredient, an afternoon in which Columbia, suddenly, if belatedly, come to life under the coldly furious leadership of Daurio, who may be the quarterback his team has been looking for, put down Princeton, 7–0, but the way it came out in real life was Princeton 21, Columbia 7. Three quite small errors by Columbia led to three Princeton touchdowns—mistakes of more importance than the largely wasted efforts of MacBean and McCullough, Princeton's most efficacious running backs. As it was, Princeton's safety, Mauney, was voted Most Valuable Player, as he so often should be, closely followed by Hutchinson, a Princeton defensive tackle. Columbia's Daurio *should* have been voted Most Promising Newcomer, Princeton should have been voted Luckiest Team of the Week, and the gay little Columbia miniskirted cheerleaders should have been voted Girls of the Golden East.

SOME of the youngest legs in pro football belong to the aforesaid Staubach and Hill. Two of the oldest belong to Jurgensen, who throws for the Redskins. I happened to catch, in picture form, the end of a bout between the Redskins and the Browns. The Browns have just checked in the winning touchdown. Only seconds remain, and Jurgensen, who must be seventy-five yards from the Browns' goal, is trying to find a receiver. None is available, and his legs, which are in their mid-thirties, start him off on a long, lonely journey. The background music should have been "Siegfried's Rhine Journey." *Dammit, Jurgensen does* not make it; he clears the line of scrimmage (sixty-six yards to go) and gets exactly halfway to the goal (thirty-three yards) before the owners of younger legs catch up to him and cut *him down. . . . Long, lonely journeys* across the country have been blamed for the uneven performances of the Jets. It is comforting to know that despite them Joe Namath was willing to add to the burden his bad legs carry *by journeying up to Boston* last week to open a new Bachelors III restaurant.

—J. W. L.

If you were working here tomorrow



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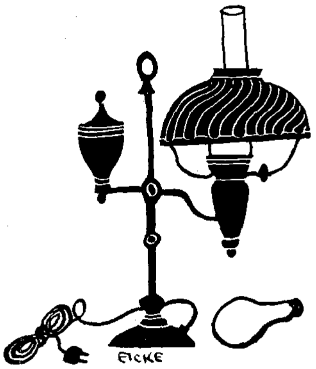
AROUND CITY HALL

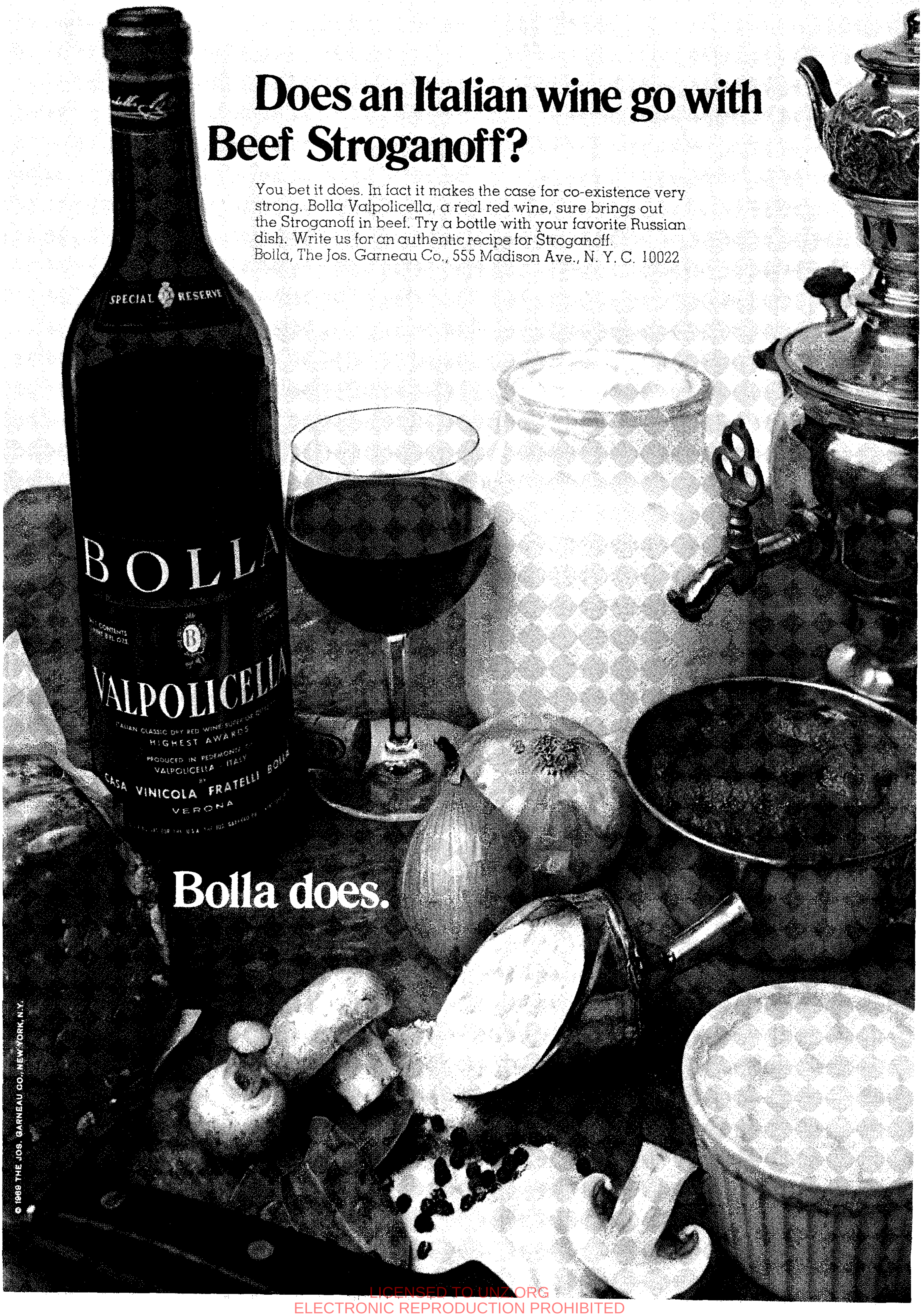
IT has been hard for the New York voter in these past weeks to escape the impression that to the three candidates for mayor he is nothing but a figure in a political cartoon, a grotesque caricature of himself wearing only a sandwich board that identifies his race, his national origin, and his home borough—this last specification, of course, being newly significant in local politics since Mario Procaccino, the Democratic nominee, began telling residents of the four other boroughs that the present mayor has run New York entirely for the benefit of the citizens of "Lindsayland," or Manhattan. While each candidate is busy implying that his opponents deliberately appeal to the baser instincts in the city's various ethnic constituencies, his own campaign helpers are busy trying to calculate just how base these instincts are, and thus to figure out their man's probable vote among, for example, Brooklyn Irishmen, Queens Italians, Manhattan blacks, and—the group that most of the calculators believe will make the difference on November 4th—the Jewish registrants in all boroughs. Although such specialized parapsychology is hardly new in politics, there have been few local elections in which pronouncements heavy with racial connotations, followed by bitter debates over whether bigotry was in fact committed, have so dominated the candidates' campaigns. Charges of racism are not adaptable to well-modulated tones, and much of the rhetoric to date has been conducted at the top of the decibel register. Some old-time election watchers claim that this is a wholesome development—that recent political contests have been too tame and gentlemanly. In the old knockdown, drag-out days, they say, each side would get all kinds of vicious sentiments off its chest and then, the air cleared, the various winners would settle down after the election and run the city in fraternal harmony for the next four years. Whether or not that was the way things really worked out, it's certain that in 1969 no candidate for mayor of New York has denounced another for having a face that "almost makes me puke"—as Tammany candidate William Jay Gaynor did sixty years ago. But the election is still a few weeks off, and the performance of some Marchi supporters on Staten Island on a recent Sunday—greeting Mayor John Lindsay with a stink bomb and then pelting him with garbage and Dixie cups full of beer—suggests that today's New Yorkers don't need any lessons in political truculence.

In the early weeks of the campaign, Procaccino and Lindsay restricted their bad-mouthing largely to each other, and ignored Senator John Marchi, who defeated Lindsay for the Republican nomination in the June primary. Apparently, both then relied on polls indicating that Marchi, as the Republican candidate, would cut down on Lindsay's total vote and, as the Conservative Party's nominee as well, would hurt Procaccino but that even so he would end up no better than a poor third on Election Day. Undaunted, Marchi, whose campaign song, to the tune of "Margie," has lyrics assuring voters that "to put it broader, he will fight for law and order," stumped the town deploring his opponents' unseemly name-calling and offering himself as the only man of reason and dignity in the race—a strategy that eventually scared his rivals into throwing a few insults in his direction, such as "spoiler" and "hypocrite." In less exclamatory moments, the opposition camps sometimes point out that so far Marchi's program for bringing law and order to the city hasn't gone much beyond promising to "unleash the police" against smut on the newsstands and to appoint an anti-crime czar—or, as Marchi put it, "a good guy."



Meanwhile, Lindsay, who was being talked of fourteen months ago as a possible candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and who is now giving a good imitation of a man fighting for his political life, insists that some of the most damaging complaints against Procaccino—for example, the charge that his campaign tactics were anti-Negro—were made not by him but by a number of Procaccino's fellow-Democrats, including J. Raymond (The Fox) Jones, the Harlem leader and former head of Tammany Hall, who is famous for valuing party loyalty above all political virtues. Jones has nevertheless endorsed Lindsay, a Republican running for mayor on the Liberal and Independent tickets, and has urged all liberal Democrats to join him. Procaccino is not himself a bigot but "is the victim of the people around him," Jones said in a speech at Gracie Mansion in September, when he was formally endorsing the Mayor. "And I don't think he has the personal strength to withstand the pressures." Procaccino then called a press conference and threatened to get the law after Jones and some of his other critics (he threatened, specifically, to call in the State Commission on Human Rights, which deals with discrimination in education, housing, and the like, and which was astonished to learn that anyone would think it had jurisdiction over campaign oratory), whereupon Lindsay declared that his opponent's rage at the imputation of racism was unbecoming in a politician who, a few weeks earlier, had gone before the Brooklyn Board of Rabbis and accused *him* of so mishandling the 1968 school crisis that he had fostered among certain groups anti-Semitism "that rivalled in virulence the statements of Dr. Goebbels." The Mayor has also applied to Procaccino such adjectives as "childish" and "hysterical," in an attempt to depict his opponent as intellectually and temperamentally unfit to fill the role that Lindsay campaign literature calls "the second-toughest job in America." Procaccino's tendency to malapropism is naturally cherished by Lindsay's staff—especially a recent statement the Democratic nominee made to a delegation of his party's state legislators that after he moves into City Hall "we will once again have an administration that is inept in putting up with problems." A full-page ad in the *Times* two days later, paid for by the New York City Committee of Independents, Republicans, and Democrats for Lindsay, urged its readers to vote for their candidate because "there's no other mayor in sight."

The favorite counter-ploy of the Procaccino camp is to suggest that a politician whose appeal involves good looks, wit, money, an Ivy League background, and an aptitude for touch football not only is out of style (the Kennedy decade being over) but is the last man New Yorkers can rely on to solve the problems that disturb them most—a reference to the subjects that Lindsay is constantly heckled about in his campaign forays. "Where Was Lindsay When It Snowed?" was the title of a derisive song that greeted him during one of his trips through southern Queens, which is anything but Lindsayland. It may occur to him from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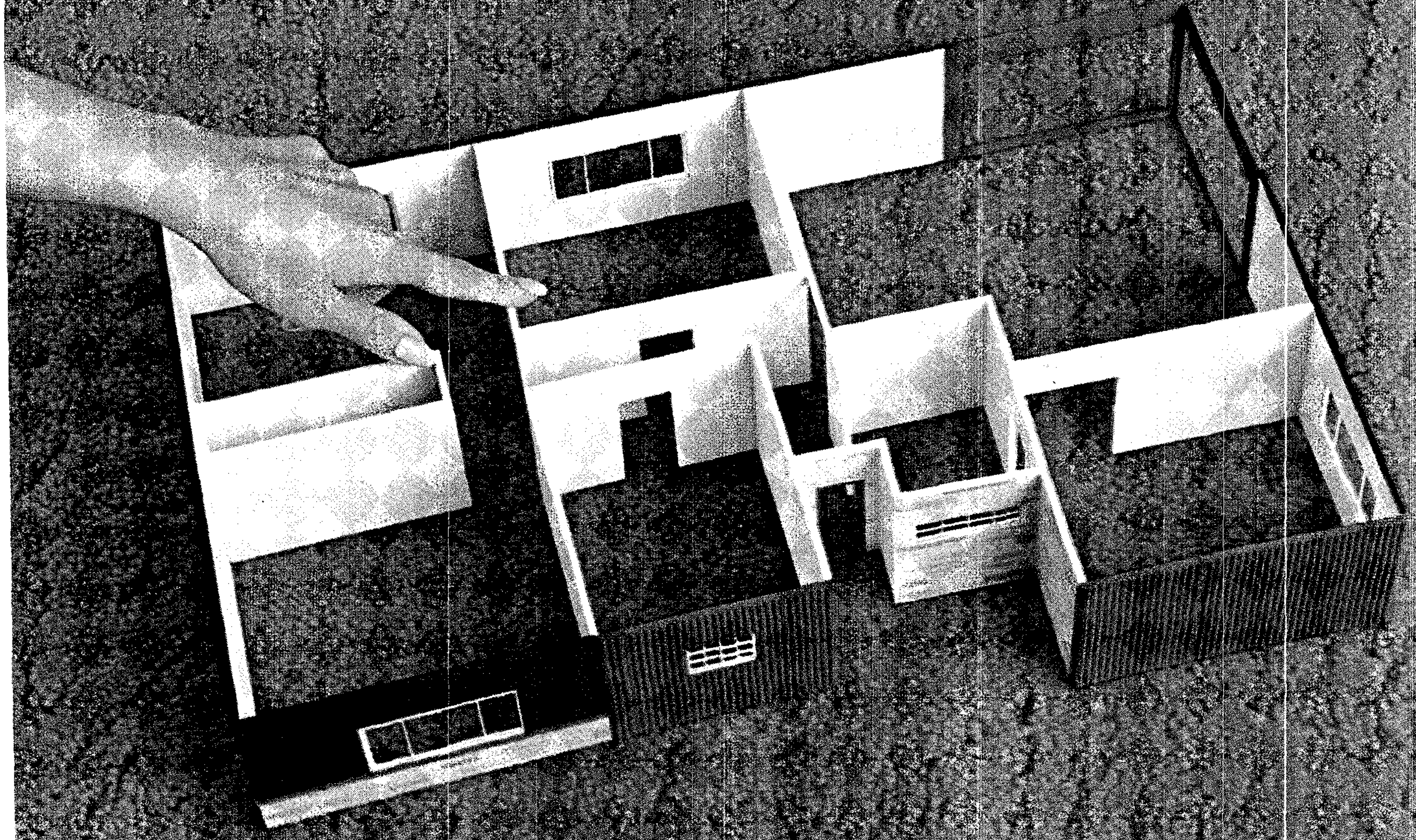

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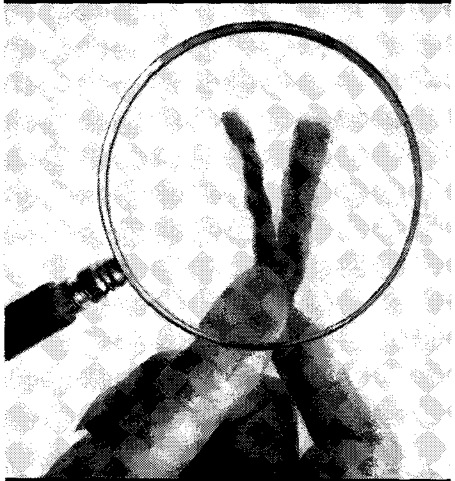

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time to time that the holder of *the* toughest job in America doesn't have to answer questions about why the sewer basin in the next block is clogged. "Instead of clean streets [Lindsay] offers you his charm" is a frequent Procaccino pronouncement. The Democratic nominee, who mentions almost daily that he is the candidate of the city's little man, is short and chubby (five foot seven, two hundred and ten pounds), like many of the second- or third-generation immigrants from Southern or Eastern Europe, some of whom also have funny-sounding names and also don't always get the words out right. These are the voters who cheer him the loudest, and who, he is confident, will see to it in November that the city changes its long tall for a politician of a different build—one whom they can count on to collect their garbage, shovel their snow, keep their schools predominantly white, and, above all, crack down on the city's criminal element—whose victims, he is quite aware, are not always white. (At a meeting in Harlem on September 25th of a Committee on Crime and Safety in the Streets, he assured a black woman storekeeper whose premises had been burgled nine times, "Don't worry, you'll be safe next year if I'm elected mayor.") "I am not one of the beautiful people," Procaccino likes to say. "I am not a member of the select few." As for Lindsay's suggestion that he is too emotional to be mayor of New York, "I plead very guilty to that charge," Procaccino announced on television recently, knowing that grace under pressure does not rank particularly high with his kind of voter. He went on, "And I'll tell you who else was emotional. Moses was emotional. Jesus Christ was emotional. Babe Ruth was emotional. Lou Gehrig was emotional. Joe DiMaggio is emotional. Joe Namath is emotional"—thus touching half a dozen important ethnic, religious, and cultural bases in one short political turn.

Local election oracles who play the ethnic numbers game start by citing the built-in appeal that Procaccino and Marchi have for the one-sixth of New Yorkers whose heritage is Italian. The one-tenth or so who are of Irish descent are also assumed to be improbable Lindsay supporters. These two groups are the local core of the white, Catholic, urban electorate that Kevin P. Phillips, a Nixon political adviser, identifies in his book, "The Emerging Republican Majority," as the only city voters his party should count on in the future. A rash of Democratic candi-

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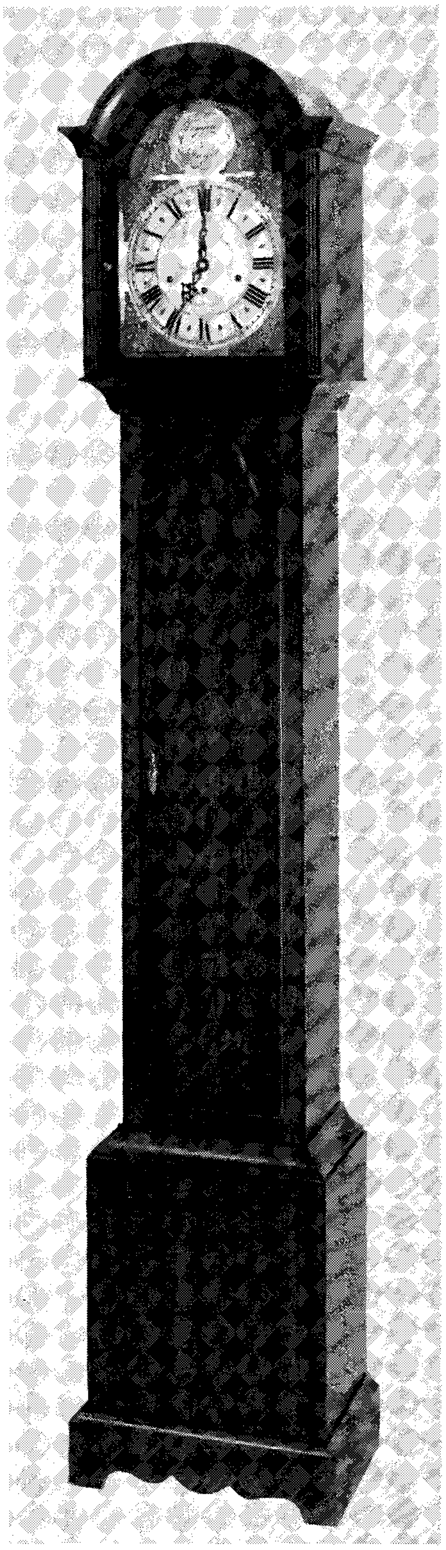

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dates like Procaccino could spoil his plans. Lindsay, of course, is the kind of liberal Republican whom Phillips (and perhaps Nixon) is prepared to write off. The Mayor's own local birthright constituency is numerically so inconsiderable—perhaps two per cent of New Yorkers—that after all the cynical ticket-balancing for last spring's primary was completed he was the only white Anglo-Saxon Protestant among the twenty-one candidates running on seven slates for mayor, president of the City Council, and comptroller; he is, in fact, the first WASP to have been elected mayor of the city since 1905.

The only large ethnic blocs that his opponents pretty well concede Lindsay are the Negroes and the Puerto Ricans—about twenty and eleven per cent of the population, respectively. But in New York, as elsewhere, the blacks can no longer be counted on to be meekly grateful, and the moves Lindsay has made in their behalf, which have so alienated some of his past supporters, have not kept a good many blacks from arguing that he should have done more. "Dump Lindsay!" signs and angry men shouting obscenities have blocked his progress in Bedford-Stuyvesant as well as in Astoria, and his administrative offices have been picketed by more black men than the offices of any other mayor in the city's history. Some of these militants will undoubtedly stay home on November 4th. Even if they should not, the total vote in black neighborhoods rarely rises above fifty per cent of those who are eligible, and there are half a dozen black Assembly districts where the average is more like twenty-five per cent. In an attempt to improve this percentage, a special registration drive, concentrating on the ghetto areas, was conducted this August ("More of [Lindsay's] polarization," Procaccino's campaign manager called it), but only about seventy thousand new voters were enrolled—less than a third of the number expected. The Lindsay forces blamed this outcome on a Board of Elections dominated by clubhouse types, both Democratic and Republican, to whom additional black voters represented only a nuisance and a threat.

In the past weeks, therefore, Lindsay has followed the only course possible for him if he wants to win, turning up so sedulously at Hebrew schools, Jewish old people's homes, and kosher ceremonies of all kinds, in all boroughs, that an irreverent member of his press entourage was discovered the other night typing out a campaign lyric that began, "Is that the new rabbi doing the

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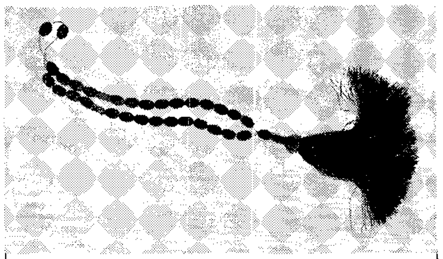

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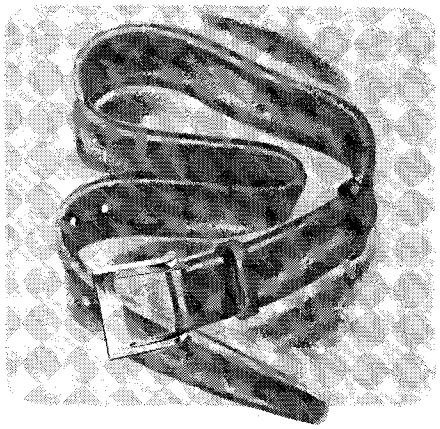
polka? No, it's John Lindsay in his yarmolka." The three-day visit to the city by Israel's Prime Minister, Golda Meir, with its compulsory banquets and other public events presided over by the Mayor, was a bonanza. For, as Lindsay knows, Jewish New Yorkers not only register but go to the polls. Although they represent little more than a quarter of the city's population, their share of the total vote in some elections has been nearly forty per cent. And it was—in addition to the votes of assorted independents, liberals, and mugwumps—primarily the combined votes of local blacks and nearly half the city's Jews that (although his major opponent, Abraham Beame, was Jewish) swelled Lindsay's total far enough beyond the few hundred thousand a Republican mayoralty candidate usually gets to give him his victory four years ago. What will be revealed on November 4th is whether there has been any substantial abatement of the savage bitterness against him that developed among Jewish middle-class and lower-class New Yorkers during the 1968 school strike—an event that is still being analyzed and dissected as minutely as if it were the origin of the First World War. The new school-decentralization law, passed by the state legislature and accepted by Lindsay, also seems acceptable to most of New York's thirty-five thousand or so Jewish teachers, who will presumably reassure their voting relatives and friends. The teachers' union has recently signed a lavish new contract with the city. If Lindsay is lucky, this fall's inevitable skirmishes between white teachers and local administrators in black districts will be no more than skirmishes. And Lindsay must surely remind himself often these days of the long history of Jews' voting as liberals. Still, according to some observers who have given the matter a lot of thought, the severity of the crisis a year ago was largely the fault of high-minded but high-handed social philosophers—men at the Ford Foundation who were Lindsay's collaborators but who were never threatened with the loss of their jobs to black men and who therefore had little understanding of the fears of citizens whose condition of life is more precarious. It would not be surprising, such observers say, if some of those badly shaken citizens would enjoy seeing John Lindsay (whom most of them still think of as the black man's white man) get a taste of what job insecurity is like.

In a late convolution of the campaign, each of the Mayor's opponents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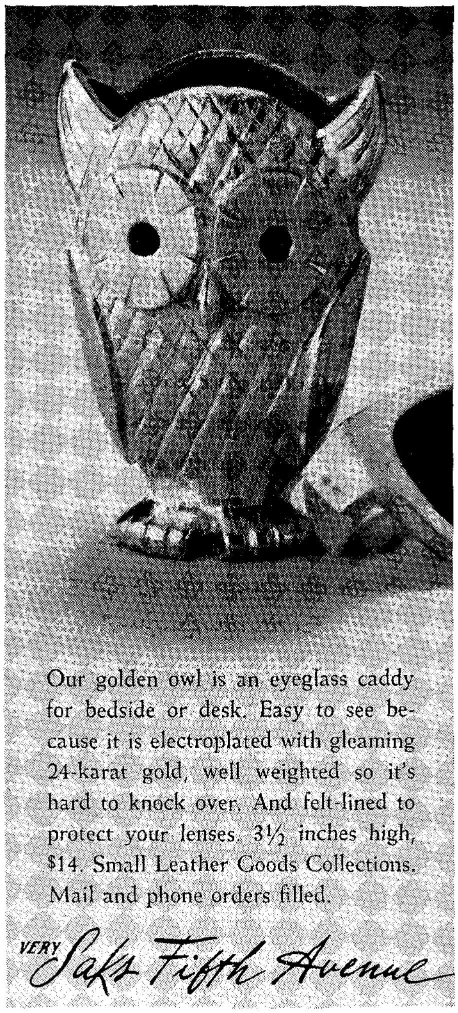
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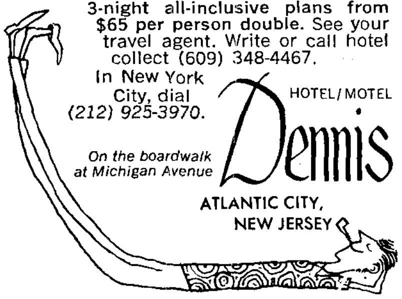

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has been trying to unload on the other some of the responsibility for what's wrong with the city instead of putting it all on Lindsay. Marchi now refers to "the Lindsay-Procaccino administration," noting that the Democratic candidate has been comptroller of the city for four years. And Procaccino points out that Marchi has long been chairman of the state senate's Committee on the City of New York, the group whose taut purse strings and insensitivity to urban problems all occupants of City Hall have traditionally blamed for at least half their troubles. Understandably, neither Marchi nor Procaccino has responded with any *mea culpas*. But in the last weeks Lindsay, flouting political convention, has been doing just that. Every few nights, he can be seen in a paid political announcement on television, shirt open, hair rather rumpled, looking beleaguered but not beaten. In between reminders of his achievements as mayor ("I brought two hundred and twenty-five thousand new jobs to this town" and "I put six thousand more cops on the street" and "We did not have a Detroit, a Watts, or a Newark in this city"), he concedes that he should have done some things differently. "I guessed wrong on the weather before the city's biggest snowfall last winter—and that was a mistake" and "The school strike went on too long—and we all made some mistakes." No one knows, of course, whether he will be forgiven in time for the election. There are some Lindsay supporters who are convinced that he may be saved by nothing more politically profound than the citywide jubilation over the performance of the Mets this season—the big, fat, upbeat sign that New York isn't entirely on the skids after all. It may even help, they solemnly suggest, that Shea Stadium, where the Mets play, is deep in the borough of Queens. —ANDY LOGAN

•

In support of his position, he [Ralph Nader] mustered three nutritionists who said that addition of salt, monosodium glutamate, etc., might be dangerous to health of infants, including one employe of a baby food company.—*Advertising Age.*

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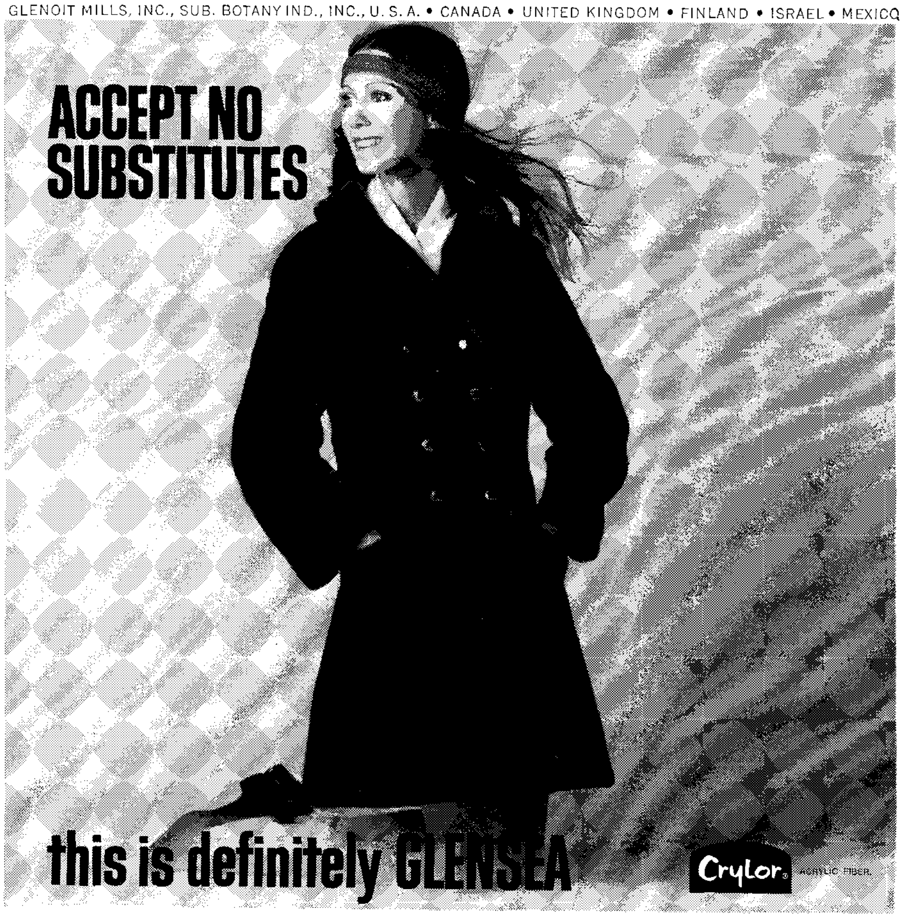

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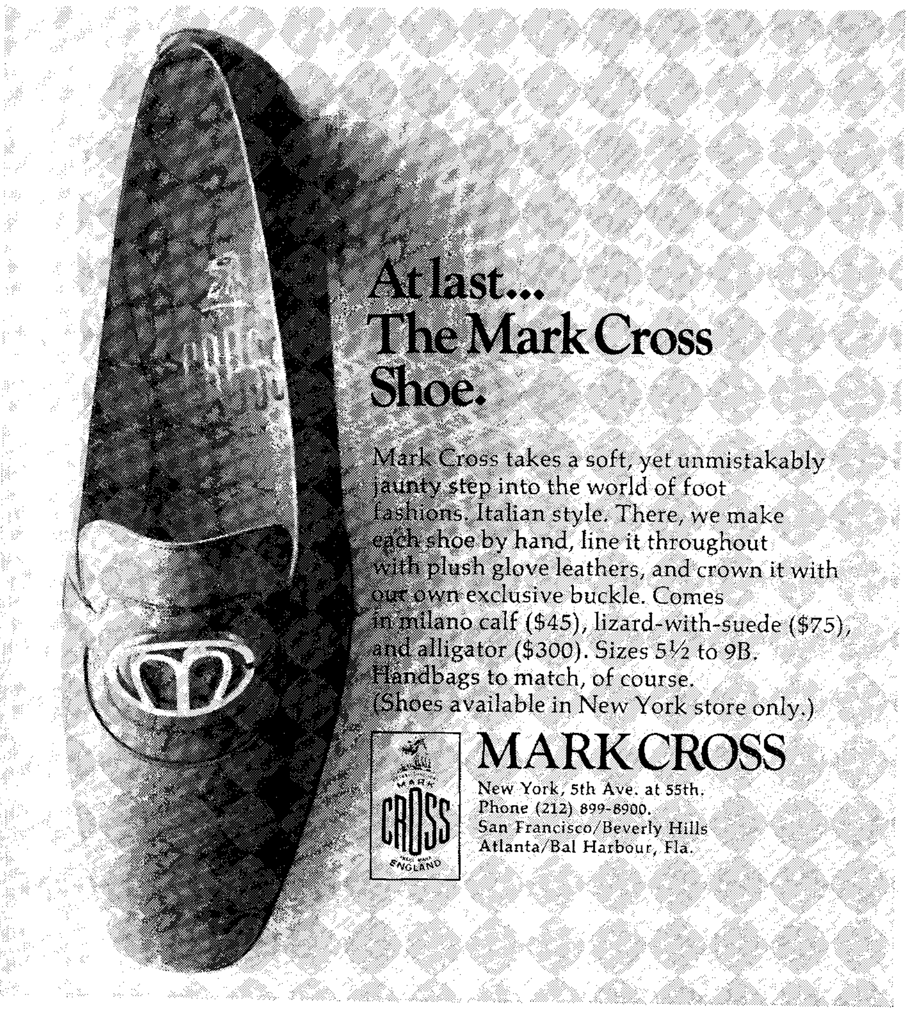

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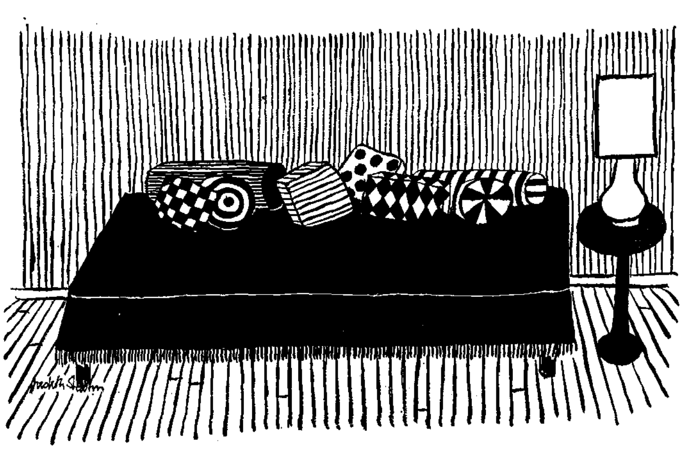
THE FOREIGN ELEMENT

IT doesn't seem that long, but it has now been seven years since Rodney George Laver, the red-headed Australian known familiarly as Rocket, carried off our national tennis championship at Forest Hills and became the second man (Don Budge, in 1938, was the first) to complete a grand slam of the four major championships—those of Australia, France, Wimbledon, and the United States. On the afternoon of Laver's triumph at Forest Hills, one of the onlookers was Sir Norman Brookes, the first great Australian international player, who broke through to victory at Wimbledon in 1907 and in doing so became a harbinger of those later Australians who would replace the English and the Americans as the finest tennis players in the world. No one was more impressed by Laver's gifts than Brookes, who made the flat statement that the young amateur—Laver was then twenty-four—was at least as good as any of the celebrated professional stars. This seemed excessive to many of us, but Laver turned pro shortly thereafter, and within a year he had entirely justified Brookes' appraisal.

When the first Open Wimbledon was held, in 1968, Laver still reigned as the top player in the world, and so it was historically just that he was able to rise to that considerable occasion and take the final from his fellow-Australian Tony Roche with one of his most awesome exhibitions of power and placement. However, at Forest Hills last year, in *our* first Open, it was a different story. Whether or not Laver was handicapped by a badly sprained wrist, as some insiders claimed, he produced nothing like his best stuff, and was ousted in the fourth round. Both by temperament and by design, Laver is a modest, restrained, and untheatrical fellow, much closer to Ken Rosewall than to Pancho Gonzales, but, like every great champion, he possesses, deep down, exceptional drive and the will to accomplish, and when he returned to Forest Hills late in August this year, he was again on the brink of a grand slam—in this new tennis era a sweep of the four major *Open* championships. In January, in Brisbane, he had won the Australian Open, defeating Andres Gimeno, of Spain, in straight sets, 6–3, 6–4, 7–5. On the seventh of June, at Stade Roland Garros, in Auteuil, he had defeated Rosewall in straight sets, 6–4, 6–3, 6–4, to win the French Open. A month or so later, he had won at Wimbledon, though he did yield a set in the final in defeating John Newcombe, of Australia, 6–4, 5–7, 6–4, 6–4. Three down and one to go.



At Forest Hills, it became apparent fairly early in the tournament that the chief impediment in Laver's path to an Open grand slam would be Arthur Ashe, Jr., the twenty-six-year-old Virginian who was the defending champion. The draw called for them to meet not in the final but in the semifinals. This year, Ashe, nagged by a persistent case of tennis elbow, which, among other things, had taken the whiplash out of his service (it is the fastest in tennis today when it is really working), had been far below his best form, and accordingly was seeded fourth—behind Laver, Newcombe, and Roche, in that order. However, once Ashe arrived at Forest Hills, he suddenly came onto his game. He was not blazing his first serve with quite the velocity he had managed at periods in the past, but he was serving well, and there was a nice cohesion to his tennis; he was attacking at the proper times, patiently setting up his points instead of trying to cream every shot. By the fourth round, he was playing so well that he dominated his match with Manolo Santana almost completely—something that few men can do, even though Santana is patently several years past his prime. In the quarter-finals, against Rosewall, he continued to look very formidable. In winning 8–6, 6–3, 6–4, he was never in trouble after the second game, in which he broke Rosewall's service to equalize the loss of his own in the opening game. On the eve of his collision with Laver, Ashe, a conscientious apostle of the New Cool, appeared authentically relaxed and happy. Last year, when he was an amateur, he received nothing beyond his expenses, a flat twenty dollars a day, for winning our Open (the runner-up, Tom Okker, collected the first prize of $14,000), but he has since become what is known in the John Tenniel world of tennis as a "registered player" or an "independent pro" (as distinct from a pro who is under contract to a promoter), so he is now eligible to collect prize money and to endorse products for a fee. All in all, he should pull in something in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year. At Forest Hills, for example, he unveiled the new Arthur Ashe racquet, which has an aluminum-and-Fiberglas frame and is put out by the Head Company, the metal-ski people. In addition, along with his teammates on the American Davis Cup squad, he was receiving a nice sum from Catalina-Martin for daily bedecking himself in a blue, yellow, or orange sports shirt, along with matching socks. It is inevitable, I suppose, the commercial possibilities being so huge, that within a short time some tennis stars will be outfitting themselves as gaudily as Doug Sanders and the other ranking peacocks of golf. I must confess that the Victorian convention decreeing plain old white for tennis never bothered me. In fact, it seemed absolutely right for the sport.

THE Ashe-Laver match began late on a gray Saturday afternoon. The tournament, snakebit from the start, was running about two days behind schedule. After seven terribly humid days, the weather had broken with a vengeance. In the next forty-eight hours, more than six inches of rain had sluiced down—all play was postponed, naturally—and during the rest of the tournament the threat of more rain remained chronic. Indeed, after Ashe and Laver had played three games, it began to rain and play was suspended. It was resumed a half hour later on a court that was now very soft and skiddy, and certain to become increasingly ripped

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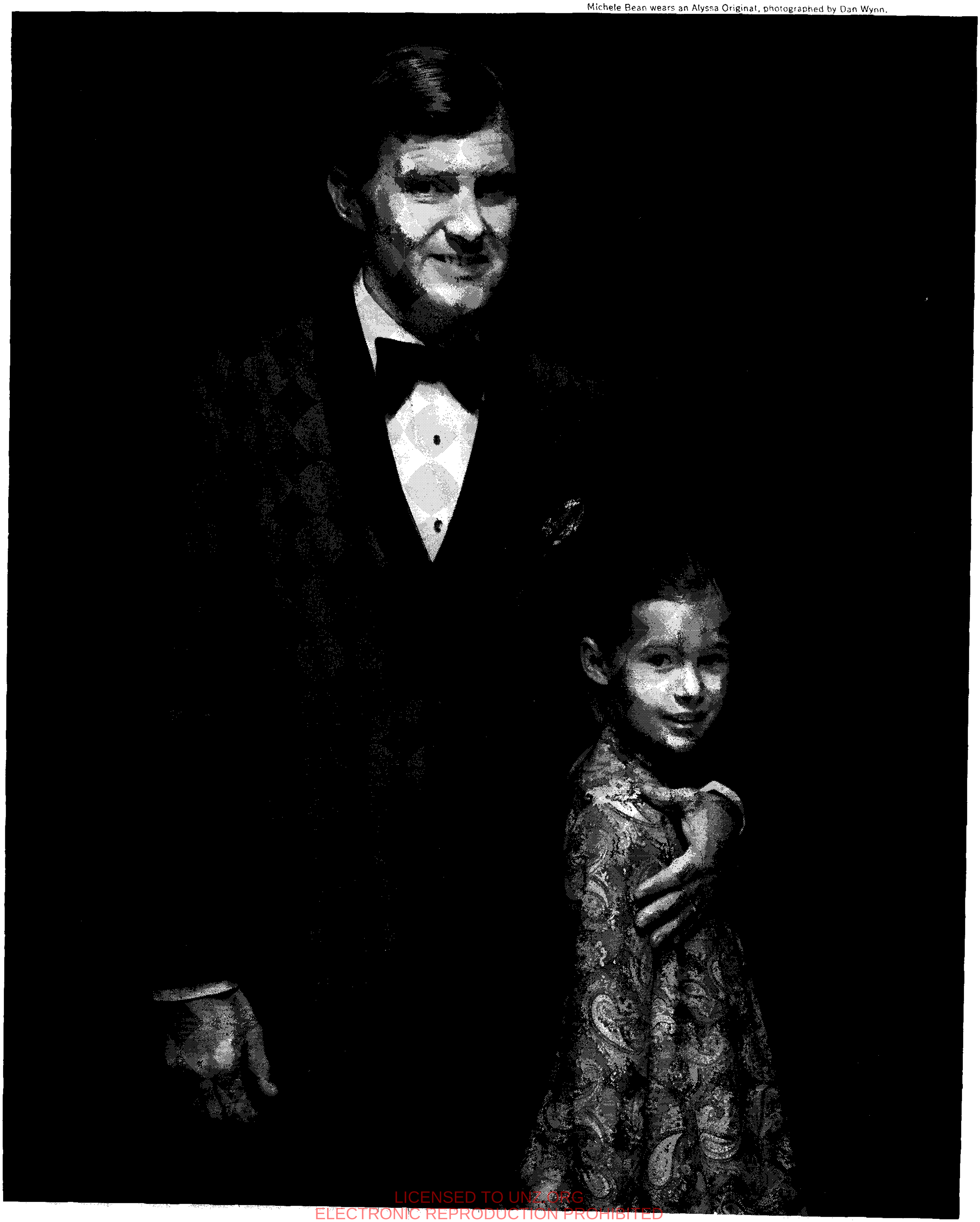

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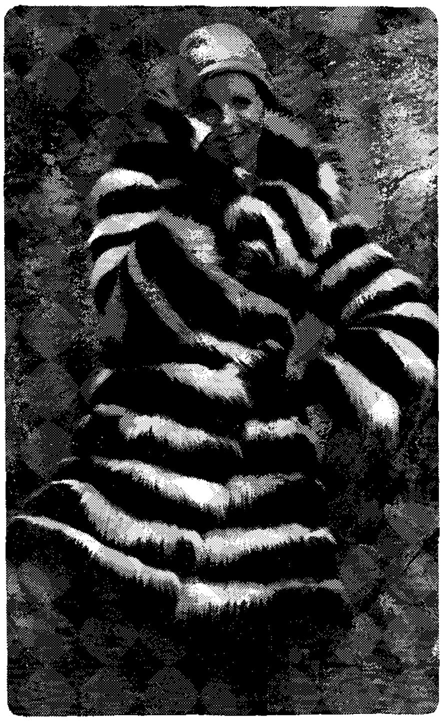

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up. These difficult conditions obviously favored Laver. Like nearly all the Australians, he is much more at home on grass than most Americans, having played on it since boyhood, and he knows how to deal with the surface in all kinds of wind and weather. In fact, only the day before, in his quarter-final match with Roy Emerson on the pockmarked grandstand court, he had provided us with a remarkable exhibition of his ability to cope with an endless succession of bad bounces by making those quick last-second adjustments of the feet, the trunk, the arms, the wrist. Emerson had played almost as well, and as the two old rivals sped over the torn turf, each fully aware of how fast the ball had to be got to and dispatched if the stroke was to be a winner, they had produced a kind of magic—they had made an almost impossible court seem eminently playable.

Three games after the Ashe-Laver match began again, Ashe lost his serve, to fall behind, 2–4. In danger of losing the set, he confounded everyone by breaking Laver's service twice in a row while holding his own. Now Ashe was at 5–4 and it was he who was serving for the set. In retrospect, this tenth game was the most important one of the match. Laver won the first point by taking Ashe's second serve on his backhand and chopping it sharply crosscourt beyond Ashe's reach. He won the third point with another angled backhand placement, and the fourth point on a forehand error by Ashe, to reach 15–40. Ashe then blew in a service ace, down the center line, but lost the next point—the big point. He failed to get his first ball in, and Laver, pouncing on a high-bouncing second serve, walloped a backhand drive with such heavy topspin that Ashe was unable to handle it and volleyed it low into the net. Four games later, Laver had the set, 8–6. He then sailed off on a streak of almost flawless tennis—really incredible stuff, considering the treacherous footing and the erratic bounces—and the second set fell to him swiftly, at 6–3. Early in the third set, though, he ran into a careless patch, and after that, with Ashe hitting out more confidently again (in the seventeenth game he held one set point), there was little to choose between the two men as the long set wore on. Games stood at 12–all when play was called because of darkness. The match had hardly been resumed on Sunday afternoon before it was over. Ashe was serving. At 30–15, he lost his rhythm on his second serve and committed a foot fault. Distracted by this unfortu-

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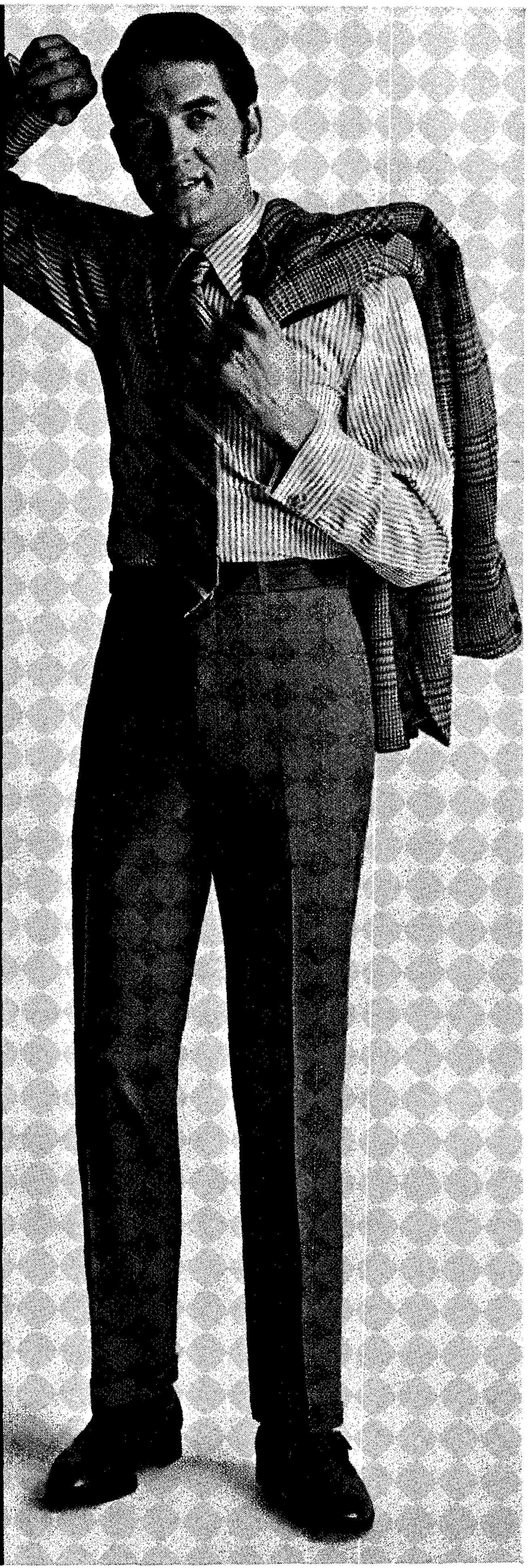

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Browning Fifth Ave., New York • *Jordan Marsh*, Boston • *Sibley's*, Rochester • *Halle Bros.*, Cleveland • *Donaldson's*, Minneapolis • *Silverwood's*, Los Angeles nate double fault, he dropped the next two points, and the game, with a pair of loose volleys. Laver then served out crisply for the set and the match. The two concluding games on Sunday had taken about four minutes.

Laver's conquest of Ashe was the twenty-ninth straight victory he had racked up, in a string that began at Wimbledon in late June. The next afternoon, in a match twice interrupted by rain, he made it thirty straight by defeating Roche, 7–9, 6–1, 6–2, 6–2, in the final. Laver today is a perceptibly more accomplished player than he was even fifteen months ago, when he won the first Open Wimbledon. My own opinion now is that there has never been a better player. I certainly would not place him above Tilden and Gonzales, the deities at the top of the ladder in my personal tennis pantheon, but I think he must now be rated as their equal. In a way, it is still hard to realize that he has reached these heights. He does not have either the look or the manner of the Great Champion—he throws off no sparks, the way Tilden and Gonzales did or the way Budge and Kramer did when they were at their perihelions. Today, at thirty-one, Laver is essentially the same bandy-legged, top-heavy little Queenslander (five feet eight and a half, a hundred and forty-five pounds) who, when we first saw him in this country, in the late nineteen-fifties, struck us as having far less potential than a number of his countrymen—most notably Rosewall, Lew Hoad, Neale Fraser, and Frank Sedgman. Then, quite suddenly, in 1962, Laver began to come on like the wind. We began to notice a lot of things about his tennis: his superb eye for the ball when he was receiving service; the tremendous amount of spin and break he could put on his own service; his ability to disguise his intentions on his ground strokes (particularly on the forehand) until the last instant, thanks to the extraordinary suppleness of his wrist; the soundness of his backhand—like no left-hander before him, he had mastered a topspin drive off that side; his quickness at net and his deceptive speed of foot in covering the court; his unusual power. I suppose the current athlete most like Laver would be Henry Aaron, of the Atlanta Braves. Aaron, too, is only of average size, but *his* coördination is so superb that he hits the ball as hard as anyone in the game. And, curiously, he has the same undramatic aura about him.

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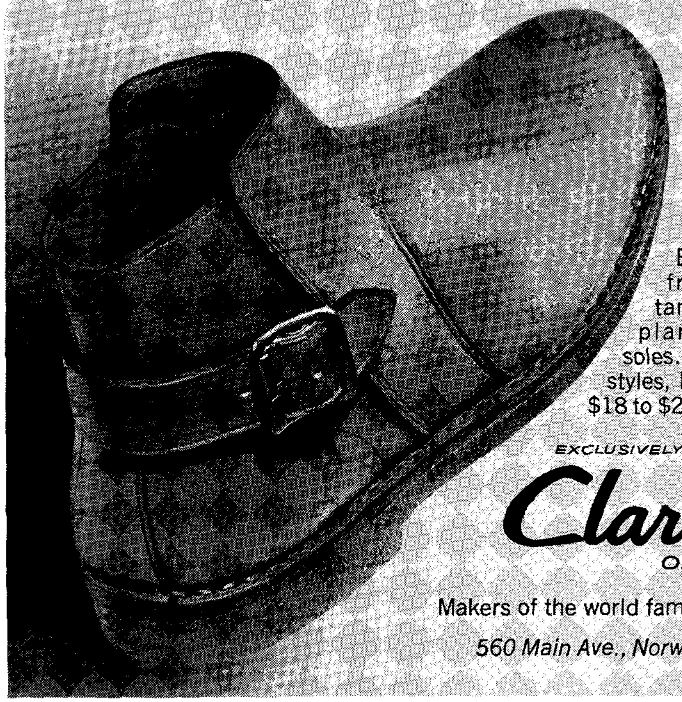

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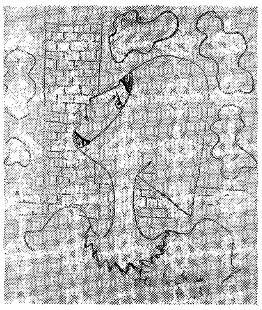

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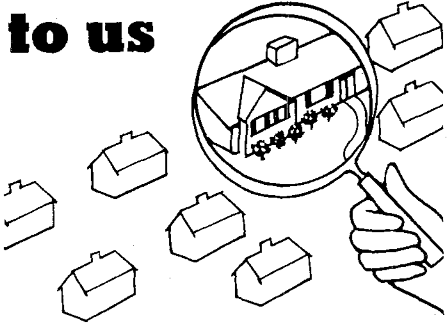

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ing. It isn't so much that he has better strokes today as that he commands them better. For instance, he can now lift his game at the critical points—15–30, 30–40, and ad out—which is the mark of a champion. Despite his disdain for dramatizing himself, he has acquired an undeniable presence on the court. You can feel the confidence he has in himself, his emotional unflappa*bility, and his abiding sense of purpose,* and as a result the air takes on definite tension when he is up against a skillful opponent. Frankly, I don't see how his tennis can get much better. Laver, however, thinks he'll continue to improve for three more years, and since I have never yet heard him say anything that didn't turn out to be so, I guess he will.

SOME ten days after the national championships were over (Margaret Smith Court, by the way, had never before looked half as good as she did in winning the women's title), the tennis scene shifted to Cleveland and the Challenge Round for the Davis Cup. I want to go into that presently, but before I do I have a few comments to make about "the nationals," because this year, for the first time in a quarter of a century, there was a serious attempt to revitalize the championships and imbue them with something of the efficiency and appeal of Wimbledon. (I believe it was Mark Twain who said, "Everybody talks about what's wrong with Forest Hills, but nobody does anything about it.") In any event, the prime mover was Alastair Martin, the president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, who broke with tradition by appointing as Open chairman a man from outside the ranks of U.S.L.T.A. officialdom—Joseph Cullman III, a tennis-minded New York businessman, who is, among other things, chairman of the board of the Philip Morris Company. Cullman, in an equally unprecedented move, reached outside the United States for his two key administrators. As tournament director he selected Owen Williams, a thirty-seven-year-old South African, and as tournament referee (it is the referee who decides what match will be played at what time on what court and, in general, runs the tennis) Captain Michael Bradford Gibson, a forty-one-year-old Englishman, who has been a fixture at Wimbledon since 1963. Apart from being the ablest administrative talents to emerge in tennis in recent years, Williams and Gibson are exceedingly pleasant and interesting men. Williams, a lean fellow who

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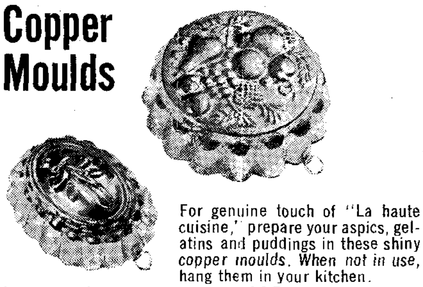

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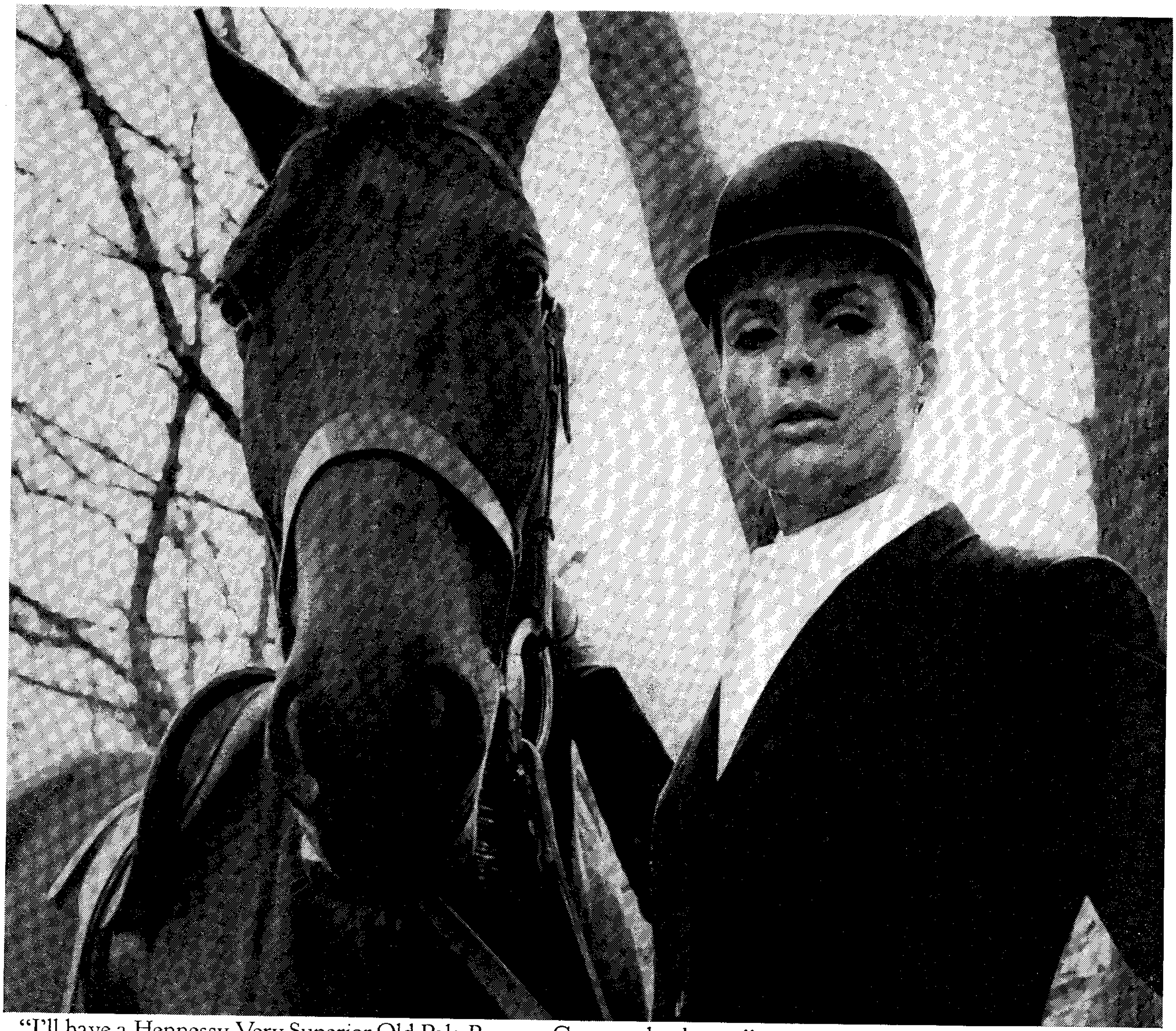

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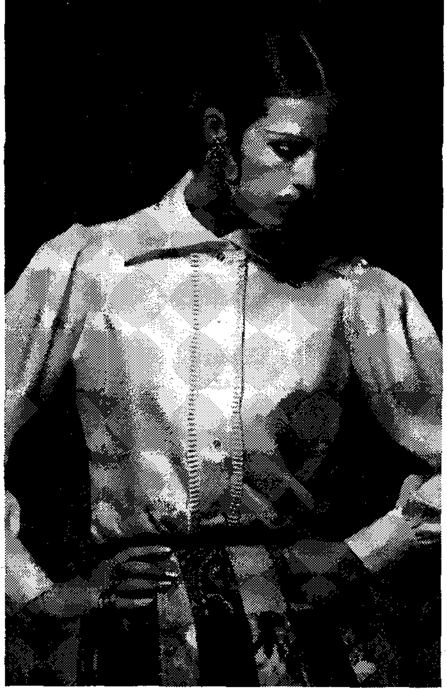

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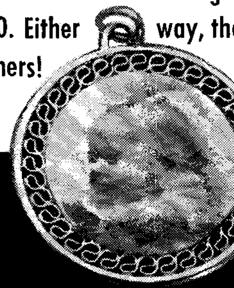

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stands six four and is in the import-export business in Johannesburg, was born in the Transkei region of South Africa, where he grew up speaking Xosa, the click language that Miriam Makeba makes such effective use of in her songs. He has always been close to tennis, first as a tournament player (he was backed on the European circuit by a reclusive American named Macomber, who owned a villa next to Somerset Maugham's at Cap Ferrat) and after that as Jack Kramer's South African representative when Kramer was in control of the professionals' tour. Williams really made his mark in tennis three years ago, when he took over the operation of the South African Championships. In 1965, that tournament had attracted only four thousand spectators and, for the first time in eighty-eight years, flopped financially, but in 1966, under Williams, it drew sixty-two thousand people and made a profit of over a hundred thousand dollars. Captain Gibson has travelled a very different route. The son of a career Army man, he attended Sandhurst, received his commission in the Royal Engineers, and soldiered for fifteen years before changing professions. He carries himself like a military man and he wears a mustache that could have fought at Omdurman. He got into tennis through his father-in-law, Colonel John Legg, who in the years after the Second World War was one of five veteran officials in charge of the refereeing at Wimbledon. In 1957, when Colonel Legg mentioned that he could use a deputy, Captain Gibson took a fortnight's leave from his duties, on Cyprus, and worked with him during the championships. This arrangement was repeated annually until 1963, when Colonel Legg retired as Wimbledon's referee and Captain Gibson was appointed to succeed him. Today, he serves as referee at about twenty tournaments besides Wimbledon. This keeps him fairly busy except in the winter, when he relaxes by doing a little foxhunting with the Surrey Union.

Because of the weather—the worst that our championships have endured in the last quarter of a century—we never did find out to what extent the joint ministrations of Williams and Gibson might have brought about a renaissance at Forest Hills. There was a record attendance of over a hundred thousand and a record gate of six hundred thousand dollars, and no doubt the two rained-out days cost the tournament another eighty to a hundred thousand dollars. However, by and large, it was,

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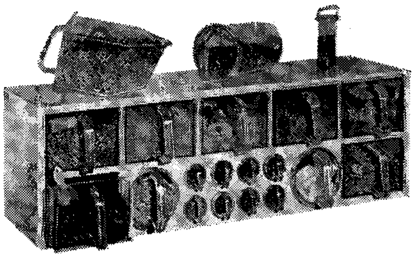

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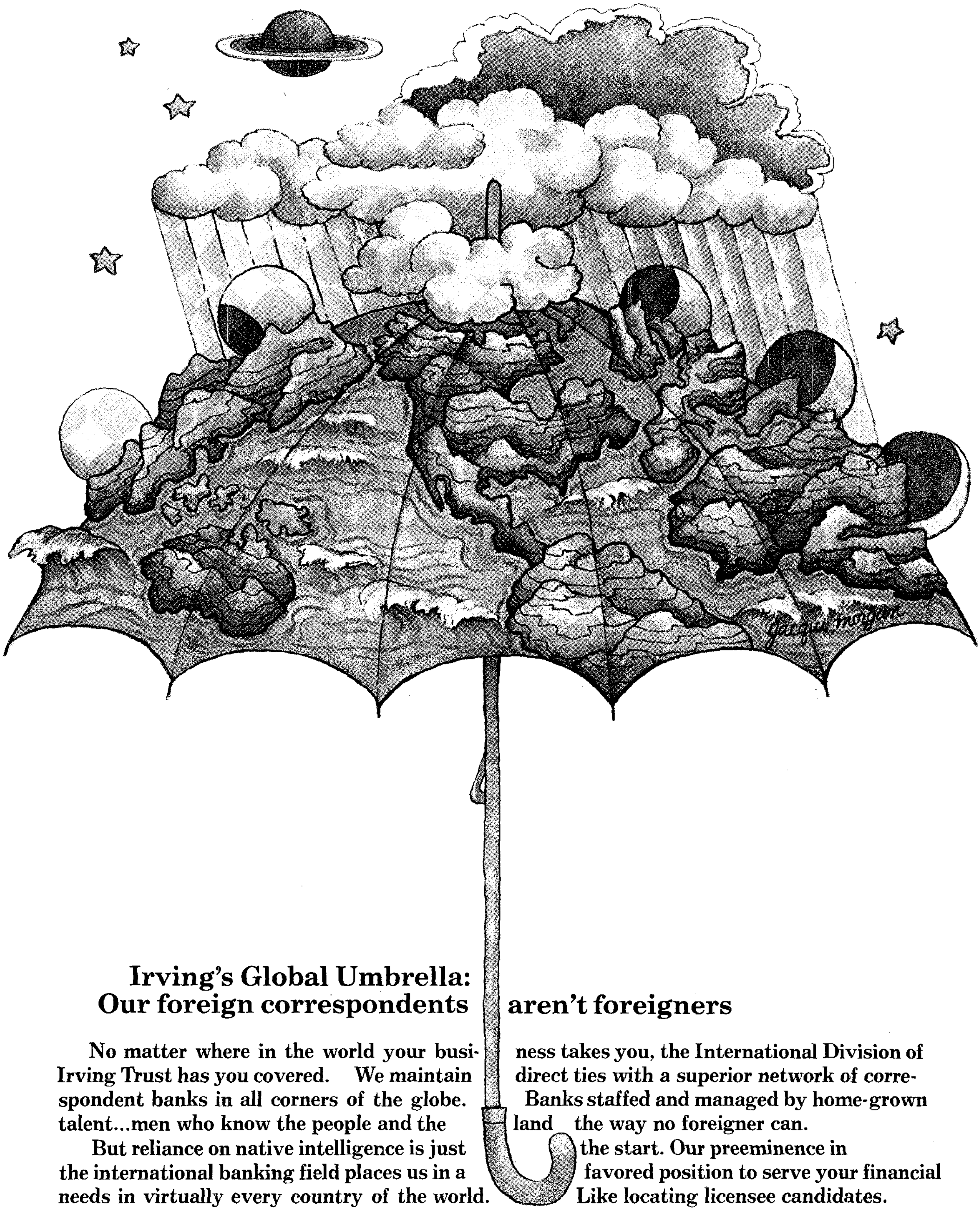

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I fear, the same old Forest Hills, with the same old third-rate grass, congested circulation, insufficient public facilities, and generally inchoate atmosphere. It is noteworthy that, two decades after Wimbledon went electric, an electric scoreboard finally made its début in the stadium (it cost a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars), but it is certainly debatable whether its donor, the Philip Morris Company, should have been permitted to put above it a large red-and-white sign with the injunction "Come to Marlboro Country." While I hope that Williams and Gibson will be invited to come back next year to give it another try, there is a point beyond which there is little they can do, under the present confused arrangement, to build up the championship tournament into the event we would like it to be. The three organizations that conduct the tournament—the United States Lawn Tennis Association, the West Side Tennis Club, and the Madison Square Garden Center (which handles the promotion and ticket sales)—take their cuts from the year's receipts, and after that each goes its own way until the thin and tentative troika is reassembled the following summer. Wimbledon became Wimbledon because the people who run it work at it the whole year round. Their group is called the Committee of Management, and is composed of representatives of the British Lawn Tennis Association and the All-England Tennis Club (of Wimbledon), but the two sets of representatives are quite interchangeable, and for half a century and longer they have had the same goal—to make the *tournament* better and better. The more successful the tournament, they reasoned, the more both the Tennis Association and the All-England Club stood to benefit. As a result, whatever the tournament has needed—whether it be seventeen acres for automobile parking or a fleet of chauffeur-driven limousines to haul the players around—the tournament has got. The particular glory of Wimbledon, however, is that it not only has taken exquisite care of the rosette wearers—one always knew that the insiders would have their green-and-purple striped marquees, their strawberries with Devonshire cream—but has treated the general public with corresponding thoughtfulness. (Where but at Wimbledon would it be standard procedure to have a ticket holder turn in his ticket when he left for the day, after getting his fill of tennis, so that a fan coming from the city at the end of his working day could buy the ticket for a couple of shillings

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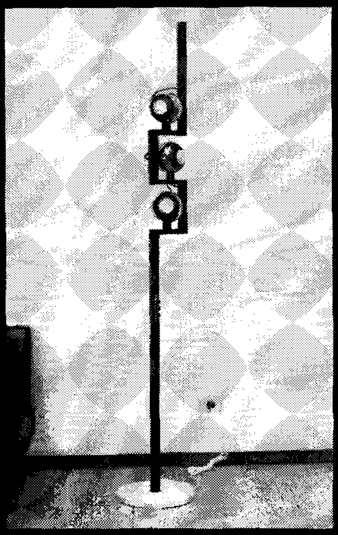

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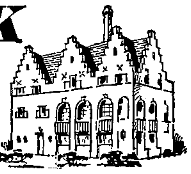

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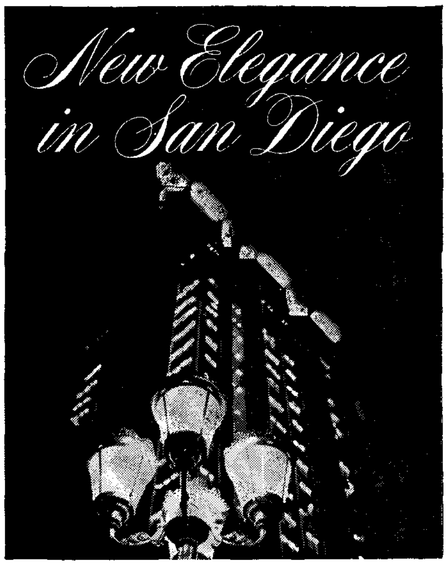
and watch a couple of hours of play in the early evening?) To come to the point, only superficial, noodling improvements can be made at Forest Hills until, under a different arrangement, a good portion of the receipts are annually pumped back into the tournament, as happens at Wimbledon. However, I am not at all certain that either of the two basic partners, the U.S.L.T.A. and the West Side Tennis Club, is eager to speed that day. And this means that we may have to wait a good many years more before our national championships become what they should be, and that when they do, it is entirely possible we may be playing them on an artificial surface more reliable than our poor American grass, and not necessarily at Forest Hills, and perhaps with something approaching Wimbledon's seven and a half hours of daily television coverage.

AT that distant date when our championships are all straightened out and humming like a bee, one of the stickers that sports-trivia experts will undoubtedly resort to is "Whom did the United States play in the 1969 Davis Cup Challenge Round?," and the man who knows that it was Rumania will be accorded the instant admiration we lavish now on the wizard who can name the second baseman on the 1950 Phillies (Mike Goliat) and the oldest golfer to win the United States Open (Ted Ray, who was forty-three when he did it, in 1920). The Challenge Round was held at the Harold T. Clark Courts in Cleveland Heights on the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first of September, and when the United States defeated Rumania, 5–0, it marked the first time in twenty years that an American team had made a successful defense of the cup. (As you may remember, we won it last year, when its more or less permanent custodian, Australia, was stuck with a young and inexperienced team because Emerson, Newcombe, and Roche, having abruptly entered the ranks of the contract pros, were no longer eligible for Davis Cup play.) Though the Americans deserved their victory, I am sad that the Rumanians could not have won, for if they had been able to go all the way it would have been just about the most incredible David-and-Goliath story in the ninety-odd years of lawn tennis. To reach the Challenge Round, the gritty, underrated two-man Rumanian team of Ion Tiriac and Ilie Nastase had first triumphed in the European Zone B competition by defeating Egypt, Israel, Spain (without San-



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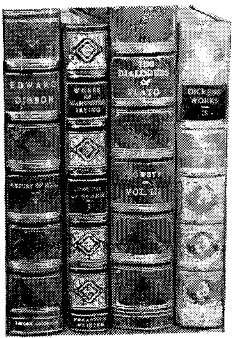

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tana), and Russia, in that order, and had gone on to defeat India in the Inter-Zone semifinals and Great Britain in the Inter-Zone final. The victory over Britain had come as a particular surprise, for it was scored on grass at Wimbledon, and the Rumanians, like all Continental Europeans, had grown up playing exclusively on clay—very slow clay. You can understand how this year, for tennis fans the world over, Rumania was the Mets.

Few Americans took the Rumanian challenge with any seriousness, though, until the second round at Forest Hills, when Nastase played Stan Smith, the tall blond Californian who had won our national grass-court championship the week before at Longwood and was regarded as having an excellent chance of being named, along with Ashe, to handle the singles in the Challenge Round. Smith took the first set from Nastase, 7–5, and was leading, 4–1, in the second when control of the match suddenly began to shift. Nastase pulled out the second set, 12–10, and, playing with increasing dash, won the next two sets, 7–5 and 6–3, for the match. Smith, nervous and tight, had difficulty all the way getting down to the ball. Nastase's tennis, on the other hand, was a revelation. Here was no antique European clay-court maestro, squat in build and awkward in his movements, spinning and flipping loopy little strokes that had seen him through all those duels in Bratislava, Split, Linz, and Bad Ems. Here was a tall, slender man of twenty-three with the look of an athletic Alain Delon, who moved over the court as swiftly as an Emerson and executed imaginative, quick-wristed strokes with the finesse of a Santana. Rosewall eliminated him in the fourth round, but not before Nastase had taken a set and, in general, given Rosewall plenty to think about. Tiriac came much closer to one's preconceptions of a Rumanian tennis player. Thirty years old, he is a burly six-footer with wide, hunched shoulders, a mass of Brillo-like hair, beetle eyebrows, and the flattened-out nose of a pugilist—all in all, a tough-looking cookie. He was put out in the second round at Forest Hills, so we got to see very little of him, but there appeared to be a lot more clay in his strokes than in Nastase's. This was especially true of his backhand, an unorthodox inside-out push that has Transylvania written all over it. Nevertheless, by this time no one was taking the Rumanians too lightly, and the knowledge that Harry Hopman, the Australian Vince Lom-

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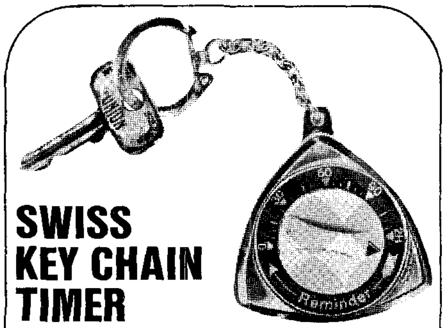

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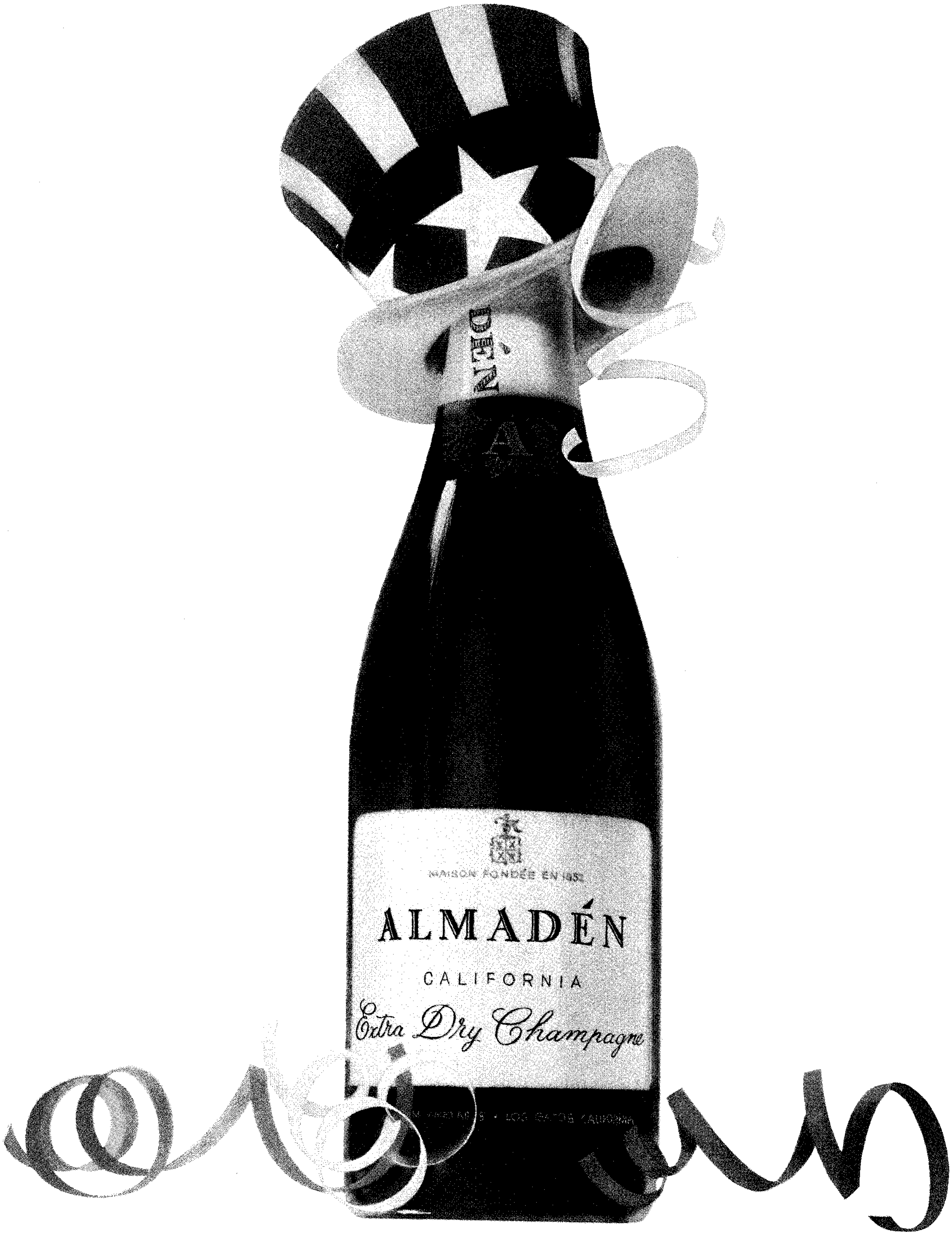
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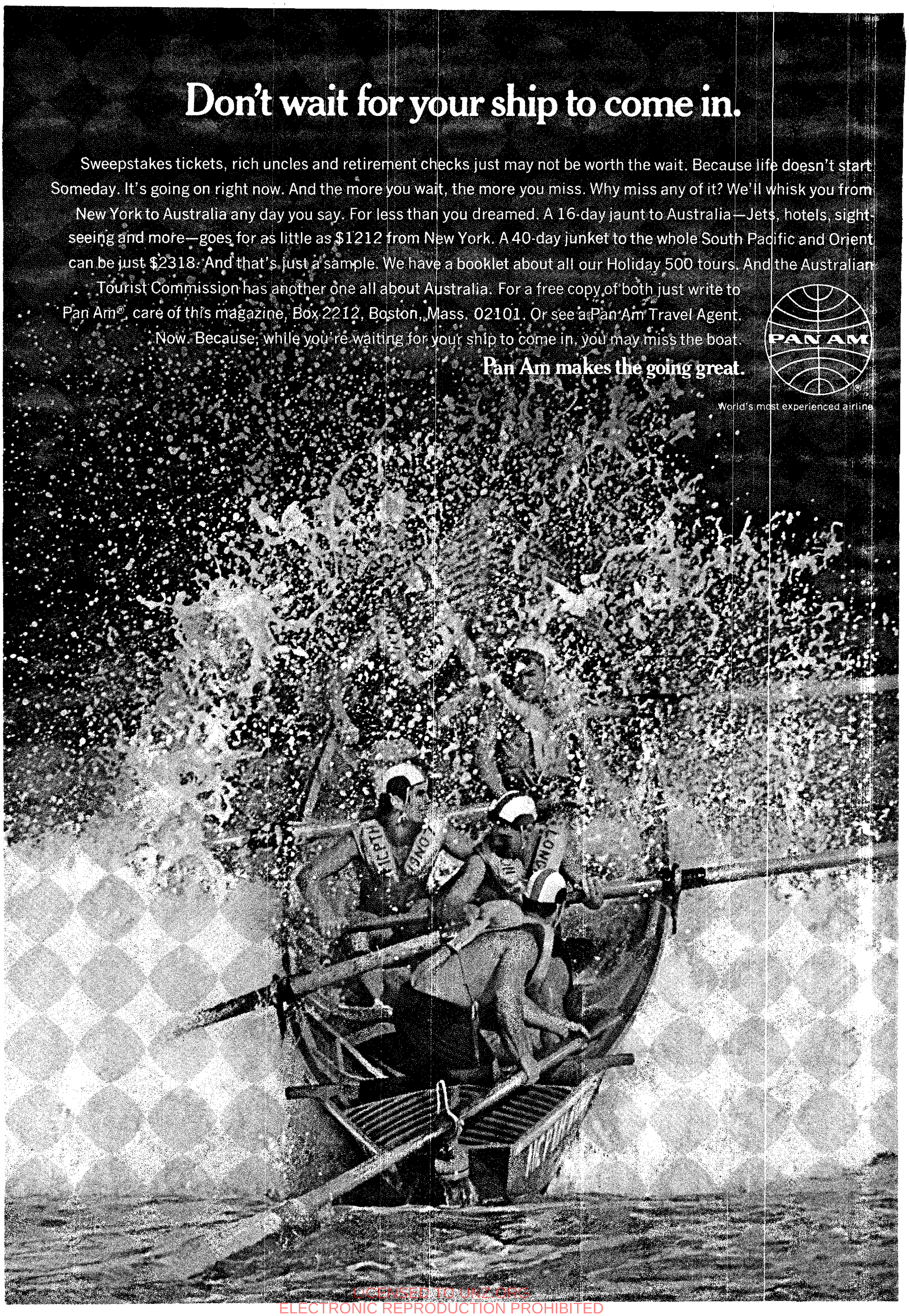

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bardi, was serving as their coach made it almost a certainty that they would be at their best in the Challenge Round. Tiriac, who speaks eight languages, including excellent English, acted as interpreter for his teammate at Forest Hills, and from these sessions we learned that Nastase is the son of a bank cashier in Bucharest and is a lieutenant in the Rumanian Army. Off the court, he was, as one expected, affable and easy. The surprise was Tiriac. The hulking bear emerged as a bubbly, friendly man with a nice feeling for banter. He comes from Brasov, a city about a hundred and eighty kilometres from Bucharest, where his father clerked in the mayor's office. An all-round athlete, he has played top-league Rugby and basketball, and he was a defenseman on Rumania's Olympic ice-hockey team. Most of the international tennis crowd call him Tiri or Tiri Baby, which he likes. They call Nastase Nasty, and *he* likes *that*.

The Challenge Round was a thoroughly enjoyable event. The Rumanian national anthem turned out to be a sort of amalgam of "Meadowland" and the big tenor aria in a Lehár operetta; the Rumanian flag turned out to be a blue-yellow-and-red tricolor; and the Rumanians mounted a very respectable challenge, to say the least. It was particularly laudable since the matches were played on a hard, asphaltic composition court that produces a much faster, much more shooting bounce than clay. It is also much more difficult to get around on than either clay or grass, because it is sticky and a player cannot slide to the ball or reverse direction once he has committed himself. Americans know this type of court very well, but neither Tiriac nor Nastase had ever been on one like it until a fortnight before the Challenge Round. Nastase, who was drawn against Ashe in the opening singles, was much less sure of himself than he had been on the soft grass at Forest Hills, and there were only periodic flashes of the brilliant shotmaking he is capable of. His best burst, perhaps, came midway through the long second set, when he broke Ashe's serve in the fifteenth game to lead, 8–7. However, Ashe proceeded to break Nastase back in the next game. After that, Ashe, who was in only B-plus form himself, gave one the feeling that he knew that even if he could raise his game no higher he would have no appreciable trouble winning. He didn't; the scores were 6–2, 15–13, and 7–5.

Tiriac then met Smith in the second singles, and their match settled the Challenge Round. It was evident from

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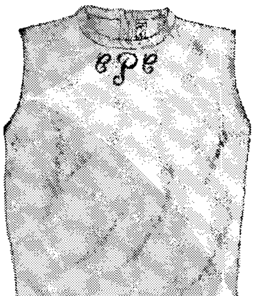

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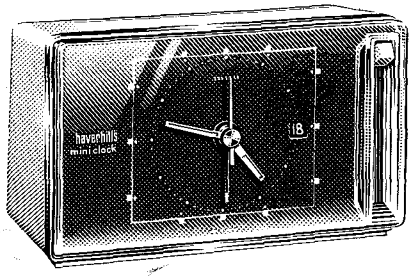

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the start that Tiriac had managed a much better adjustment to the strange court than Nastase had, and as we watched him win the first set we saw that we had misjudged him—that he was a much more competent player than we had thought. He served quite severely, and he swung the ball wide into both forehand and backhand courts. His return of service was sound and discreet. He closed to net very fast—on asphalt you must—and showed himself to be an adroit volleyer with a fine touch. Above all, he made it clear from the beginning that he was not only a stalwart competitor but an unabashed, all-out gamesman who would stop at nothing to win a match. He pulled all the old tricks: he ignored aces by holding his position at the baseline and waiting for the second serve; he stared wickedly at his opponent after outwitting him in a key rally, and tried to distract him further with conversation; he created confusion by regularly questioning the linesmen's calls; and so on. In the Challenge Round, he had an extra card he could play. Two years ago, the International Lawn Tennis Association introduced a special regulation for Davis Cup competition, which calls for a referee from a neutral nation to be on hand at courtside for every match and empowers him, if a contestant appeals to him, to confirm or overrule the decision of a linesman. The referee at Cleveland was Philippe Chatrier, a vice-president of the French Lawn Tennis Association, and Tiriac gave him a very busy afternoon. It reached its climax in the third game of the fifth set, with the score 1–1 and Tiriac serving. (Sets, naturally, stood at 2–all, Tiriac having won the first, 8–6, and the third, 7–5, Smith the second, 6–3, and the fourth, 6–4.) At 30–30, after a brisk exchange, Tiriac hit a deep forehand volley that looked good but was called out. He appealed to Chatrier, who overruled the linesman and ordered the point to be replayed. Tiriac won it this time, to move to 40–30. On the next point, Smith netted his return of serve—Tiriac's first serve—but here the American captain, Donald Dell, protested that Tiriac's serve had been long. Chatrier upheld Dell's protest and instructed Tiriac that his second serve was coming up. Now Tiriac was unhappy. He felt he was entitled to two serves; after all, he argued, why shouldn't the point be ruled a let, just as the fifth point of the game had been? He lost the argument, but he won the game when he got his second serve in and Smith, his concentration understandably frayed,

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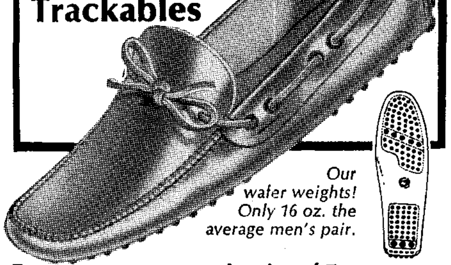

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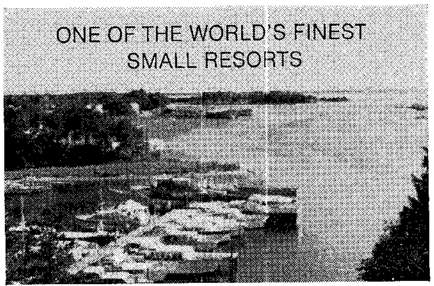

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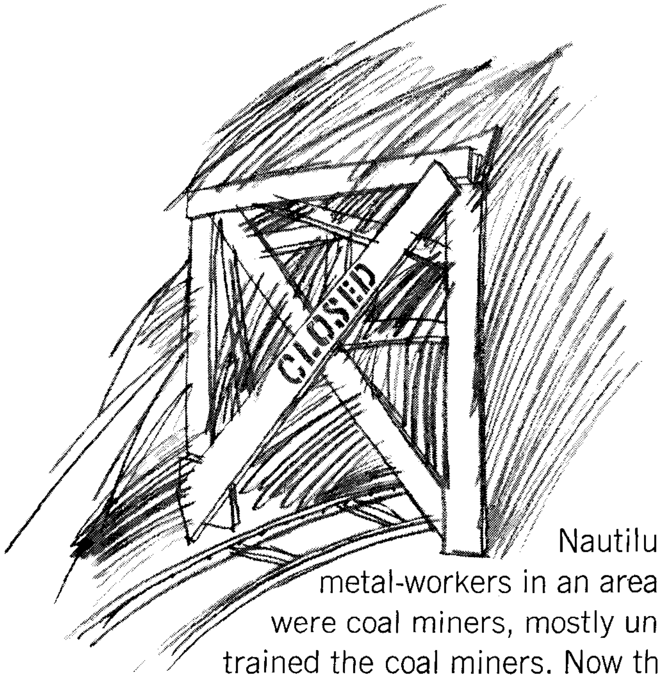

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hit a poor return. This turned out, though, to be the peak of the Rumanian's challenge, and Smith won the decisive set, 6–4. It had been a hard-fought match and an unusually fascinating one, for it was difficult not to be sympathetic toward both men. Smith, a wonderfully old-fashioned straight arrow, was right in character when, upon being asked if Tiriac's gamesmanship had bothered him, he said, "I don't call that gamesmanship. I call that rudeness." But the trouble is you can't dismiss Tiriac quite so simply. Sure, he comes on like the villain in professional wrestling, and he does a lot of things he shouldn't, but he has enormous personal charm and an upsetting sense of humor, and all this complicates things. He's also a damn good tennis player.

The next day, in the doubles, Smith and Bob Lutz won the clinching third point by defeating Tiriac and Nastase, 8–6, 6–1, 11–9.

ONE final word. We were fortunate that the Rumanians brought so much vitality to the Challenge Round, for Davis Cup tennis is pretty pale stuff these days—a long way from what it was when the best players represented their countries and the cup truly signified the world championship. Now that all the major tournaments are open to all players, it seems rather ridiculous to continue to bar contract professionals from Davis Cup play. Of course, it would be slightly harder for the United States to retain the cup if Australia, instead of having to go with Bill Bowrey, Ray Ruffels, and John Alexander, could call on the likes of Laver, Rosewall, Roche, and Newcombe. What a powerhouse that would be! Can't you picture the team captain cornering Emerson, one of the great champions of the past decade, and telling him, "Buck up, Emmo. We do have a spot on the squad for you. We need someone for our players to practice against. Now, there's a glorious deed you can do for your country."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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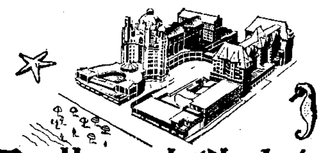

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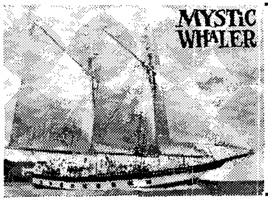

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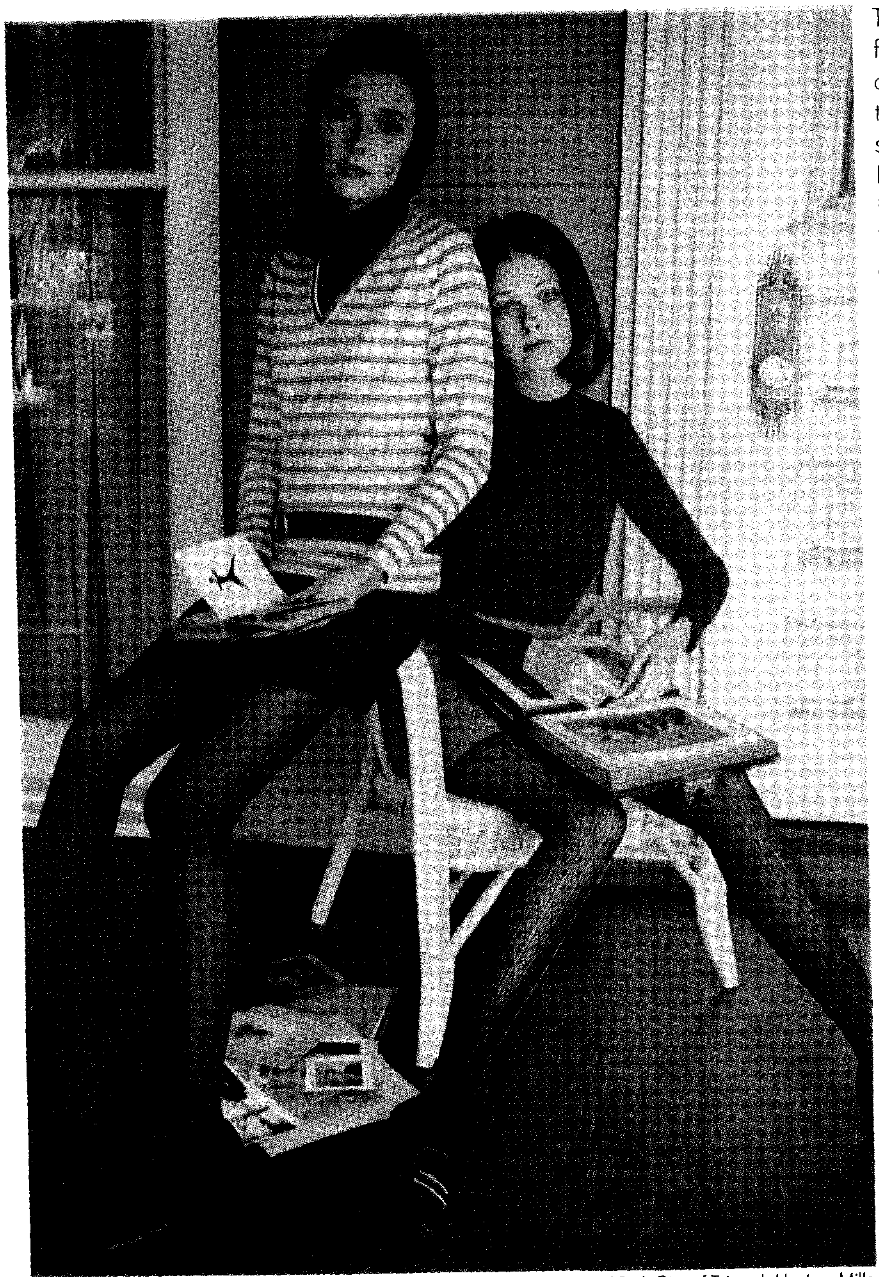

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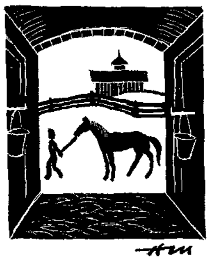

HOWEVER attached one may be to the others, there's no possible doubt about Gallant Bloom's being the best of her sex this season. I submit that this was irrefutably proved by the effortless superiority she showed beating Gamely, Singing Rain, Amerigo Lady, and the rest in the Matchmaker Stakes at the Atlantic City Race Course last Saturday. There were seven contestants, and she won by seven lengths; it was her seventh victory in seven starts this season, and seven was the number on her saddlecloth. Already head and shoulders above the other three-year-olds, she has now beaten the best of the mares. It was this meeting of Gallant Bloom and Gamely that sent me bucketing down to Atlantic City, and watching them was worth the trip. Despite the five others in the race, it was a two-horse affair; in fact, a couple of the runners had as much chance of winning as I'd have had doing a hundred yards against time. In the paddock, Gallant Bloom was a pleasing sight—on her toes, and with her coat shining like satin. Buddy Hirsch, her trainer, always turns her out well. Jim Maloney does a good job on Gamely, too; you'd hardly believe from her looks that she has been in action since January, has run against colts in the big handicaps in California, and has given them a battle. She was first around the clubhouse turn, but Singing Rain, to whom she gave five pounds, quickly joined her. Meanwhile, Rotz, handling Gallant Bloom with the calm assurance that is a feature of his riding, kept her in a perfect position, just off the pace, until he started his run. Then, with three furlongs to go, he sent her up along the rail, passing Gamely in a dozen strides. Singing Rain held off Amerigo Lady to save third.

The Matchmaker Stakes offers something novel in prizes; in addition to first money, the owner of the winner has the choice of a service to one of three stallions. This year, they were Dr. Fager, Nearctic, and Sea-Bird, Europe's 1965 Horse of the Year. Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., who owns Gallant Bloom, had until the 1970 breeding season to take his pick, but he chose

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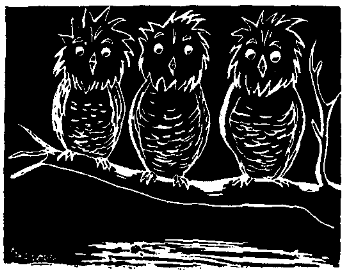

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Dr. Fager. While we're on the subject, Colonel Martingale suggests the mating of this season's tops—Arts and Letters and Gallant Bloom.

By the way, the afternoon of the Matchmaker I saw a two-year-old worth remembering. He's a handsome bay colt by Nearctic named Nequal. You'll be hearing more of him as time goes by.

Silent Screen didn't win by lengths and lengths in the Cowdin Stakes at Belmont last week, as everybody had expected he would. Instead, he was under high pressure to beat Wig Out and Insubordination by half a length. Nevertheless, his effort was impressive. In the post position next to the rail, he stumbled coming out of the starting gate, and when he got going he ran into close quarters approaching the far turn and again in the last furlong. That wasn't all. Two claims of foul were lodged against him for crowding—neither of which, I thought, should have been made. Both were dismissed. Though Silent Screen has what it takes to overcome hindrances, I'm not quite ready to go off the deep end; I'd like to see him win at a mile before I do. To me, the surprise of the Cowdin was the poor performance of High Echelon, whose shins were as heavily painted with iodine as they were when he won the Futurity. He beat one horse.

Turning to the two-year-old fillies, I must say that form went out the window in the Frizette Stakes at Belmont last Saturday. Cold Comfort, the favorite, who had won the Matron, and Meritus, who had won the Spinaway, and Clover Lane, who had won the Lassie Stakes, which is Arlington Park's big one for the little girls, were all out of the money. Tudor Queen, who until last weekend had been running in Canada, where she'd won five of her eleven starts, four of them stakes races, and beaten colts, took the Frizette in a driving finish with Cherry Sundae, winner of the recent Astarita Stakes. Repoise was third. My stay-at-home observer thought neither Cold Comfort nor Clover Lane liked the track, which was drying out. Ever heard that one before?

—Audax Minor

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"I like to make people feel sad," she says in faultless English, learned in school. "I like those kind of movies."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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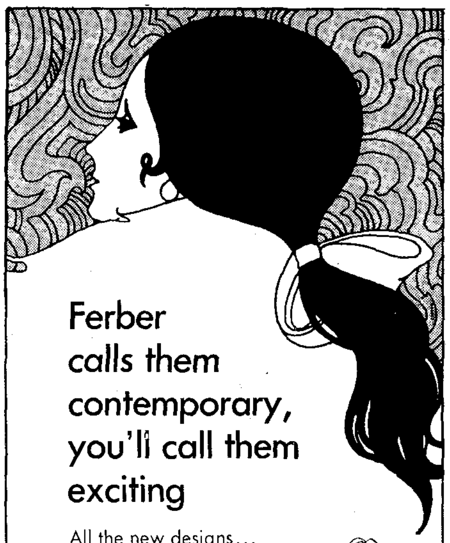

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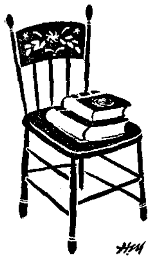
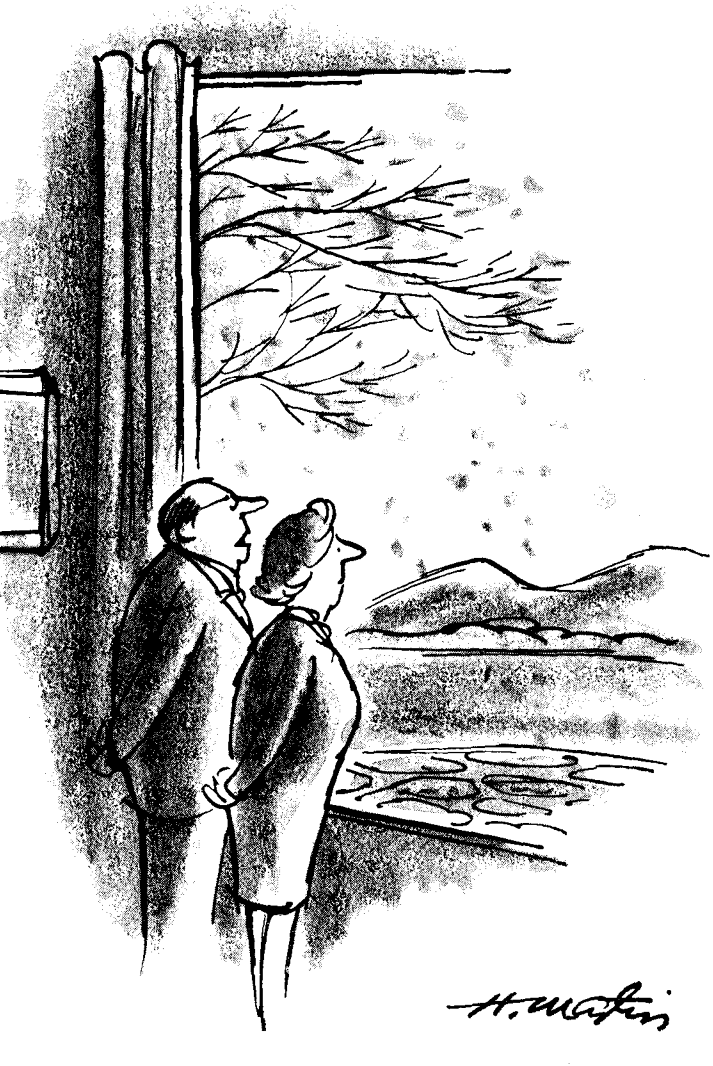


ALISON LURIE takes the title of her new novel, "Real People" (Random House), from the remark of a child visiting Illyria, her version of a Yaddo or a MacDowell Colony dedicated to the sequestering and fecundation of artistic talent. "Are those artists, Mom, or are they real people?" the child inquires. In this brief but witty, knowing, and perceptive novel, her fourth, Miss Lurie lets her protagonist, Janet Belle Smith, a housewife turned short-story writer, in on the fact that artists are indeed real people—maybe realer than most, in their jealousy, insecurity, subjectivity, and self-destructiveness. Janet Smith, recruited from the great world to the creative nunnery, is prepared to credit her fellow-artists with powers of vision and rectitude far greater than those of her insurance-man husband and her complacent Connecticut neighbors. "At Illyria," she confides to her journal, "one becomes one's *real* self, the person one would be in a decent world." And it is the tension between these two definitions of "real"—the visiting child's and the resident artist's—that makes the mainspring of Miss Lurie's book.

The plot is straightforward and simple. Janet Smith is awed at the beginning of her stay by the social contract of the place—its unspoken laws of lightness, courtesy, and deference, as if all artists were gentleman artists, and little-gentleman artists at that—and by its residents, especially such senior ones as Teddy Berg, a world-class composer, and Miss Harmonia Waters, an equally eminent Southern poet. Her closer contemporaries—Kenneth Foster, a traditional painter and a friend of several years' standing; Sally Sachs, a young painter; Gerald Grass, a young New York poet; Charlie Baxter, a novelist-in-eclipse of the forties; Leonard Zimmern, a critic; Nick Donato, a Pop painter; and Richard Potter, a young composer—arouse in her varying degrees of commingled respect and puzzlement but no alarm or condemnation. Until, that is, the Illyria community is joined by Anna May Mundy, the handsome, empty, and unliterary twenty-year-old goddaughter of Caroline Kent, its paid châtelaine. She polarizes all the younger men at Illyria through youth and vitality (not even beauty). They vie among themselves to take her to a movie, to the races at Saratoga. Kenneth Foster breaks a casual engagement with Janet to lend his car and himself for a Saratoga expedition; Janet rebounds into the studio and arms of the blunt and semi-literate Nick Donato and her first extramarital affair. The ensuing shock, compounded by Nick's revelation that Foster is a secret homosexual and by Foster's revelation that he is aware of her affair with Nick, drives Janet to a reassessment of Illyria, of her artistic friends, and of herself. Illyria, she concludes, is a paradigm of an affluent society that supports its artists without truly understanding, valuing, or caring about them and their work. Her friends there are not creative demigods but real, often painfully real, people. And she herself has played the game of art without truth to herself as an artist: specifically, she has systematically refused to write about subjects that might give pain to her husband, her family, and their friends in Connecticut.

Told thus, "Real People" might seem a simple moral tale, which, in a sense, it is, but to tell it thus is to omit all the craft and observation of Miss Lurie's telling. Though the tone and viewpoint of the book are ostensibly traditional—it is a "straight" novel, which proceeds to its climax in more or less chronological fashion—the techniques are not. Since it is in the form of a journal, it can afford a casual and tentative tone—indeed, the sound of a woman talking to herself. For the same reason, it can present the changes in her viewpoint quite literally and circumstantially, as they occur under the pressure of day-to-day experience; Miss Lurie's innovative addition of dialogue as a series of terse playlets—some only two speeches long—for her characters heightens its drama and provides a counterpoint to the monotone of Janet Smith's soliloquy. "Real People" is a short novel by design—a model, in fact, of compression and purposeful exposition. This is not to say that there are no valuable *obiter dicta* in the book, for it is studded with sharp, cool obser-



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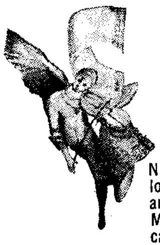

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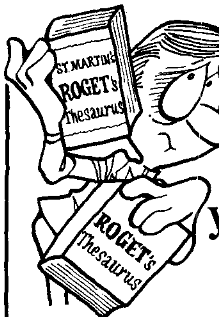
vations on the artist, his world, and its other people. There is a long, funny, and illuminating dissertation on "chicks," those non-creative females who yearn for an attachment to a genuine writer or painter. There are amusing asides: a young hip poet's two experiences with LSD, undertaken in the interests of his work, are described as "business trips." The whole book is a long series of short studies of the artist's changed position in a changing world. And the validity of Miss Lurie's insights is best endorsed by the fact that the names and remarks of *real* real people—Philip Roth, for instance—do not diminish the reality of the characters they appear beside.

THE traditional comedy of manners and ideas has been with us in the novel from Jane Austen to Alison Lurie. Is it now to be superseded by the heretical, disjunctive comedy of anti-manners? Not, at any rate, on the showing of "Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down" (Doubleday), the second novel of a thirty-one-year-old black writer named Ishmael Reed. The more a writer demands of his reader—in learning, in attention span, in ability to follow a loose and rapidly changing scatter of associations—the more he must first demand of himself. Mr. Reed, who asks us to bend our attention to a dazzling and daunting potpourri of random, or nearly random, animadversions in the form of a parable of America's sicknesses, supplies us (and himself) with precious little—and that little more than a little precious—to go on. What he attempts is praiseworthy. In one short book, set in a Wild West that never was, he tries to telescope America from, roughly, 1800 to the present into a single narrative, and to telescope American life into a handful of allegoric forces that fight it out for all our souls. As if that were not enough, he has constructed a parallel story in which the black man—personated by the Loop Garoo Kid, his hero—assumes the colors and powers of a wrongfully cast-out Lucifer, a Satan who was pushed and did not fall, a connaissant of hoodoo magic and of African soul. As a new Antichrist, he employs these attributes to take on the true evils of our contemporary society: mass communications (embodied in the arch place names Yellow Back Radio and its shire town, Video Junction), the military, and the captains of financial power. To do this job, or half of it, effectively would take a writer of grave skill and discipline long years of his life. Mr. Reed is clearly younger,



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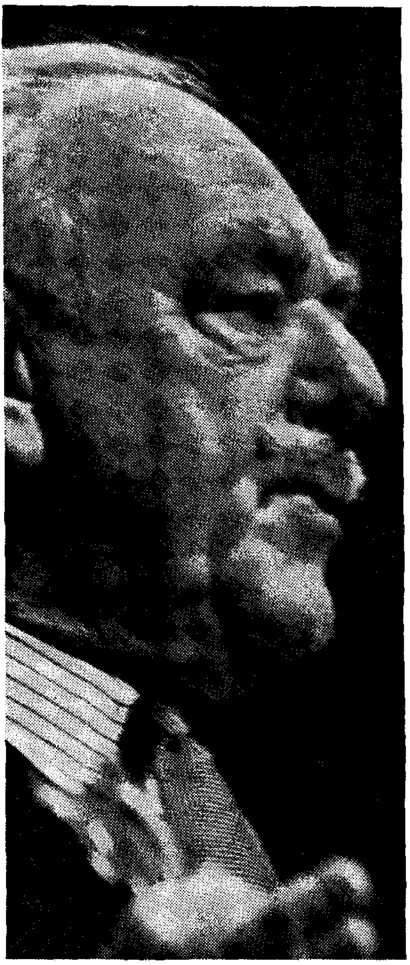
looser, and more casual about his work. So his book is often sloppy and adventitious, as if he had made it up as he went along. No doubt he did. No character is clearly individuated from any other, no dialogue is more than the author's own tone cut to fit a point of view, no scene is persuasively dramatic, no sequence builds toward a recognizable climax, no moral charge is given by the writer or taken by his reader at the end.

Yet Ishmael Reed is a most talented humorist and the possessor of a powerfully antic and lyric imagination. He writes splendidly in short and mainly expository spurts. His successful jokes range from the low and broad, as when he equips Pope Innocent with a stage-Italian accent, to the high and pointed, as when Loop describes an episode of despair: "I walked the streets and ate ugly soup. Only wallpaper of zigzag designs kept me company." Against these felicities, and the perhaps greater felicity of an electric diction that makes even banalities read like vibrant *aperçus*, must be set the multifarious failures of his method—not only in general, as already catalogued, but in detail. His humor comes a painful and self-indulgent cropper when his token Indian, Chief Showcase, reveals that his name derives from the accident of his cousinship to Chief Cochise, and when a stray barbarian invader speaks in inaccurately observed war-movie German ("Vill you get rid of mit der green?"), and when he names a government scientist (and devious deviser of anti-personnel weapons) Harold Rateater, and when he presents Lewis and Clark as a pair of cretinous, lecherous, squaw-seducing, brave-murdering buffoons. His general knowledge is sometimes suspect, too: Bill Robinson is referred to as "Bojangle;" the time is noted, at one point, as being "close to 12 A.M.;" and, after the Pope's entourage has formed up to leave Yellow Back Radio, the Pope snaps his fingers "and his caravansary started to roll towards the mountains on its way to the dock." These are not great points. There is, however, one other large objection to this book. It immerses the reader at regular and increasingly tedious intervals in a particularly violent and brutal series of overtly or covertly sexual scenes of sadism and torture, told with what must be described as vengeful relish. If the book were a factual account of white atrocities against the black man in America, this might be in order; since it is a fantastic synthesis, a made-up piece of moral folklore, such gratuitous



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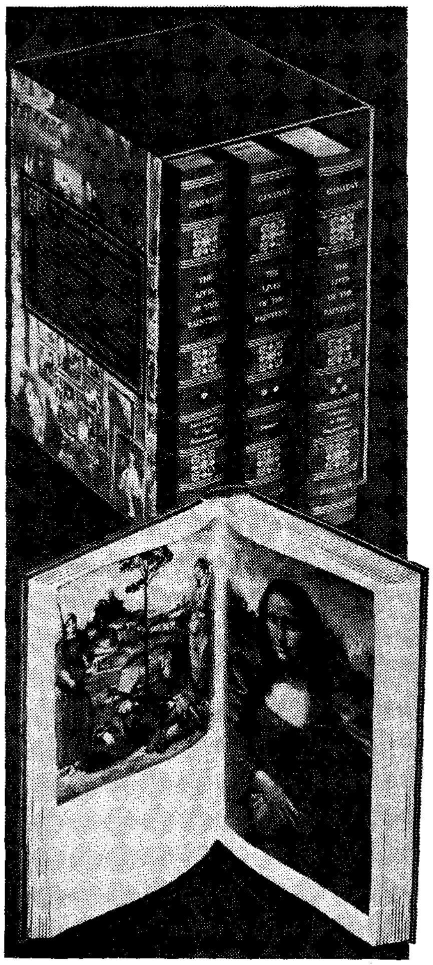

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viciousness is not called for. I guess that what I am saying is that Mr. Reed's rage and outrage, like, conversely, his sense of humor, often impede his objectivity and his aim as a writer.

I leave the last word on this uneven and disturbing book—which nevertheless should be read, as hard evidence of Mr. Reed's uncommon talent and promise—to one of his characters, whose testimony may be taken, as intended, for the defense, or, inverted, for the prosecution. Bo Shmo, an evil neo-social realist, is speaking to Loop Garoo:

> The trouble with you Loop is that you're too abstract, the part time autocrat monarchist and guru finally said. Crazy dada nigger that's what you are. You are given to fantasy and are off in matters of detail. . . . Why in those suffering books that I write about my old neighborhood and how hard it was every gumdrop machine [shouldn't that be gumball machine?] is in place while your work is a blur and a doodle. I'll bet you can't create the difference between a German and a redskin.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE TRIAL OF DR. SPOCK, THE REVEREND WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, JR., MICHAEL FERBER, MITCHELL GOODMAN, AND MARCUS RASKIN, by Jessica Mitford (Knopf). A report of the trial, in the spring of 1968, of five men charged with conspiring to persuade other men to disobey the draft laws. Miss Mitford, who agrees with the defendants that American participation in the Vietnam war is wicked, is not, perhaps, the best advocate they could have had. Agreement, in her case, leads to idolatry, and her adoration of each man is cloying. Four of the five were convicted (the convictions were later reversed), and this decision seems to her not only a miscarriage of justice but proof of the inherent bias and stupidity of the American legal system. Indeed, her contempt for law in the United States (which is probably not shared by any of her five heroes) leaves even the most sympathetic reader stuck with a painful puzzle: how to differentiate between the defiance of George Wallace, who encourages citizens to disobey desegregation guidelines, and the protests of five men who the reader feels—in spite of Miss Mitford's effort on their behalf—are far nobler.

THE HUNGRY FUTURE, by René Dumont and Bernard Rosier, translat-

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ed from the French by Rosamund Linell and R. B. Sutcliffe (Praeger). Population growth, the authors say, is outrunning the food supply (just as Malthus predicted) at such a rate that by the year 2000 we may have world famine and the annihilation of whole continents. Right now, one of every two people in the world suffers from undernourishment; one in eight goes hungry all the time. By 1980, we may have passed the point of no return, and billions will begin to die; islands of opulence will survive in what will be a very dangerous world for their residents. The authors, however, are interested in more than scaring people. Both are French agronomists; Professor Dumont, the principal one, has been consultant to many governments on problems of the demographic revolution. They first analyze the world food situation, in both scientific and political terms, and then explore solutions. The book's chapters on technical matters—the exploitation of the sea for new kinds of foodstuffs, new directions in agronomic research, the discovery of petroleum yeasts and proteins among the new foods—are fascinating, as is the survey of the world's agricultural economy today. But the best thing about it is the positive tone the authors take: there are ways to surmount our predicament, they say; the scientific tools are at hand, and it is merely a matter of putting them to work.

SELECTED LETTERS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, edited and translated by Christopher Middleton (University of Chicago Press). The editor's purpose—to help make Nietzsche the man better known—is part of a wider current rescue mission: an attempt by scholars to save the philosopher from the worst of his followers, including his sister, whose forgeries, committed after Nietzsche's death, distorted his work and its meaning. She and Nietzsche were on terrible terms; her malice ruined some of his close friendships, and he despised her ideas and also her husband, a professional anti-Semite and amateur embezzler who committed suicide when his defalcations were uncovered. The letters reflect family battles and others, too—Nietzsche's war on Wagnerism, for instance. Nietzsche's letters do not, as Mr. Middleton admits, cast light on dark areas of personality, or even on obscure matters of fact. What they do show—and it is truly elat-

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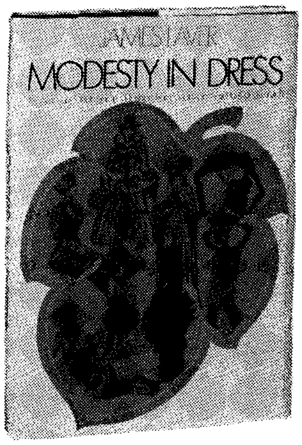

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A COMPLETE STATE OF DEATH, by John Gardner (Viking). A superior crime story with a superior hero. The story has to do with a master-minded transatlantic syndicate that operates a finishing school for talented would-be criminals on a big estate near London, and with a looming graduation-day caper. The hero, whose destiny it is to uncover this technological triumph, is a Scotland Yard inspector who stands well apart from his fellows. He is English, but he grew up in the United States as a wartime evacuee, and served on the New York Police Department. His name was originally Torrini, but he changed it to the more acceptable Torry. He is a lapsed Catholic who goes to confession and decorates his apartment with crucifixes and lives in fear of hellfire. He is brilliant at his job, impatient of regulations, and so loathes crime that his interrogations often end in blows and bruises. Mr. Gardner shows us this complicated man from every aspect, and he emerges, in the old-fashioned sense, as a character—credible, understandable, and commanding.

THE MAN WHO WENT UP IN SMOKE, by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö, translated from the Swedish by Joan Tate (Pantheon). A thin little tale about the disappearance of a Stockholm journalist, Alf Matsson. Matsson disappears in Budapest, where Stockholm's Martin Beck, solemnest policeman of them all, searches for clues and keeps coming up with tiny moral lessons that do little for the reader's temper. It took two people to write this book, which sounds as though it had been worked out on a piano—an old piano.

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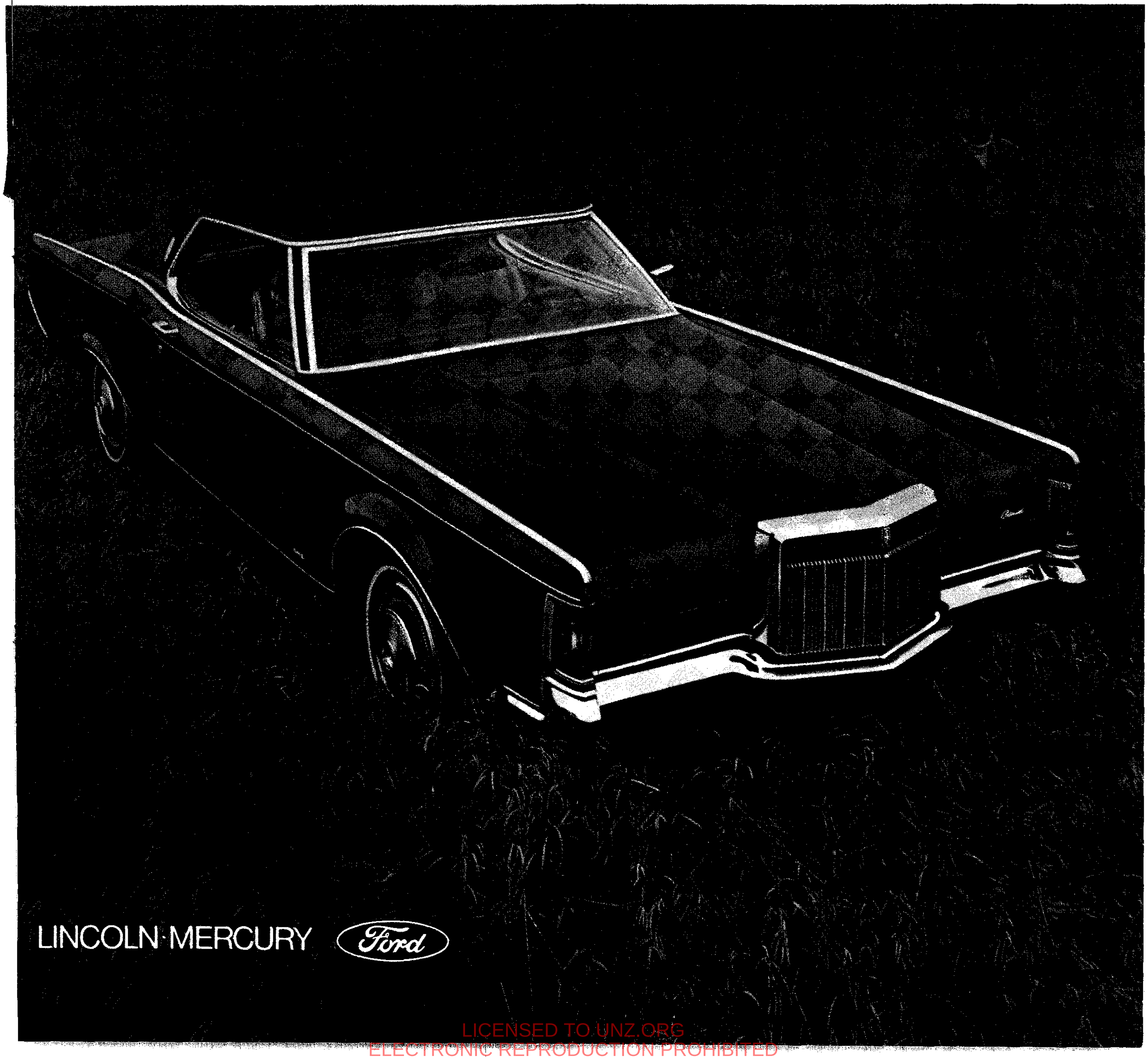

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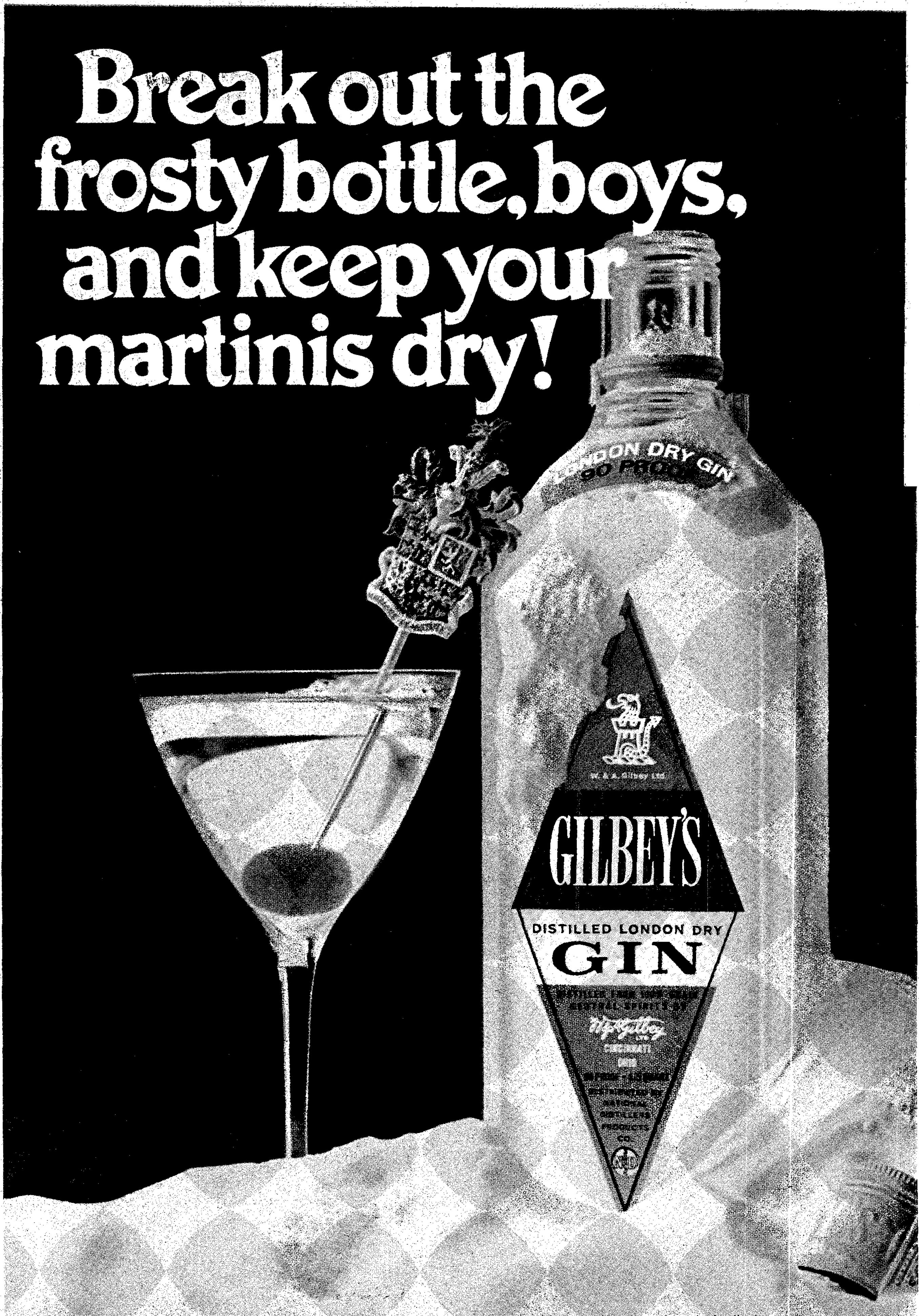
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